



THE LAST ATHENIAN.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE SWEDISH OF

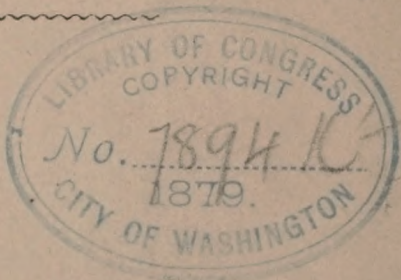
VICTOR RYDBERG.

BY

WILLIAM W. THOMAS, JR.

LATE UNITED STATES CONSUL AT GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN.

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"The Last Athenian" is a novel of a high order of merit and interest, and is certainly a remarkable one. The scene is laid in Athens, at the time of Julian, the Apostate. The story is in itself strangely dramatic, and has many striking characters. A love story runs through it, and the scenes are piquant and touching. The plot is full of thrilling interest, the general tone pathetic, while the philosophy is able, ingenuous, and characteristic. The characters are all traced with a bold, nervous hand, and are powerfully individualized. The style is animated and graphic, and its pictures of Athenian life and character have a freshness and vitality that usually belong only to direct studies of the real. All who have enjoyed Wm. Ware's classic stories, "Zenobia" and "Aurelian," Mrs. Child's "Philothea," Kingsley's "Hypatia," as well as every student of history, every worshipper of the beautiful, every lover of the antique, and every seeker after truth, should read "The Last Athenian," whose literary merit is equal to that of the best of them, whose study of ancient manners is profound, and whose moral is deeply interesting.  
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TO

S. A. HEDLUND,

OF GOTHENBURG.

THE SWEDISH CHRYSANTEUS,

A EUROPEAN REPUBLICAN,

THE TRUE FRIEND OF AMERICA IN HER DARKEST HOURS,

AND

A KNIGHT "*sans peur et sans reproche*,"

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY HIS FRIEND

THE TRANSLATOR.

CONTENTS.

Chapter	Page
I.—ATHENS,—A MORNING FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.....	25
II.—THE MEETING IN THE MARKET.....	34
III.—DELPHI.—THE ORACLE SEEKER.....	46
IV.—CHRYSANTEUS.....	62
V.—HERMIONE'S NIGHT IN THE TEMPLE.....	75
VI.—THE PROCONSUL IN A PUZZLE.—AT THE BISHOP'S PALACE.....	89
VII.—PETER.....	108
VIII.—THE PILLAR SAINT.....	120
IX.—THE PHILOSOPHER'S HOME.....	143
X.—THE PHILOSOPHER'S HOME—(<i>Continued.</i>).....	163
XI.—RACHEL.....	178
XII.—THE COMMENCEMENT OF A TRAGEDY.....	192
XIII.—THE TRAGEDY.....	203
XIV.—THE TRAGEDY—(<i>Continued.</i>).....	223
XV.—THE TRAGEDY—(<i>Continued.</i>).....	243
XVI.—UNDER THE NEW EMPEROR.....	258
XVII.—ONE YEAR AFTERWARDS.....	269
XVIII.—PETER AND BARUK.....	284
XIX.—THEODORUS.....	302
XX.—THE MEETING.....	316

Chapter	Page
XXI.—THE SKEPTIC.....	329
XXII.—CHARMIDES AND RACHEL.....	352
XXIII.—CLEMENS AND EUSEBIA.....	365
XXIV.—CHRYSANTEUS FINDS HIS SON.....	386
XXV.—THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.....	410
XXVI.—AT MYRO'S.....	430
XXVII.—THE MORGUE.....	441
XXVIII.—THE WEDDING.....	457
XXIX.—THE DAY AFTER.....	475
XXX.—AT SUNIUM.....	482
XXXI.—THE WAR IN SUNIUM.....	495
XXXII.—THE END.....	529

300
365—

THE LAST ATHENIAN.

CHAPTER I.

ATHENS.—A MORNING FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO. 380 A

“How is it, Charmides, has the God of the grape a son?”

“Truly, Olympiodorus, you have the troublesome habit of asking more than your friends can answer. It is easier to ferret out the pedigree of the Athenian dogs than that of the gods of Olympus. But why this question? Do you intend to busy yourself with mythology?”

“No, by Jove, not I! I leave that to Chrysanteus and his beautiful daughter. I only mean that if there be such a son, I shall this very day write a song in his honor. His surname I have already,—*Distributor-of-the-morning-pang. God of penitence and the blues, the Olympic Forehead-smith!* Oh, my Charmides, if this doleful god be not yet born, would he might quickly see the light of day! I feel my head is pregnant with him!”

“Very possible. Jove produced the goddess of wisdom from his head; why then should not Olympiodorus——”

“Exactly, I shall not be surprised if the Forehead-smith, as well as she, step forth in panoply, astonishing the world with anvil under arm and hammer in hand.”

“Compose yourself, my friend. The morning air should

chase away these mythologic fantasies. How freshly the wind blows from the sea! It is delightful to inhale it."

"Ah! you are right. The morning hour is glorious—a discovery in natural history of which I shall tell my friends. How long is the shadow?"

"It draws near the closing of the market," answered Charmides, as with practised eye he measured the sun's altitude above the olive-girt Lycabettus. "Let us go to the market-place. We can drop in at Lysis, on the way, and empty a glass of iced Lesbian."

"A good idea, it will relieve the pangs of delivery! Hallo, Charmides! better scatter your gold in some Danae's lap, than here in the street! You dropped a ring there! It lies at your feet."

"Ah! Rachel's ring! The pledge of my little Jewish flame," said Charmides to himself, as he picked it up and fastened it to his gold necklace.

"Praised be your sharp eyes, Olympiodorus! I would not have lost this jewel for my Cappadocian Achilles."

"I understand you, you second Alcibiades. Ah, thrice happy friend! You drank last eve like Milo the Crotonian, but wine is to you as the dewdrop to the rose, you greet the morning all the more fresh and radiant. How was it? Did not our good host, the proconsul, that Falernian sack, fall at last under the table? My recollections of last night are like shadows wandering by Lethe's strand."

"You remember well enough. But do not abuse our Annæus Domitius! He is a remarkable man."

"Yes, he has remarkable luck at dice!"

"I do not now mean the talent—"

"Did he win again last night?"

"An inconsiderable sum. My pleasure-boat struck her colors for some *caniculæ*,* as he calls them."

* "Pups." The unlucky throws of the dice, so called by Roman gamesters.

“An inconsiderable sum! Your brilliant pleasure-boat! Ah! your confidence is wonderful, but you have a gold-bringing Pactolus to dip from,” adding to himself; “this gold-flood must soon dry up. Ah me! Where shall I next year find another Charmides?”

“What I wonder at in our proconsul” continued Charmides, “is his power of self command. The fetters which the god of wine lays upon such a man are but flower-chains he can sunder at will. He lay last night upon a sofa, the cup fallen from his hand, the wreath down against his nose,—his eyes half closed and his tongue lolling feebly to the tones of the Lydian flute in the most laughable attempt to follow its strains, when the porter announced that an imperial courier awaited him. Our Annæus Domitius sprang up like a feather, put the wreath aside, arranged his mantle, strode with majestic step out into the hall, received the letter, read it by the gleam of the altar-lamp and despatched the bearer, only to return and renew the drinking-bout.”

“Well, and the contents of the letter?”

“Bah! what a question! Go to the Sphinx of Egypt and learn, if you can, the riddle of nature.”

“I judge that Julian—”

“Silence! Speak not that name,” interrupted Charmides, looking around.

“Accursed Forehead-smith! How is it Charmides, am I not invited to your villa to day? I have an inkling of certain words from your godly mouth concerning green trees and British oysters.”

“Exactly.”

“But Myro and Praxinoa?”

“They accompany us.”

“Glorious!”

“And with some others of our friends have appointed a meeting at the steps of the Acropolis, an hour after the closing of the market.

"Good."

"You must not prepare yourself for anything extraordinary, Olympiodorus. All will be simple and country-like.

"Excellent! I long only for nature and innocence. I with joy will tend your oxen, shear your sheep, and drink water from the same fountain with your herds. Water! Drink for the gods!—I hate,—ah, cursed Forehead-smith,—*all* drinks except water! I discern at this moment my true calling,—a herdsman,—a new Daphnis!—You must let some Testylis or Amaryllis initiate me into the mysteries of cheese-making. I renounce culture and hasten to Nature's motherly bosom. Apollo was a herdsman; Paris as well; herdsman was,—

"That youth, whom Cypris herself in the Phrygian wood followed
after;

The wood in its depths saw her joy, and the wood saw also her
sorrow;

Herdsman Endymion was and with cattle he slept when Selene
Eager to kiss his dear ruby lips, stepped down from the heavens,
(Rhea) lamented a herdsman and Thunderer's self as an eagle
Circling flew around Ida's top for a beautiful shepherd."*

Why should not Olympiodorus condescend to the crook and pipe? But one word, Charmides, have you quails, fighting-cocks, and dice in your Arcadia?"

"Be at ease! I share your dislike of the proconsul's low tastes, since I have known Athenagoras."

"Charmides, you must present me to that wonderful mortal. It seems like a tale, all this about his wisdom and secret festivities. Is it so utterly impossible to be admitted into his order?"

"He chooses his acquaintances himself. The old philosopher did the same, often upon incomprehensible grounds, so you can console yourself, if—

"Pshaw! I *will* make his acquaintance! By the way, at the next races I shall enter my Bellerophon, silver-white,

*Theocritus.

curly-maned, built to cleave the air like an arrow. Do you think I can match him against the proconsul's Thracian stallion?"

"Yes, with certainty."

"I hope so."

The two youths now found themselves in front of the conversation-hall of Lysis,—one of those picture-decked haunts, so dear to the Athenians, and of which the city possessed more than the year has days. A multitude of customers were already on the spot and strolled, conversing, in the portico, or sat without, in the shade of an awning hung from the beams, enjoying their breakfast of bread dipped in wine.

After they had refreshed themselves with ice-cold Lesbian, they turned their steps toward the market-place.

Here surged an eager crowd, for the ever-shortening shadow of the temple-crowned Acropolis reminded both buyer and seller that the hour approached when they must withdraw. Fishermen in red caps and short tunics held up from their movable tanks squirming fish, announcing with loud cries, that it was now full moon and their wares at the best. Peddlers darted about with samples of their goods; young girls, offering flowers, wreaths and fillets, wandered between the long lines of wagons, which, while the mules were feeding behind, captivated the eye with lemons, peaches, figs and vegetables. From other wagons the contents of pressed wine-sacks spouted into receiving vessels. A few steps in advance, just around the colossal statue of the Market-Hermes,—standing on the same spot as in the days of Aristophanes,—meat and sausage hawkers cried their wares, arranged in pillars and festoons, to numerous customers. Among these the rich slaves were the most vociferous,—for here if anywhere, the weight of the purse decided that of the man. While the slave, his purchases finished, turned homeward with a full basket on his head, the poor

citizen stole away with his scanty bit under his mantle, lucky if a hole therein did not disclose a full-blooded Athenian's humiliation. Farther on where the multitude was less numerous, potters, workers in stucco and glass merchants stood between rows of their merchandise, often finished in the most artistic manner. Still farther away from the liveliest swarm of busy, gesticulating people,—around the triumphal arch, raised to commemorate the defeat of Cassander's horsemen, were glittering booths where costly cloths from Asia and the Isles, incense and ointment from India and Arabia, jeweled ornaments and articles to suit every extravagant taste, attracted well-dressed purchasers of either sex.

Charmides and Olympiodorus,—who before we met them had visited the bath and the hair-dresser,—now strolled along, increasing the number of young fops, who by some remarkable dispensation of fate, were awake thus early in the forenoon. Without any errand other than to swell the throng and appease their curiosity, they elbowed their way through the chaffering groups, now nodding at some fair maid from the quarter Scambonidæ, now criticising the slave-girls exposed for sale, who offered freely to the view every form of female beauty from the blushing Syrian to the dark Ethiopian. The foreign merchants were also worthy of a glance. Here among a hundred others in the variegated mass, might be seen the lively, slender Alexandrian, who, though born not far from the Pyramids, yet with his ancient Grecian habit claimed descent from the most cultivated race in the world, and, if questioned on his birth would answer that he was a Macedonian Hellen;—the coarse-limbed Illyrian in his humble woollen mantle with its red border, proof of his free birth; men from the boundaries of Persia, easily recognized by their shaggy, cone-shaped caps, flowered coats and roomy trousers tied above the ankle; the proud Spaniard, whose bright mantle of

woven bombast, bore witness, like Seneca's tragedy, to his countrymen's taste for the showy; the long-bearded Jew in a dark caftan lined with skins; and, to close the enumeration, the luxurious half-Hellen from Asia, with perfumed locks, gold rings in his ears, and tunic sweeping to his feet.

Coming from the Piræan street, a man wended his way across the market-place. The throng opened willingly for him, the eye of every bystander was fastened upon his lofty, majestic figure, draped by the mantle, while many greeted him as he strode along.

"Chrysanteus," muttered Charmides, his face darkening.

"Who is he?" whispered strangers, following him with their eyes till he vanished in the press. The answer came "Chrysanteus the archon,—the rich Chrysanteus," "Chrysanteus the philosopher, the arch-heathen!" The last of these replies came from a Christian.

Now the bell of the market-policeman sounded through the din, and in a few moments, all the booths were taken down, all the wagons harnessed, and the many-colored multitude swallowed up in the mouths of Piræan street, Ceramicus, and the other avenues leading on either side from the Acropolis. Immediately afterward, the arms of a number of city slaves were in motion, polishing the stone pavement of the market, while water-carts crossed and recrossed, pouring forth a fine dewy rain, soon drunk up by breezes from the sea.

The market, just now in dishabille,—and in that garb nearly unknown to the great mass of the Athenians who loved their morning dreams, regained, as by the stroke of a wand, its usual aspect, better according with its memory and dignity as the heart of the city of Minerva.

A beholder choosing his position in front of the temple of Zeus Eleutheros, or the royal tribunal, which bounded the market on the south, would have seen to the right the town-house, the temple of justice, the metroon and the

temple of Apollo, a line of colonnades in the dull gleam of the different varieties of marble, all reposing in the shadows of the Acropolis,—while to the left the sun shone upon the blue-white pillars of the gallery of painting, and in the background of the picture cast a flood of rays over the Areopagus and the temple of the war-god lying at its foot.

The surroundings of these noble forms of architecture, colonnades on colonnades where the Corinthian magnificence yielded to the Doric majesty, and this in turn to the light Ionic grace, gave to the vast and now nearly desolate market-place arched by the deep blue of heaven, an indescribable air of mournful grandeur. This was greatly enhanced by the bronze and marble statues, which, now the populace had departed, alone peopled the market, surrounding it, pedestal to pedestal, in silent solemn lines. There they stood, their countenances stamped with Olympian peace, yet penetrated, as antiques always are, by a shade of sadness,—the ghosts of the mighty spirits of the past. They seemed indeed, as dreamily they gazed on the sun-beam's play and the shadow's path over this memorable spot,—to be raised above the changes of time,—blessed in themselves.

Gradually this picture was filled with life. From the stately street Ceramicus, descended groups of citizens to meet on the market and discuss the news of the day and the business of the state. Among these Athenians, the stranger, had he an eye for such things, might still admire the Attic refinement in manner and speech, whose like was never found elsewhere, and the tasteful and chaste simplicity in dress that had been pressed out of the rest of the world by the daughter of despotism,—barbaric luxury. A sacrificial procession passed silent and unnoticed,—so unnoticed that it might have excited pity—between these groups, towards the marble steps of the Propylæa. In the colon-

nade of the picture gallery were assembled a master in Stoic philosophy and a number of hearers, mostly sons of Roman senators and other noble youths come to Athens to receive the wisdom of Greece. For this city was yet side by side with Alexandria, a centre of antique culture, a university for the Roman Empire, outshining its rival with memories of the heroes of thought and life's philosophy, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Epicurus. Long after the Christian Church had become triumphant, long after the last heathen altar, that of Victory, had been broken down at Rome, there was yet burning in the quiet, almost forgotten city by the gulf of Saronicus, the lamp of heathen philosophy, watched by holy memories, fed by the last drops of the oil of investigation, till, when ready to die of itself, it was put out by a blast from despotism;—the pious world, obedient without the contradiction of a single voice, accepting the creed, *credo quia absurdum*.* Before this, at the time of our story, the teachings of Epicurus were still read in his celebrated gardens; still were the doctrines of “Plato the Godlike” expounded on the very spot where he himself, seven centuries before, had proclaimed them under the plane trees of the Academy; still strolled the disciples of Zeno among the master-pieces of Pamphilus and Polygnotus in the same colonnade that, tenanted by few but God-like figures, had given name to their school.†

In the north-eastern quarter of the city, the bells began ringing from a Christian Church. The air, pure and elastic, wafted the mighty vibrations wide over the land. They resounded in the porticos, were broken against the chalky steeps of the Acropolis, and rebounding, were heard like deep foreboding sighs pressed from the bronze bosom of Pallas Athene, as, shining in the sun, a beacon for

* An expression ascribed to church-father Tertullian, though it is not found word for word in his writings.

† The name of the Stoics is derived from their painting gallery “Stoa poikile,”—“variegated colonnade.”

sailors far beyond the Sunium cape she raised her colossal form from the summit of the cliff, and with helm-covered head looked down over the gable of the Parthenon, upon her charge,—the city, at her feet.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEETING ON THE MARKET.

Sunday
THE bells were yet ringing, when Charmides and his friends assembled on the marble steps of the Propylæa. It was the Christians' day of rest and praise; they appeared, family after family, passing over the market on their way to church. The procession was numerous, and presaged that Athens herself, the bulwark of heathendom, might soon enough perhaps be in the possession of an enemy, not bursting in from without, but growing up within its very entrenchments. At Rome on the Tiber and Rome on the Bosphorus, in all the densely populated cities of the great Empire, the Christians were already superior in numbers. There, with the Emperor and the court as examples, many of the rich and noble had gradually gathered around the cross; there every one, with a spark of ambition in his bosom, had hastened to acknowledge a religion which was the only condition for preferment; there finally a countless number of the children of necessity had found themselves incapable of resisting the gift of a garment and twenty pieces of gold, the bait wherewith Constantine, a new fisher of men unto the Lord, drew up souls from the depths of paganism. At Athens the case was different. It lay without the circle of the immediate influence of the Imperial court. Philosophy had in this its mother-earth, put forth its firmest roots, and at that hour still bore flowers.

The Athenian was held to the faith of his fathers by glorious historic recollections, and by the enchanting power of philosophy and art. He found it hard to condemn Pericles and Aristides, or to regard Socrates and Plato as the tools of evil spirits; he would not willingly pull down his temples, the master-pieces of architecture, or break asunder his statues, the wonder of sculpture. Therefore the greater portion of cultivated Athenians were still attached to the old religion, ennobled by a clearer consciousness of God, and imbued with philosophy. Many professed this ancient belief with greater affection than ever, because its existence was threatened, and with it, as they felt, the only salvation for human worth, freedom of thought, and declining culture. But all those, to whom research, enjoyment of art and historic memories were as if they had never existed; all those, who were consumed by a hidden fire, by remorse for sins, for which they saw no reconciliation, by the terrible stings of conscience, or by fear of annihilation—all these, in number as the sands of the sea, had hastened to exchange for the certainty of reconciliation and eternal life, a belief which was only fitted for great souls, for joyous, happy and harmonious beings, or for the thoughtless and giddy. The old belief offered little comfort to the weak who felt themselves trampled under in the struggle of life, to the poor and wretched, the guilty and contrite, or, in a word, to the great masses of the human race, in that hard, unhappy, chaotic period.

Let us return to the market, that at this moment presented a picture of striking contrasts. The temples' lordly colonnades, the statues of gods, philosophers, poets, heroes, lighted by a genial sun, overarched by a smiling heaven—and within this frame, plaited with the glad beauty of nature and art,—the multitude of church going Christians, who came streaming down from the quarters Colyttus and Scambonidæ,—a serious, ay, sad throng—the women veiled, and

most of the men enveloped in coarse mantles. There were tattered vagabonds by the side of the Imperial officers in glittering Asiatic uniforms,—fanatics, covered with filth, and bleeding from self-inflicted wounds, side by side with brilliant palanquins borne by slaves, in which noble Christian dames were reposing ;—all this passed before the eye, while the air quivered with the consecrated metal's exhorting call.

The group on the marble steps did not lessen the impression of this picture, antique in architecture, romantic in figures. The young Epicureans stood jesting around a palanquin, between whose curtains appeared now a gleam of that Coan tissue, which for its transparency was called linen mist; now a snow-white jeweled arm, and now a girl's curly head, which belonged to no less a person than Praxinoa, Athen's fairest courtesan. While her friend or perhaps rival, Myro, was yet awaited, the slaves led forward Thessalian horses covered with elegant blankets.

Charmides, the chief figure in the group, wore a white tunic held together by a golden meander-stitched girdle about the waist, and falling in rich folds to the knee, while over his waist-coat was a Tyrian mantle, carefully thrown across one shoulder. A gold chain, to which his signet-ring was fastened, hung around his neck. His nether limbs, bared from the knee to the silk shoe which covered the foot, had a marble-like gleam, which only exercise and the polishing by bath-slaves with oils, essences and pumice-stone could bring about. The friends of Charmides were clad very nearly as he. Together, they formed a brilliant, but, to the passing Christians, by no means edifying spectacle.

"Alas, these people," said Praxinoa, speaking of the Christians; "their looks frighten me. Handsome Charmides, draw the curtains. I shall faint if I have to see their unhappy faces."

When Praxinoa called Charmides "handsome," this term

of ordinary politeness was here applied with truth. His figure, possessing the natural nobility of the Grecian type, was developed by gymnastic exercise to a symmetry, worthy being chiseled in marble; his features were regular, yet their regularity did not hinder the free play of intelligence; in his face there was an extraordinary mingling of levity with decision, austerity and pride, and his whole being, from the glance of his eye to the muscle-play in his limbs, bore witness to the tragic strife, in which nature slowly tiring, but yet victorious, contests the effects of persistent debauchery.

“By Bacchus!” exclaimed Olympiódorus, casting a glance over the market as he arranged his horses’ harness, “there is the proconsul himself.”

“Where?”

“By Market-Hermes’ statue; he is standing by the side of a palanquin and conversing with the lady in it.”

“Right. I see him.”

“That is Eusebia’s palanquin,” said Charmides, “I recognize it.”

“Aha! But just look at our Annæus Domitius! I believe, by Juno, that he is catching a curtain lecture from his pretty wife, in the open market,” remarked one of the youths.

“Not to be wondered at,” replied another.

“I fancy, nevertheless, that they have reason on both sides to forgive each other. How is it, Charmides? Does the pious Eusebia continue her endeavors to convert you?”

“No,” answered Charmides, “we both grew weary of the attempt. Eusebia is very fickle——”

“And you are fidelity itself!”

“And she probably,” added Charmides, “has a more amiable proselyte in view.”

“Look! Here is Myro at last! Welcome you the fourth among the Graces!”

"Welcome, beam of day, that never shone more brightly for our town," declaimed Olympiodorus, and continued in spite of Myro's fan, that threateningly circled in the neighborhood of his mouth,

"Come, O Goddess, now and from torment's heavy
Bonds us loose! Accomplish the prayer, which our hearts'
Tender longings bid thee accomplish;—fondly
Fight yet by our side."*

As Myro had arrived, the company was complete. The youths mounted their horses, the slaves lifted Praxinoa's palanquin upon their shoulders and the procession set itself in motion.

Let us leave it and repair to Annæus Domitius, to hear how it went with the curtain lecture, about which one of Charmides' friends was wicked enough to give his opinion.

We approach Annæus Domitius with that consideration which his social position should inspire. He is proconsul over Achaia, and the first in the second class of great dignitaries of the Roman Empire, with the right to be called *ILLUSTRIS* and *CLARISSIMUS*; his genealogy includes the philosopher Seneca among its younger names, and establishes his descent from a family already respected in the days of the Republic. His robe is worked with palm-leaf and stars; the half-boots which indicate his senatorship, glisten with purple, and are decked, according to the custom of *NOBILES*, with golden crescents, held to portray his high birth, which would entitle his soul after death to a place over the moon in the neighborhood of the stars, or since Annæus is a Christian and such an interpretation unworthy of him,—rather convey a timely warning that under the moon, that ever-changing orb, dwelt no one free from fate. But enough, the crescents are there, and for their meaning, it may be whatever you like. Two slaves bore a censer with burning incense in the path of the proconsul, and

* Sappho.

Ever's Egyptian Princess

were now standing at a respectful distance, talking with Eusebia's palanquin-bearers. Annæus Domitius is a man of forty, of ordinary height, but more than ordinary flesh. His paunch would grace neither Hermes nor Apollo, but on the other hand would not misbecome an old Faun. The proconsul's crown is bald, his face holds up the merry superfluity of a double chin, and his eyes are lively and intelligent. Roué, gourmand, the calculating man of the world are all seen in him, if the light does not deceive us. The lines around the mouth still give evidence of the last *souper*, the lax features tell tales of nightly orgies or,—if one believe the proconsul's own explanation to his wife,—of nightly studies, which, according to the same authority, embraced theology, and were conducted in the most profound secrecy. But the profile of Annæus is full of power, and the eyes are alone sufficient to give life and expression to this fat corporosity.

But now a glance at his spouse Eusebia, called the “beautiful,” and, yet oftener, the “devout.” She is a Roman, of perhaps twenty-seven years, with an aquiline nose, large dark eyes, and little, pouting, ruby-red lips. Eusebia is on her way to church which she never neglects, when Peter, the orthodox,—that is to say at that time the Homoiousian* bishop, the heart-piercing admonisher, the lightning rebuker, is to preach. Her costume is that of a penitent—

* The Christian church at the time of this story was divided into two principal sects, which contended against each other. Homoiousian and Homoiousian. It is not the fault of the author that these parties are to the sight only divided by a little i; but in such a case it is an excusable pedantry if he beg the reader to give attention to this difference, otherwise so easily overlooked, so that the parties, be not to their mutual vexation, confounded with one another; I could indeed have called the former orthodox, a name to which they have the victor's claim, and then have named the latter, Half-Arians. But the altar of victory, to the joy of all, is broken down, and no one is bound to offer on its ruins. (The Homoiousians maintained that the Son had the same essence with the Father, in opposition to the Ho-moi-ousians—who held that the Son was *like* the Father in essence but not the *same*.—Tr.)

and how well it becomes her, though not* consisting of a thread more than the black robe, falling ungirdled to her feet, and flowing so softly about her voluptuous form! Not even a linen tunic under this garment! Like a pall on a new-fallen snow-drift, its color contrasts with the alabaster of neck and arms, that Juno might have envied, not to speak of so charming a little nothing as a bare foot, peeping forth whenever its fair possessor turns herself on the cushions of the litter. Diadem, ear-rings, necklace, bracelets, rings,—all these vain frivolities, even to her jeweled fan, are left at home upon the toilet table. Eusebia's dark locks flow in free waves around her shoulders, and her fingers, robbed of their diamonds, have no other ornament than their natural beauty and the slight rosy tinge the toilet-pencil has given their nails. Her cheek, otherwise warmly colored by health and youth, is to-day somewhat pale,—for paleness becomes the penitent. Art has here, with a few light strokes of a pencil, dipped in white paint, fulfilled a desire, which nature, left to itself, for the moment could not satisfy.

“And so, Annæus,” said Eusebia in a mild upbraiding tone, and her gaze floated out between the curtains of the litter towards the group awaiting Myro at the marble steps. “you were last night also occupied with important business. Was it with affairs of state or with theology?”

“With theology? No, my Eusebia! With affairs of state? yes, by Hercules,” affirmed the proconsul, adding in a tone of half despair, “these affairs of state haunt me to death.”

He took from his girdle a purple-bordered kerchief and wiped his forehead, as if the very thought of those exertions caused him to perspire. At the same time he cast a stolen glance towards his heathen friends, the Epicureans, where the two palanquins especially attracted his attention.

“Annæus,” said Eusebia, shaking her finger, “you still retain that awful vice of swearing by the heathen gods,—you, who are a catechumen.”

"O! forgive me, Eusebia! By the reliquaries of the saints, by the skeletons of the martyrs, I shall hereafter guard my tongue against this sin. Alas, dear Eusebia, when shall we return to our Corinth! This Athens, in which the Emperor's will retains me, this city, apparently so still, so quiet, so removed from busy pursuits,—ah! you little know what is raging in our very midst. My soul is in a never ceasing ferment!"

"Poor Annæus!" said she, thinking as she looked toward Charmides who was mounting his horse. "How handsome he is though, the poor youth wandering in darkness."

"I know," continued she, "what you mean. We orthodox all know, and Peter does not hesitate to preach it from the pulpit. It is Chrysanteus, the heathen archon, who is the chief root of this evil. Why do you not imprison him, a declared supporter of the rebellious Julian? We all wonder at it."

"Ah! my pretty bride," interrupted Annæus, smiling and shaking his finger in turn, "now you are breaking our agreement. No state affairs between us! Do you remember?"

"The other root of this evil," continued Eusebia, with displeasure, "is the Homoousians, those horrid heretics, who contend that the Son is of the same, eternal divine being as the Father. Is not this a blindness without a parallel?"

"Oh! an incomprehensible blindness—and thoughtlessness to boot," chimed in the proconsul. "How charming you are to-day, Eusebia!" and he caressed and kissed her hand.

"Annæus," continued Eusebia, "is it true that the head of this heresy, Athanasius, has been seen in the neighborhood?"

"What do I know more than the rumor? What can I

do more than to send orders to all officers in Achaia to pursue and arrest him? Oh! these state affairs, they are killing me—by degrees!”

“Poor, dear Annæus!—Yet tell me,” whispered Eusebia, bending her head nearer his—“did you not last night receive a message from Constantinople?”

“Yes, Eusebia,” answered he in the same tone, laying his forefinger on his lips.

Eusebia knew this before, for the courier had sought the proconsul at his home, before being shown by a trusty waiting slave to the house, where the proconsul supped with his friends, Charmides, Olympiodorus and the courtesans. But what Eusebia did not know, and most anxiously wished to ascertain, was, the contents of the letter.

“Well?” she asked, in the greatest eagerness:

“Julian—But silence for Heaven’s sake, Eusebia!”

“But quick!—How fares it with the godless usurper?”

“Uproar among his troops! Two Gallic legions have gone over to the flag of Christendom and Constantius. But I adjure you, Eusebia, preserve this secret in the depths of your soul!”

The beautiful penitent clasped her hands and raised a thankful glance to heaven.

When the proconsul entrusted his wife with this news, he well knew, that within a few hours it would be imparted to the bishop Peter. He told her for this very reason.

“And now, my Annæus, I presume you are on your way to church to praise the Lord and pray for the continued success of the imperial arms.”

“I acknowledge this, Eusebia, both as my duty and desire. But the business of State, ah me, the business of State!”

The proconsul looked around and gave a signal to a man standing near.

“Poor fellow! I will not detain you.”

“Fair one! Thy gaze is my delight, but it is sadly true, that for the moment I am exceedingly hurried,—and you also should hasten, for I already see the bishop and clerks yonder.”

Eusebia peeped out through the palanquin. She sought some one in the crowd of priests who in solemn procession followed the bishop to church. She doubtless found him she sought, for the light in her dark eye melted suddenly into a tearful gleam, a sigh heaved her bosom, and dreamily she sank upon the cushions of the litter. A moment after her bell gave the signal to the bearers to set themselves in motion.

As soon as the proconsul was left alone, he beckoned to the man, waiting close by, who thrust a letter into his hand.

“Where?” enquired the proconsul.

“Half way between Athens and Corinth.”

“Go!”

The proconsul loosened with his stylus the band on which the seal was stamped, and glanced hastily over the address:

“TO PETER, BISHOP OF ATHENS, BROTHERLY GREETING AND THE PEACE OF THE FATHER, AS WELL AS OF THE SON, OF A LIKE, BUT NOT OF THE SAME BEING WITH THE FATHER.

Then he pressed the letter into the girdle under his mantle, arranged the latter, and was on the point of starting, when bishop Peter, who rode upon a mule in front of his priests, nodded and raised the cross he bore in his hand, to indicate that he wished to speak with the proconsul. Another signal to the clerks commanded them to retire. The proconsul hastened with elastic step, the two incense burners in his wake, to meet the prelate half way.

Peter the Homoiousian bishop, was yet in the prime of life—a broad-shouldered, lean, sinewy figure, with head

erect, and strength of will and thirst for power stamped on every feature. Such a man had sat the war-horse better than the mule. Peter's forehead was low and square, his look sharp and penetrating, eyebrows extended and deeply arched, nose Roman and well-proportioned, mouth large, but symmetrical. What a contrast between this man, raised to his present position from the lowest class of the people, and the patrician Annæus Domitius! The proconsul looked little and ridiculous, as, in his showy uniform, with bald head, bloated face, double chin, huge paunch, and calves shaped like a woman's, he stood before Peter, bishop of Athens. The case approached equality however, when you noticed the Roman's calm, man-of-the-world address, his playful, self-conscious look, and the fine smile on his lips.

"Illustrious and noble master," said Peter in a tone whose abstraction balanced the humility of the phrase, "May I have the honor of beholding you under my roof this morning, or will you permit your unworthy servant to visit you at the same hour? The times are bad. This insane enterprise of Julian has raised the courage of both heretics and heathen to a fearful pitch. There is much that invites our united consideration."

The proconsul admitted this with a thoughtful shake of the head and hastened to declare that he should be present wherever the bishop's favor and his own duty called him. After exchanging greetings, Peter again started his mule, followed by the clerks. The proconsul departed in the opposite direction across the market.

The Epicureans, whom we left just now, were greeted on their way through the long street Ceramicus by both friends and strangers, among the crowds who swarmed about the conversation-halls and porticoes. But there were also many who crossed themselves and took another street when they caught sight of the wanton procession.

"Noble, genuine Athenians! It does my heart good to see them!" said an old half-starved athlete.

"I knew them! Hellenes of the old stock, who love art and the faith of their fathers!" cried a sculptor in a threadbare mantle, and clapped his hands.

"That one on the gray charger, there,—he who is laughing so heartily and jesting with the courtesans—guess who he is!" said a bookseller, turning towards a Roman youth, who was by accident his neighbor. "Yes sir, no less a personage than Olympiodorus, the immortal poet! It was I who published his first epigrams. They sold poorly, for the world is in its decline, and literature despised. But I complain *not*, no, not I! The muses still find lofty benefactors. And *as* I have accidentally a bran-new copy of these admired epigrams with me,"—the bookseller here drew forth a little roll from under his robe,—"I shall present them with pleasure to a noble stranger—the price according to his wish and judgment."

The Roman said nothing, but beckoned to a slave, who took and paid for the roll; he then retired from the neighborhood of the importunate publisher.

"The splendid fellows," exclaimed one flower-girl to another, as she lifted her veil and gazed after the riders. "Did you see Charmides, my friend? did you see him?"

"Demophilus," said a citizen to his comrade, "do you see the cloud over the temple of Theseus?"

"I see no cloud, my friend; the heavens are perfectly clear."

"Well, then, listen!"

With a nod the citizen directed his friend's attention to two persons near by. One was an old man, who with a basket on his arm had sat himself down on the steps of the portico to rest; the other a Christian presbyter. The latter addressed the former as follows;

"You are Bathyllus, the olive merchant."

“Yes.”

“You are esteemed a pious man, yet I never saw you at church. How is this?”

“I am orthodox. Long has God’s house been profaned by those who halt between the truth of the Word and the lie of the Arians.”

“You are then one of those who split in twain the only true church, and tear asunder the limbs of the Lord. Foresee ye not the day of retribution?”

“Day of martyrs, day of victory!” answered the old man, in so loud a voice that he attracted the attention of the by-standers. Homoiousian beat a retreat.

“Demophilus, do you see the cloud now?”

“Yes. The air is stifling, we shall have thunder.”

“It is welcome if it only clears the air.”

“My Clinias,” whispered Demophilus, “it is rumored that Julian—”

“Hush, man!” interrupted Clinias in a like voice, looking about him with a terrified gaze. “Speak not his name, if you value your head! The Emperor employs a hundred thousand spies. The walls have ears, the reeds tell tales, as in the days of Midas, the very moon allows herself to be sworn, in order to betray what she reads in your eyes. Speak not, hope not, think not, as you love the rosy light of day!”

CHAPTER III.

DELPHI.—THE ORACLE-SEEKERS.

THE far-famed oracle of Apollo was situated in a valley shut in on three sides by Mount Parnassus. The tract is wild and awful—and must have been still more so to a

pilgrim who trod it for the first time, trembling with the consciousness of approaching a mysterious, divine or demonic power, and uncertain how the vapor from the Pythian fissure would shape his future. To such a stranger, nature herself was a warning cry, not thoughtlessly to seek out the fates, lying in wait for him nearer the grave. Up towards the south the valley narrows, the cliffs become loftier and more precipitous with wilder forms, the nearer you approach the point where the valley walls run together at an acute angle. Here, shaded by cypresses, Castalia springs in three streams, from the rock. This oft-sung fountain feeds a brook, which, after lonely wanderings through the dale, unites its fate with the river Pleistus, and with it finds a common grave in the gulf of Corinth. Along this brook lay the way to the oracle.

One autumn evening, in the year 361, according to our reckoning, there passed along the temple road an old man and a young girl, who side by side directed their course into the valley. Both were clad in white, and would have been taken for pilgrims, had not the oracle been silenced more than thirty years before by the edict of the first Christian Emperor, and all pilgrimages to Delphi since then ceased. They were strangers in this region, judging from their looks and gestures, which betrayed, that the objects they here met were new, or at least uncommon. The girl regarded with amazement the frowning crags, on either side, baring themselves against the heavens, and shuddered perhaps at the profound silence, deepened, rather than broken by the tinkling of the brook and the cicada's complaining song. The other senses were laid at rest, while the eye filled the soul with pictures of an awful nature.

The road, once swarming with ambassadors from cities and kings, with pilgrims and sacrificial processions,—how desolate now! Grass and mosses covered it; the myrtle

shot up leaflets in the cracks of its stones. It was shunned even by the inhabitants of the valley, who chose another road nearer the city of Delphi, the country at that time being disturbed by robbers, who had their haunts among the almost inaccessible defiles of Mount Parnassus. Both the strangers knew this, but they were occupied with thoughts which excluded apprehension for their own safety.

There was a striking resemblance between the man and his companion, in spite of the difference in years. The Grecian profile was common to both, and in both it was softened, though in different degrees, by the same individual deviations. It was hard to judge the man's age from his appearance. His limbs yet gave evidence of manly power, but the lines of his face were deepened by years. and—what soonest betrayed that he had passed beyond middle age, but at the same time gave a remarkable expression to his countenance,—the roll under the outward point of the eyebrows protruded in uncommon width, and laid a stroke of energy between the forehead's dignity and the almost ecstasy in his glance. This feature is yet seen in antique statues of Nestor and Agamemnon.

The hair was somewhat thin over his forehead, and the beard,—at that time a rare ornament,—dark brown, and curly like the hair, flowed around his lips and cheeks. His figure was tall and majestic. The girl's features were more regular than her companion's,—regular even to typical strictness, which was heightened by the clear, transparent yet fresh paleness in her complexion. She resembled a marble statue; but the marble was warmed by the mild light of those large blue eyes, and enlivened by the fine curving lines of her mouth, which with a Lavater would have passed for an infallible sign of goodness of heart.

"Hermione," said the man to the girl at his side, "that mountain top, piercing the sky, clad in the blue robe of distance, is Lycorea. Upon it and its sister-heights, Apollo

and the goddesses of song were wont to roam, before doubt had hunted them away. The silver clouds that crown it, were then launches from the isles of the blest, landing happy spirits, who came to hear in the Olympic songs, and in their dances symbolically to see, the mysteries of the Universe.

These songs, so runs the tale, were heard on still evenings like this, down in the dale, and at their tones peace sank into the listening heart,—

“And now,” said the man to himself, “are prowling around the same heights the unhappy children of men, murderers and Christians fanatics, thrust out of a religious community, worthy of them. Robbers on Parnassus! Such there were indeed before these, but they robbed only the poets.”

A smile played upon the man’s lips at this thought.

“Father,” said the girl, “these cliffs would frighten me were I alone. They are so high and deeply riven. But the eye is refreshed by Lycorea, for on it the sun sheds its rays, and the heavens are clear and calm about its brow.”

“So it is. When our surroundings are dark and sad, the eye gladly seeks a brighter future. Hermione,” continued he pointing to the left, “down there rests the ancient city Delphi, sung by Homer under the name Pytho. Now are its thousand statues broken, its treasures robbed, its splendor departed. The theatre, race course, halls of learning and gymnasiums are empty. The Christians, Hermione, hate the high expression of art, as much as the deep seriousness of investigation. They talk of poverty and plunder our temples,—of humility and trample upon our necks. These streets once resounded with pæans, swarmed with holiday-clad strangers and white-robed priests. Now a stupid people walk over its market-place. The field, you see there, with languishing verdure, sign of scanty cultivation, that lacks arms and brains, is the plain

of Crisa, where once the Grecian crowds assembled to witness the victory of genius, strength and beauty."

The stroke of the hammer sounded from the city. They were breaking out stone from a colonnade there, for a Christian church that was building. It was that colonnade, upon whose walls Polygnotus, the Homer of the pencil, had painted the sack of Troy, the departure of the Greeks and Ulysses' visit to Avernus. The destruction could be seen from the point the two strangers were passing. They saw it; the girl hid her face in her veil; the man clasped her hand and hastened their steps.

Thus they entered an ancient laurel grove, which separated the city from the oracle. The grove filled the deepest part of the valley between the steeps of Parnassus, and with its dark verdure increased the gloom. It was sacred to Apollo, and the garlands for the poets of Greece and the winners of the Pythian victory were plucked here. Its old trunks leaned over the brook, gathered themselves together into whispering groups, and plaited their tops into a dark vault, in whose shadow one communed with lofty thoughts. And art had come to meet this communion. Whenever a ray of sun-light shot under the trees, it shone for a moment upon the marble forehead of a Homer, who, seized by inspiration, upturned his sightless eyes to Heaven, or on a group of dryads pressing about a cithara-playing Orpheus. The grove was now shunned by many as the haunt of a heathen demon, and the fresh leaves it put forth every year, found no forehead to adorn, for the gymnasiums lacked their old champions; and where inspiration yet filled a poet's bosom, hymns resounded to Him, "the unknown God," of whom Paul once spoke to the people of Athens.

It was now silent in the grove, while Hermione and her father passed through it. It had been silent ever since men deserted it—was silent for centuries, while Delphi

slowly decayed, and against its fallen pillars the mud huts of the village Castris sought a support.

But one day, twelve hundred years nearer us than the time of this story, the women of Castris saw, as they washed their clothes in the fountain Castalia, some strangers in the wasted grove. What sought they in that forgotten nook among the mountains? They said in a tongue unknown to the women, that Castalia was profaned, and breaking a few twigs from an old laurel, kissed them and went their way. The strange men were from Rome. The Roman people had determined that a poet, Tasso by name, should be crowned with laurel on the Capitolium, and although laurel grew in their own groves, they yet went forth to bring it from Parnassus. Was the broken chain between the past and the present then reunited? Yes, a great revolution had taken place, though the good, half-wild people of Castris dreamed it not. Greece had experienced a resurrection in the spirit of freedom, art and science. Science and art are by their nature incontrovertibly heathen. They reverence the olive of Golgotha, but the laurel of Parnassus is the symbol of their strife and victory.

The white-clad wayfarers, father and daughter, ascended a hill at the foot of one of the valley walls by a flight of fallen stone steps, and now saw the temple of the oracle reposing beneath dark Alpine steep. An aged priest of Apollo, the only one remaining of a hundred, watched its paling splendor. They came upon him resting under a cypress and staring at a mysterious E, some man of the past had graven over the entrance to the temple. The sunset hues of departing life shimmered through his sunken cheeks, and his beard fell in white waves over his breast. The pilgrims, for such indeed they were, greeted him reverentially.

“My name is Chrysanteus,” said the stranger; “I am a

man of Athens. This girl is my daughter Hermione, for the last sixteen years my only child."

"I bid you welcome," said the priest of Apollo, Heracleon. "Is your errand to see the sanctuary?"

"No," answered Chrysanteus, "our errand is another than sight-seeing,—that would only fill us with grief. We have come to consult the oracle."

The old priest's countenance expressed astonishment. "Know you not," said he, "that the Pythia's voice is silenced and the fountain of prophetic vapor dried up? The last priestess is long since dead."

"Alas! I know it all too well," replied Chrysanteus. "But though the Pythia is dead, the god of prophecy lives eternally."

"**APOLLO IS DEAD!**" contradicted Heracleon, and fastened on Chrysanteus a look, whose mystic expression heightened the effect of these strange and unexpected words, uttered with a tone of full conviction. The old man's eye revealed a soul, which oftenest dwells within itself, but when drawn from self-contemplation to outward objects, rather embraces them in a single picture than engages itself with each separate phenomenon. Such a look is peculiar to theosophists and mystics. There is something ghostly and awful in it for the children of this world; it reminds us of death and compels a belief in immortality. It betrays also a something lying beyond the range of reason, on the borders of madness. Perhaps it was just this that Chrysanteus found in the old man's look,—by which he explained the answer he gave. The archon of Athens felt a shudder creeping over him. He was silent a moment, and then said in a mild tone, penetrated with pity,

"I leave your faith upon its grounds. But may we not all, like Socrates, bear an oracle in our own bosoms?"

"If so, why come you here to consult the dumb?"

“He who will dream seeks silence, solitude and darkness, not tumult, the human throng and light of day. So also he who will speak with God in prayer, and perceive His answer in inspiration. Silence for the outward ear is not enough for him, neither darkness for the outward eye. Every earthly sound must be attuned to feeling, and every earthly figure blotted out by fancy; for feeling is the ear of the soul, and fancy its eye, with which it perceives the god-like. But where can I find a spot, that like this impresses the feeling with the majesty of a thousand years of sacred observation, or seizes upon the fancy with its loneliness and the lofty symbolism in its nature? For this, Heracleon, come we here, I and my daughter.”

“Well, how can I meet your wishes?”

“My daughter is a pious young woman. Let her undergo the corporeal purifications, which assist the soul’s endeavor to free itself from earthly thoughts and become fit to receive the heavenly. After this, lead Hermione to the holy tripod and let her remain one night in the temple.”

Hermione, who had attentively listened to the conversation, now said: “Venerable man, pray grant my father’s request.”

The priest of Apollo reflected a moment and then answered,

“If this be your intention, Athenian, that your daughter herself shall be at once the inquirer, the inspired receiver and the expounder of the meaning of the inspiration, then my office is unnecessary, and I do not disobey the Emperor’s command, if I for you, as for any sight-seer, open the temple doors. You yourself, Chrysanteus, may lead your daughter to the tripod. As to the oracle you would consult, it matters not who performs this duty, and as to the purification, if your daughter will follow the prescribed custom, she will bathe in the fountain Cassotis, pass one day in fasting and meditation, and when she comes to the

tripod, drink a cup of the water of Castalia. My maid will instruct and assist her in these preparations. During this time you will be my guests. For many long months I have not beheld a strange face; I live here in a world of my own and bide death in the shadow of my temple. But all the dearer to me is the sight of a man like you, and a woman, such as your daughter. Follow me, I bid you welcome across my threshold."

Old Heracleon extended his hand to Hermione and conducted his guests to a room, in a building near the temple. His aged maid-servant, the only being who shared his solitude, made couches ready for Chrysanteus and Hermione, washed their feet and set a table for them with bread, milk and fruit. Neither did she forget to plait garlands of fresh flowers, to deck the guests at this simple meal.

It was already growing dusky in the room, whose only window faced the cliff, close by. The conversation during their repast, fell upon the band of robbers that disturbed the neighborhood. The old priest knew nothing further than that these robbers were Christians of some sort, hated by the other Christian sects; that they were not natives of the country, but hither come, one knew not how nor whence, and that one day, during the last Spring, they suddenly appeared in considerable numbers, and demanded of him the temple keys. They did him and his maid no wrong, only damaged some things in the temple, which itself possessed no longer anything that could satisfy their rapacity. The Emperor Constantine in this case had long ago anticipated them, when he carried away the last of the countless riches the sanctuary once possessed. The old man narrated this last circumstance in a tone devoid of bitterness. Age had perhaps chilled his heart. But the Athenian's countenance darkened, and he scarcely listened to the old servant, who now took up the story and related, that the robber-band had many times made nightly irruptions

into the neighboring city, taken much booty and murdered many people. But a troop of soldiers had now arrived from Corinth for the protection of Delphi. The old servant knew this, being accustomed to visit the city for a few necessary articles—a thing her master never did.

Supper being finished, they left the room to enjoy the paling beauty of evening in the open air. Heracleon escorted his guests to a grotto, a few steps from the temple. The brook murmured near. The grotto was open toward the west, and the evening sun, shining through a narrow vista opposite, shot his rosy rays into its shadows. Cypress, myrtle and wild rose grew around, ivy and honeysuckle twined about its walls. Here upon a mossy bank at the entrance of the grotto, the priest of Apollo, the archon of Athens and his daughter seated themselves.

Hermione spoke :—"Do you remember, Heracleon, if the oracle, while it yet responded, ever expressed itself about Him, from whom the Christians take their name?"

The old man's countenance brightened, as if it pleased him to answer this question. He replied, "hear the following response of Apollo, given to a man, who more than a hundred years ago arrived here and questioned the oracle on this very Jesus."

"Known by the wise it is, that from body's corruptible fetters
Raises itself immortal the human spirit, but never
Soul to Olympia flew borne aloft upon pinions more spotless."

"When the seeker wondered, that so noble a man should suffer a malefactor's death, the answer came through the Pythia—

" 'Tis not bodily woe defiles the spirit immortal:
Suffering is common to all, but only the pious win heaven.' "

"I know these responses," said Chrysanteus. "Porphyrius cites them in his book against the Christians."

"Is this all the oracle has spoken upon the wise teacher of Gallilee?" asked Hermione.

“No, we have yet another response of a much later date.”

“Stung by the worm, or withered by sun, or turned in the night-frost
Sere, or doomed while yet in the bud all blighted to perish,
Lo! on the world-tree each leaf, but *one* of all only is perfect.”

“Apollo,” continued Heracleon, “was beautiful in person, but as seer was also called the Wry-mouth, because he was wont now in direct, now in ambiguous phrase, to repel importunate curiosity. But this much at least is clear,—the oracle never cherished the least ill will toward Jesus. No one, not even Socrates, has been so praised by Apollo as the wise man of Judea.”

“He was,” said Chrysanteus, “a religious soul, deeply imbued with the divine, a practical teacher of wisdom and great theurgist.” Porphyrius relates of his master Plotinus, that, four times in a state of ecstasy, he beheld the only and true God. This happened in his old age, toward the close of a life whose whole desire was the ideal world and purity of soul. I consider that what Plotinus attained by sinking his soul in the boundless sea of unconsciousness, the son of Joseph possessed more by nature, and as an ever present power, so that he was able to go among men and work outwardly, without clouding his vision of the divine.

What he possessed in the highest degree, may we all in a lower. The lotus seems to rock freely on the wave, but the stem finds its way through the deep and is fast rooted in the bottom. So swings the human soul with circumscribed freedom on the surface of the sea of life; reason is the flower which opens itself to the sun and follows his course, but it is with two roots, feeling and fancy, held fast in the world's soul,—Apollo, or whatever you may call it. Through these, God enters into us; with them, as with a trumpet, he speaks into our souls and reveals himself in many forms; as the voice of conscience, as the inspiration of the artist,

as presage and prophecy. That the first cause of these perceptions is not in the individual mortal but is something universal, namely, God in his revelation as the world's soul, is discerned in the fact that the essential principles of the law of conscience are the same among all tribes and peoples, and that the work of the artist, though with varying excellence and from different sides, mirrors the same idea."

When Chrysanteus ceased, and old Heracleon, who had smilingly listened, did not seem inclined to reply, Hermione modestly added.

"It reveals itself also in the heavenly glow which pervades the soul when it is touched by anything beautiful, true and good. But differences can be explained by the different disposition of heart among men, as two flowers, growing side by side on the same mound, and receiving thence the same nourishment, assimilate it each in unison with its own nature, and exhale it, in fragrant, yet different odors. Is it not so, father?"

Chrysanteus smiled approvingly, placed his arm around his daughter's neck and kissed her forehead.

When the sun had gone down, Heracleon returned with the guests to his dwelling. Hermione leaving them here, followed the old house maid,—for the girl was to bathe in Cassotis that evening, and make other preparations for the approaching night, to be passed in meditation and prayer. The following day was in like manner to be devoted to bathing, fasting and solitary meditation, until twilight. Then Hermione would be led by her father, to the Pythian tripod, which stood over the aperture for the prophetic vapor, and remain through the night alone in the temple, awaiting the revelation.

When the men found themselves alone with each other in the little chamber, resting on their couches, with the lighted lamp between, Chrysanteus requested an explanation of the strange words his host had uttered respecting Apollo's death.

Heracleon was willing to give such an explanation, and it now appeared that, driven by his soul's necessity, he had built up a theosophic system of his own, which afforded the consolation he needed, for the ruin of a faith he had embraced with religious fervor and served since his boyhood. Loving its memory, and worshiping the fallen greatness in whose service he had labored, he could, since his doctrine reconciled him with fate, die happy and in peace, the last priest of Apollo, gazing upon his deserted temple.

Heracleon said :

“In the spirit world, of which the visible, as Plato says, is but the shadow, a great change had already taken place at the time of the life of Jesus. Of this change we know but little, for when the shadow-throwing object undergoes a modification, the shadow is also altered, but it reproduces only *the outlines* of the object, and even these imperfectly. What I allude to, will become clearer to you, from what I am about to relate. I have sought and noted many mysterious incidents, bearing witness of this revolution in the spirit world ; of these however I will mention only the following :

“Epitherses,* father of Æmilianus the rhetorician, once sailed to Italy in a ship, which bore a goodly freight of souls and the riches of commerce. When they had arrived off the Echinades, the wind died into a calm. It was evening, though most of the crew and passengers were yet awake, when suddenly all heard a voice, coming as they thought from Paxos ; calling the mate by name. He was one Thasus, an Egyptian. All were amazed, and Thasus himself seized with fear. It was not until the voice had sounded thrice, that he gained courage to reply ; whereupon in yet louder tones came this command : ‘when you reach the place Palodes, announce that the great Pan is dead !’ The astonishment of all was increased and they took coun-

* This story is found in Plutarch.

sel together, what had better be done. Thasus himself determined that, in case of a good wind, he would take no further thought of the matter, and press by Palodes; but were a calm to settle down, he would cry out what he had heard. Now when the ship arrived off Palodes, a calm fell upon the sea; wherefore Thasus, standing in the stern of his vessel, shouted towards the land, the words of the unknown voice: ‘the great Pan is dead!’ Scarcely was this uttered when the air was filled with sighs, betokening amazement as well as sorrow. The event was soon made known at Rome by many who had witnessed it, and the Emperor Tiberius had Thasus called before him, and instituted a close inquiry touching this strange occurrence, its probable causes and import.”

“A similar incident,” continued Heracleon, “befell the grammarian Demetrius, in his voyage of discovery around the British Isles. With these I connect the rumor, flying around the world at the time of Jesus and exciting great interest at Rome,—that the Phoenix had again showed herself in Egypt; * also the circumstance that from the same time, the perpetual fire in the temple of the Egyptian Ammon has needed a less measure of oil for its yearly maintenance than before.† Little things, Chrysanteus, can indicate a very great change. But evidence, still clearer than this, may be found. Such I see in the fact, that the prophetic power more and more departed from this oracle, long before the Christians became a mighty sect, and that all the other countless oracles, one after the other, grew dumb of themselves; also in that the faith in the gods died in many hearts, and poets and artists did not receive inspiration as before, while awful calamities, following close in each other’s steps, went round the world, wasting the race of men. Our entire Hellas, I find it written, cannot now pro-

* Tacitus.

† Plutarch.

duce so many heavy-armed warriors, as once the little Megara sent against the Persians. Do you not notice that something is lacking, that some hand which once was open, has now closed its iron grasp over the world? Can you say what were the walls that once held the unknown hordes of the East within their certain boundaries, and why these walls so suddenly have fallen? Whence this longing, that has seized the sons of the desert, driving them, wave on wave, to be crushed against the iron of our legions? Will they not at last break down this barrier and overflow us? Can you say, why our woods and fountains do not sigh as of yore, why nature's symbols have suddenly frozen to soulless things, where no divine power reveals itself? The indescribable and incomprehensible, which once breathed through nature,—this something we called the great Pan that, like a flute-tone, enlivened solitude,—this is gone. It rose as a mist from the earth, raised itself higher and higher, and vanished in space. When it deserted Earth, the voices from the Pythian orifice and the grotto of Trophonius grew weaker, for the indescribable power had left the depths of earth, and floated now over its surface, entering into the souls of men. In this way I explain the phenomenon, that the world became at once filled with wizards, sibyls, magi, theurgists, *goëts* and wonder-workers, among whom Apollonius of Tyana was the greatest. They were before almost unknown, and always solitary; now they flooded all lands. From Ctesiphon to the pillars of Hercules, the people beheld their miracles, till at last the indescribable power departed even from among men. These are the signs I have noticed in *the shadow*, and by which I am convinced of a great change in *the thing*. But in what does this change consist, and whence comes it? This question has occupied my soul through the long years I have passed here in seclusion. And when I had striven for ten years,

ay ! for twenty, trying many different ways to enter into this secret, I was compelled at last to accept the conjecture presenting itself to me at the first moment of my reflections, but which I then cast aside as low and unphilosophical.

(“ The laws of nature,—such is my opinion—ruling in the world of man, are shadows of those in the spirit-world and find in them their analogy.) The law ordaining man to be born, to grow and to die, is a shadow of that law under which the Olympians were placed. They have, though in a higher meaning than man, been *born*—the fable itself says this—they have grown old, and they are dead. The great Pan is dead, Apollo is dead, the beings our fathers worshiped are dead. Start not, Chrysanteus, at my words ! They contain nothing blasphemous. These beings, good and worthy of worship, who filled the world with beauty and gladness, who loved the virtuous, protected communities and punished the guilty, were mortal as man, their ward, and *immortal* as he. Oh ! did I not lie, when but a youth, before the statue of my Apollo, and gaze whole hours in his face, transported by his calm, superhuman beauty ! And yet my tears ran ; for the longer I regarded him, the more meltingly there came shimmering through his beauty a woe, Olympian and superhuman as himself, and I wondered if the artist had consciously placed this expression in his work, or if it necessarily, without the artist’s intention, accompanies the highest beauty expressible in form.

“ I know now the meaning of that expression ; it was the consciousness of mortality. The Olympians were a race higher than ours : our fathers called them gods, you philosophers call them more properly powers or demons. As they directed the first education of man, their constant duty was to arrange our race in communities, teach them the right and awaken them to the beautiful. From this occupation they are called away ; for us they are found no more,

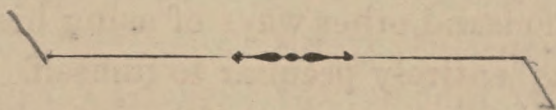
they have returned to the bosom that bore them, the fountain of all, the central point of existence: the only, true God. Banished be the thought that the gods, on whose knees our pious fathers laid their prayers, whom they cried to in their sorrow and praised in their joy, were empty creatures of their own imagination. But that they were mortal, there existed even in the gray past a foreboding, to which Hesiod gave outward form in these words of a naiad,

“Nine generations of powerful men the loud-cawing crow sees
Flourish, but three times as many behold those light-footed red
deer.

Thrice the age of the deer is the life of the ill-boding raven,
Nine ravens’ lives has the Phœnix, whom burnt ten times we see
rising,

We of the almighty Zeus the fair-haired sorrow-free daughters.”

“So spoke the priest of Apollo, with the light of the lamp flaring upon his withered visage. His guest had listened with attention, but would not now prolong the conversation with any counter remarks, as the night was already far spent, and the old man needed rest.”



CHAPTER IV.

CHRYSANTEUS.

IN the first chapter of this story the reader will recollect that a man walked across the market place of Athens one fine morning while the chaffering crowd was most active, and was pointed out by different persons as the rich Chrysanteus,—the philosopher Chrysanteus,—Chrysanteus the arch-heathen. It is the same man we now see at Delphi, breaking the solitude of the last priest of Apollo. He merited all three of the titles just given, not least the last. That Chrysanteus was the richest man in Athens, indicated

at that time perhaps nothing extraordinary; it is much more striking to mention the fact that were he to exchange this Athens for the luxurious Babel on the Tiber, or her glittering young rival on the Bosphorus, and there enter upon a life according to his means and the custom of the times, he would hardly be overshadowed in sumptuous luxury by others than the imperial favorites and the Christian bishops. We do not speak of the court itself and its colossal magnificence, which naturally stood above comparison with the attempts of any private individual. But Chrysanteus was entirely inaccessible to any ambition of this sort. He remained in Athens, though his reason for this was not a Cæsar's pride, to be first in a village, rather than second at Rome. In Athens itself, many outshone him in splendor and cheer.

But how did he employ his riches, since there was none of that Asiatic luxury in his house, with which the nobles at that time surrounded themselves? Every Athenian could answer this question. They knew that his sagacity had found a thousand other ways of using his wealth. His prodigality was entirely peculiar to himself. The country about Athens had formerly been famed for its olive plantations. Attica's mountain slopes were then clad with woods of this noble and useful tree, sacred, it is well known, to Pallas Athene. At the time of Chrysanteus these woods had almost vanished, and Attica had lost her principal source of income. He wished to flood his country with new abundance; and he fought without tiring, a giant strife against nature, man and circumstance, to restore to the naked hills their ornament, and to the wretched inhabitants their prosperity. The contest had now gone on for twenty years, and Chrysanteus was still unwearied, encouraged in fact rather than cast down by the comparatively paltry results of his exertions. The land around Athens, which, during the independence and glory of

the city, had commanded a high price, now lay in large tracts desolate. He bought up such deserted fields, placed his freed slaves upon them as tenants, and had the pleasure of seeing harvests wave, where before was scarcely a sheep-pasture. But this pleasure was almost his only rent, for the proconsul Annæus Domitius certainly understood from one side the axiom, that "where there is nothing to take the Emperor has lost his right," but he drew on the other side the conclusive deduction, that where there is something to take the Emperor has *not* lost his right. The practical application he gave to this was equally conclusive with the deduction itself, and led in a circle back to the premises—the first named axiom. The poll tax alone rose under Constantius to twenty-six pieces of gold. What was Chrysanteus to do? He accepted his lot, and comforted himself with the fact, that the lean, rock-bound vicinity of Athens yet bore crops, while on the noble Campania, 400,000 acres, an eighth of the landscape, lay desolate on account of the extortions of Imperial officers. But Chrysanteus' prodigality did not confine itself to olive plantations and agriculture. Wherever on the market or street he met an Athenian who hid his full blood under a threadbare mantle, he accosted the idler with the question: "how can I assist you?" Now there was in Athens a number of ragged fellows, whose pride was wounded by such questions and who, whenever they caught sight of Chrysanteus afar off, hid themselves in a portico, a conversation hall or a barber's shop, to avoid meeting him; but there were many also, whom a candid answer to his question had given a competency. He gave no alms except to the aged and infirm,—the Christians censured this rich man as heartless—but he possessed a wonderful talent of discovering what people were fit for, and setting them in their proper places. One day it was perchance a scion of Cleon, that he placed in a position to carry on a tannery; another day perhaps a

descendant of Hyperbolus, who obtained money to set up a lamp-manufactory. It is enough to say that the trades, for which the Athens of old was celebrated, again flourished; the quarter Scambonidæ again resounded with the incessant clang of weapon and metal-factories, in Colyttus, cloths again were woven, Piræus again built ships. After Chrysanteus struck the first blow, the motion had continued of itself and increased without his further aid. The sums he had advanced for the encouragement of industry, streamed back into the treasure chests in his hall. If success thus veiled his prodigality in one direction, it stood all the more naked in others.

Chrysanteus had for a long time cherished an earnest desire of seeing the fine arts revived in their birth-place. Phidias and Parrhasius had, by their productions, changed the artist in the eye of the public from a mechanic to a priest of the Beautiful, inspired by Apollo, and as such sacred. But Hellas' art had departed with the last ray of Hellas' freedom. Those who now used the chisel or the pencil, were regarded, in spite of their own pretensions, as what they actually were, mechanics,—stone-cutters and color-daubers. The fault lay both in themselves, who made art despicable, and in the time, that allowed itself to despise art and the artist. A youth of noble birth could no longer take up the pencil or chisel, were it offered him by Pallas Athene herself. The heathen immortalized the old artists and despised the young; the Christians hated both alike. In such circumstances, the problem Chrysanteus wished to solve was very difficult. The attempt failed altogether if you consider that the object was not to squander money, but to help art. The paintings Chrysanteus bought of young artists and liberally paid for, now adorned the walls of his tenants; the statues, the same hobby induced him to purchase, were all carried to his country seat, and set in a

grove, where their charms were hidden in the shadow of cypresses and guarded by wild rose-bushes.

Alas, we have not yet finished the enumeration of the archon's pecuniary follies. We are compelled to add that he loved literature. He owned a publishing establishment himself, and flooded the world with the works, not only of old authors, but of several new writers, Hierocles, Porphyrius and Jamblicus. He had lately suffered a considerable loss, in his capacity as bookseller, by the order of the Emperor Constantius, that all the writings of Porphyrius should be burned. Porphyrius had written against Christianity—Hierocles and Jamblichus as well. The distribution of such books was of itself sufficient cause for the name of arch-heathen, given by the Christians of Athens to Chrysanteus, but which did not wound him in the least.

Connected with his love of literature was that of the theatre. He had in his youth offered up sums, we should blush to mention, merely to let the Athenians once more behold a tragedy of Sophocles performed with the same brilliancy as of yore. He himself paid the actors and procured the glittering decorations; he himself instructed the chorus, for which Athens, at his request, had granted her noblest youths. The city also rewarded him with a laurel wreath and a statue. But the latter was, as a work of art, unworthy a place by the side of former choragi, and the laurel wreath—did he really deserve so great an offering? We leave this question, and continue with unmitigated severity our recital of the archon's weaknesses. His love for the theatre was not strictly confined to the tragedy, he sometimes laid aside the buskin and strolled within the borders of comedy. Chrysanteus had found a young writer of comedy, the only talented artist in all Athens. He encouraged him, and enabled him to present his comedies. They won beholders by the thousand. In the beginning they were harmless, or at most, masked sallies against

Annæus Domitius. But the author's courage grew with his success. While Chrysanteus was at Pergamus, a guest of his old teacher in philosophy, Ædesius, his protégé, brought a comedy upon the boards, which coarsely ridiculed the attempt of Constantine—continued by Constantius—to buy in souls from heathendom at the price of a holiday-robe and twenty pieces of gold per head.

The next day, another piece by the same author was given, which portrayed how the Christian bishops in great crowds were restlessly roving over the roads of Europe and Asia, from the one so-called church council to the other, ruining the postal system, while they travelled after the only saving faith. Peter, bishop of Athens, immediately sent an account of what had happened to Macedonius, the patriarch at Constantinople, pointing out the well-known philosopher Chrysanteus as the instigator of the bold mischief. The latter had no knowledge of the event until he returned to Athens, and he denounced both comedies, as soon as he learned their purport—not with any thought of his own safety, or with reference to their anti-Christian aims, but because it was contrary to his nature to behold anything which gave him anguish, treated with ridicule and open levity. There lay in his being much of the Roman gravity, that *honestum et decorum*, which will not lower itself to juggling tricks; but in him this was wedded to Hellenic grace, and arose from an all-controlling love of the spiritually beautiful. The result of his ward's, (the author's) folly became known to the whole Roman world in the form of an edict, closing all the theatres. Chrysanteus was surprised with a letter from the Emperor's own hand, at once a warning and a pardon. Dominus Augustus condescended to justify his stringent order to the Athenian citizen, and invited him to his court at Constantinople. "Macedonius," wrote the emperor among other things, "is burning with impatience to see you. He will dispute with

you as one philosopher disputes with another and hopes to convert you." Chrysanteus answered this imperial clemency with an expression of deep but frigid respect, and went not, leaving them free to construe his absence as fear for Macedonius' overpowering eloquence.

While describing the manner in which Chrysanteus employed his patrimony, we should not forget his liberality in caring for the splendor of offerings and other customs pertaining to the old religion of his people, nor the protection he extended to schools and gymnastic halls. It was perhaps owing to him that the youth had not yet entirely abandoned the latter. His look alone when he passed through the sumptuous hot baths of Herodes Atticus, was a living reproach to the youths there surrendering themselves to the enervating enjoyment of the warm bath, and many a young man, who had gained his good will, found it undesirable to be caught there by the strict teacher of wisdom.

When we add to all this, his activity as one of the first officers of the city, it must seem that a man, occupied to such a degree with multifarious practical cares, would lack time and thought for philosophical studies and scientific pursuits. But there is a class of people who are always in a hurry, and never accomplish anything. There is another class whose time is sufficient for everything, yet they are never hurried. To the latter, Chrysanteus belonged. It must astonish us, since we now know his outward activity, that he was in reality not a practical, but an introverted soul, formed for contemplation, attuned to the Ideal. He inherited his great estate when a youth, yet sitting at the feet of the New Platonic *Ædesius*, under the plane trees of the Academy. With regret he reduced the hours then devoted to study, in order to fulfil the duties connected with his new position. But this regret soon ceased. He found that much good, much that had been

the object of his warmest desires—when as a mere boy he had his eyes opened to, and his soul filled with the painful comparison between the past and the present,—could be accomplished with this gold. His practical activity chimed in with this harmony of his soul. It rewarded him with many sweet moments of peace, and by its change gave increased elasticity to his speculative researches. He regarded this outward exertion in the sacred light of a priestly calling, whose object was to realize the Beautiful in the life of man, and as a trial for the soul, suffering it, if victoriously passed through, to advance refined to its highest aim—rest in God. It contributed also in its way to heal the wounds fate had inflicted upon his household joys. He had been robbed by death of an adored wife, and by a mysterious occurrence, of his only son, who, when only two years old, had vanished with a couple of his Christian domestics. This had happened sixteen years before. His only child now, was Hermione, a girl of twenty summers. She was his joy and pride, the sharer of his labors, the comforter of his dark moments. He had devoted himself with fond zeal to her education, and perhaps it was this that planted in the girl's virgin soul the trait of manly determination she possessed. A sight of quiet antique grace it would have been for any one entering the archon's hall, to see in the framework of pillars, statues and flowers, the thoughtful, majestic man, bending over the girl, with his arm around her neck, attentively regarding the plan of some building or plantation, that she, pencil in hand, was showing him; or else listening to her allegorical explanation of one of the holy fables. For she also was enthusiastically devoted to the faith of her fathers, and the philosopher's daughter loved the play of fancy, which bears the same relation to philosophy as the poets' interpretation of a flower's nature, to the description of the scientific botanist.

After Ædesius, who early left Athens, Chrysanteus was the new "golden link in the chain of Platonism." He lectured almost daily in the gardens of the Academy to a still numerous band of youths, some Athenians, some strangers from various quarters of the world. His philosophical system, rejected many of Jamblichus' theurgic additions and went back to Plotinus, but welded to the theory of the latter an active bearing upon the outward world, which was otherwise foreign to New-Platonism, and apparently at variance with its spirit. He himself seemed to be aware of this variance by an expression he often let fall: "when I am sixty years old, I shall retire within myself, and become absorbed in the contemplation of God."

Chrysanteus' philosophical system is not found in any book, for he never published its separate parts in written connection. But his doctrines bear a lasting historical fruit in one of his disciples,—Julian, who at two periods of his life enjoyed the teachings of Chrysanteus. The old philosopher Ædesius, wrote one day to the latter:

"Leave your Athens and come to me! Let nothing prevent you from granting my prayer! I am myself too old, and my earth has lost its producing power, but in you I will plant a noble seed, which shall wax to a tree and overshadow the earth. To-day I was not a little surprised, when the young Julian stepped over my threshold. You know how he has been educated by the murderers of his father. Bishop Eusebius of Nicomedia wished to make him and his brother neither princes, Cæsars nor heroes, no, not even men, but Christian saints. The prison walls of Macillum, within which the poor children passed their lives, assisted this endeavor. And who supposed it would not succeed? Julian as well as Gallus, kneeled before monks, kissed the hermits' rags, and read from the evangelists to the Christian congregation in the cathedral of Nicomedia. Well, Gallus has become such an one as they would make

him. He is a Christian of the same kind as Constantine and Constantius. But when Julian to-day stepped under my roof, he embraced me with tears in his eyes and said, he had longed for me since my name had reached his ear even through Macillum's walls. He took book after book from my library and repeated with transport their authors' names. I did not understand him at first. You knew that Eusebius supported the emperor when he uprooted his family, only shielding these children, Gallus and Julian. I thought however that Eusebius' culpability was unknown to Julian. But this was not the case, for clasping my hand, he said, "I hate the Christians. He, who taught me their doctrine, reeks with my father's blood. I now cast at your feet the mask, which has hid my abhorrence for him and for them all. He would compress my soul within the formulas which he and his like dictate to the world. Now I am free, I know, Ædesius, these priests, who at their church councils enact now one and now another creed, for the faith of Christians. They are a pack of malefactors, intriguers, hypocrites and asses. They tear in pieces the world and each other in disputes on words without meaning; but that in which they all agree, is what I most despise; all banish the freedom of reason, all teach that the power of rulers and the slavery of the people is from God. Freedom has departed from real life, but these people deny it even in thought. Ædesius, I am now master of my time. I love the faith of my fathers and the honorable memory of the republic. Will you instruct me in Plato's wisdom and the meaning of the fables? Will you be to me a father, since I have neither father nor mother?" So spake Julian. He remained till evening in my house,—a fiery spirit, but his fire burns with a steady flame, promising stability. He is a youth teeming with great powers. His nature mild, amiable and glad, is mixed by fate with foreign ingredients. Come to him, Chrysanteus, and purify his soul from hate

and bitterness ! Teach him to forget what he has suffered, and to love with reason and heart what he now loves with heart alone ! I am not fit for him, I might ruin so noble a work, if I took it in my trembling hands. My tongue is frozen and powerless with age ; and one must speak to him with a tongue of fire. Ought not he, who loves truth, to hear it in its victorious power ? Should not those memories he loves be placed before him in their glory ? Alas, if the frosts of my old age should quench his fire ! No, you must come, my Chrysanteus, and in Julian shape a future. I have told him that I give him up to you, and we both await your coming.

Chrysanteus complied with the call. He repaired to Ephesus, where Julian was then staying by the emperor's command. The young prince's steps were dogged by spies. The Emperor kept informers continually about him ; Eusebius feared that the pupil might fall into the society of New-Platonic philosophers. Two of these—the most dreaded for their eloquence and the lustre of their spotless lives—Maximus and Libanius, had been exiled from Ephesus. On this account Julian and Chrysanteus could hold their meetings only in secret and by night. But all the more irresistibly they attracted the youth. He compared Eusebius, Constantius' evil spirit, the soul in court cabals and church disputes, whose hand was dripping with blood and whose tongue with the pathos of hypocrisy, he compared him, his teacher in the Christian religion, with this heathen philosopher, whose being bore the clear stamp of a soul that in investigation, and outward life, struggled towards the fountain of the Beautiful and the True. The very air he breathed in Chrysanteus' presence was intoxicating ; full of lofty memories, poetry, philosophy and mysticism. His own thoughts he recognized here, no longer as separate ideas, but as necessary parts of the temple of reason ; he could see the foundation on which they rested, the archi-

trave they upheld. Chrysanteus taught the youth to despise sensuality and rejoice in his mortality as the condition for a higher state of being. Julian was at once acute and practical. Both these attributes belonged to New-Platonic philosophy,—the last titanic attempt of antique investigation to storm Heaven. Everything contributed to increase Julian's enchantment; the person of the teacher, the nature of his teachings, leading from the clearness of dialectics through the twilight of mysticism into theurgy's foreboding darkness;—yes, even the manner in which they were advanced, convincing by their own power alone. Their secret meetings progressed actively for three months, when Chrysanteus returned to Athens, leaving in his pupil indelible feelings of respect and love.

Two years after this it happened, that Gallus, who had been clothed by Constantius with the dignity of Cæsar, fell a sacrifice to his patron's wild suspicion, increasing the hecatomb of kindred he had slain. Gallus had succeeded during the short period of his reign in acquiring a fame worthy of Caligula and Nero. His brother Julian, entirely unacquainted with affairs of state, was saved only by the entreaties of Constantius' wife, and sent from the court to Athens. He heard the place of his banishment with secret joy. During his sojourn at Athens he was the guest of Chrysanteus and for the second time his pupil. Six months, the happiest in Julian's life, he spent in the city of the goddess of wisdom and the grove of the Academy; when an imperial command compelled him to return to the court at Milan. Since that time Chrysanteus had not seen his loved disciple, though the world was soon filled with the thunder of his achievements. Julian, at the head of the Gallic legions had conquered the barbarous Alemanni in many bloody battles. His renown had excited the envy of Constantius. The court jested in vain about "the hairy ape, who learned the art of war from Chrysanteus in the

gardens of Athens." Their mockery was silenced by new exploits. On the battle-field of Strasburg, seven German kings and ten princes bent the knee to their conqueror, the bearded philosopher. A few days after, the same philosopher routed the kings of the Franks, and saved Gaul for the time from being overflowed by their savage hordes. During the two following years, reports kept coming, one after the other, of new victories, won by Julian in the heart of the barbarian's own land. Now was the measure of Constantius' envy and dread filled up. He determined to rob the young hero of his army and the Gallic provinces of their protection. The legions of Julian received marching orders for Persia. All Gaul resounded with a united cry of anguish, for the barbarians once more stormed against their borders, and the emperor's order took away their defenders. The legions were uproarious and hailed their loved commander, EMPEROR. History, when she relates the transactions of these days, leaves the character of Julian free from every stain. Constantius repelled all attempts at reconciliation. When our story begins, Julian is at the head of his few, but victorious troops, on the march to Constantinople. Constantius is assembling all the war power of the East around his threatened throne. The war which impends is not a war between Julian and Constantius alone. It signifies far more. The world trembles with hope and fear. Julian has resigned himself "to the keeping of the immortal gods." He has openly renounced Christianity. The seed sown by Chrysanteus, has shot up into day. The war is between antique culture and Christianity. Two ages are about to rush together sword in hand. And the question Chrysanteus will lay before the oracle is this: "WILL JULIAN OR CONSTANTIUS CONQUER?"

CHAPTER V.

HERMIONE'S NIGHT IN THE TEMPLE.

A BLEAK day followed that of the arrival of the Athenian and his daughter at Delphi. Clouds covered the sky. Towards evening the rain fell in torrents, and from the gulf of Corinth a heavy southerly wind blew into the valley, which, open to the south, caught the windy gusts, and compressed them in its ever narrowing gorge, till at last a perpendicular precipice blocked their way, and compelled these champions of air to turn and fight their advancing comrades. Thus formed as a battle ground for the winds, the neighborhood of Delphi is famous for the storms that rage there during autumn and winter. Such a storm, say the Chronicles, once annihilated a horde of Gallic barbarians, attracted thither by the far-famed treasures of the oracle.

The oracle-temple stood upon a terrace sheltered against the south wind by lofty cliffs. Here, beyond the worst tumult of the gale, one yet heard the frightful din, as the winds struggled between the interlocking hills and stormed in the narrow pass.

So it was on the evening when Hermione, having completed the ceremonies of purification, was led by her father to the temple of Apollo, there to pass the night. She was crowned with laurel and clad in the garb of a Pythian priestess.

Chrysanteus felt her hand tremble in his. He stopped and said: "Let us return!"

He listened to the howling of the wind and repeated: "Let us return!"

Hermione looked up through the evening shades towards the colonnade of the temple, over which the giant shadows

of chasing clouds were hurrying. She hesitated. But when Chrysanteus put his arm about her waist, and made a motion to return to Heracleon's dwelling, the full, religious feeling which the day's penances and prayers had left in her bosom, rose up, and in connection with the thought of her mission, conquered the not yet fully armored fear. She answered "the divine power we approach is of the light, which loves men. And you, my father, watch also to-night, think of me, and come to me at the first dawn of day. No. Let it be as we have determined! When I have mastered the impression of this strange scene, I shall be calm."

They continued their way. The wind played with Hermione's locks, as hand in hand with her father she mounted the marble steps and passed through the portico, ornamented with three rows of Doric pillars. An uncertain light shimmered to meet them through the half-opened door, leading to the interior of the sanctuary.

The *naos* of a Grecian temple,—the room within the portico, the central part of the building, in which the statue of the god stood,—was always enclosed by walls without a window, and generally roofed over, especially where the religious ceremonies,—as in this case,—were of a mysterious character. The only opening of the room therefore was the door, which always faced the east, to catch the rays of the rising sun between the pillars of the portico. When the mystic gloom, which must prevail in such a place, was not required, candelabra burned night and day upon the altar of the god.

The *naos* of the Delphic oracle was originally divided into two parts by a golden lattice, before which the inquirers, crowned, and entering with the clang of trumpets, awaited the answer of the Pythia. Behind the lattice was the holy of holies, the prophetic orifice with the tripod placed over it, and the statue of Apollo decked with laurel. The lat-

tice had been long since torn away by the hand of the plunderer. When Hermione raised her eyes, she saw, by the dull gleam of a single hanging lamp, a pillared hall whose back ground was lost in the darkness. The murky gloom was increased by a fragrant smoke, which rose from two censers towards the capitals of the pillars, and floated like light blue clouds under the roof. The light of the lamp fell upon the features of Apollo, and showed them in a mild, clear beauty.

Chrysanteus led Hermione to the tripod. The hole was covered by a marble slab, in the middle of which was a smaller aperture.

The girl shuddered, for she approached the workshop of a demoniac power. To her fancy the figure of the Pythia rose, prophetically raving, with shivering limbs, rolling eyes and foaming lips. At that moment it comforted Hermione that the fountain of prophetic vapor was dried up. She seated herself upon the tripod, her face as pale as the marble statue against whose pedestal she leaned her head. Chrysanteus handed her the cup that Heracleon had filled with the water of Castalia and placed on the altar. She drank the cold inspiring draught. When he took the cup from her, their eyes met. Hermione's were faint and lustreless. The father repeated: "Let us return!" But the girl's lip curled with a forced smile, and a gesture of the hand indicated her determination. She then folded her arms upon her breast and closed her eyes.

She heard her father's step upon the marble floor as he departed. She heard the door shut and the key turn in the lock. She was alone.

When IDEA, a heavenly revelation, descended into the soul of Plato, the foundation was laid for a mighty and all-pervading revolution in the world of thought. Man ceased to be dust, and the world but a heap of atoms. Matter was banished from reality to the shadowy realms of

possibility. All was changed,—nature, mankind, the gods. Everything vibrated like waves of ether around the risen sun of knowledge. But the unity which was gained between the ideal world and the world of sense, was rather the reflection of a seer than the fruit of rigid investigation. Idea's world, the true, though found, lay at an inaccessible distance; and doubt, the negative element of investigation, very near. How can we be certain of the truth of our knowledge? Are our premises correct? If so, where is the touch-stone, by which this can be made clear? Doubt begot disquiet, disquiet a desire to be free from it. Man seeks a truth unassailable by the objections of doubt. But such a truth seems inaccessible to the deductions of pure reason. It is found only, said the last philosopher of Greece, above the confusing glare of the world of sense, above the understanding, above judgment and the convictions of reason, in a world beyond our comprehension, where the spirit of the universe breathes into the soul of the individual. Will you master the Divine? Will you behold truth face to face? Then repress everything carnal, every personal characteristic, all that goes to make up your own separate individuality, as distinguished from *the one* and *the universal*; blot from your soul every thought, every feeling, every perception, every will! Thus you come to behold the One, Incarnate, Incomprehensible. Then nothing stands between the beholding soul and the beheld divinity. The seer and the seen are one. The seeker has become one with the truth. This state, in which the soul no longer lives its own, but the universal life, and from this receives its wisdom, its foresight, its independence of time and space, in the same way as the magnet is pervaded by a power not its own, but universal and world-wide,—this state is one of highest transport,—ecstasy. Ecstasy, said the New-Platonists, is the form of the highest consciousness, the immediate intuition. Music, prayer and love are pow-

ers, which help the truth and purity-loving soul to the borders of this state; the rest, the soul must accomplish itself, by sinking into perfect inactivity, by converting itself into a vacuum, which the Divine, pure and unmixed with human sensuality, may fill.

Grecian philosophy, in short, suffered from the New-Platonists the same changes, as the tradition of antique architecture from the builders of the middle ages. Plato's temple of thought was by a chain of transformations converted into a building pierced with windows, painted by mysticism and with ogives bent by heavenly longings.

When on that stormy night Chrysanteus' daughter, alone in the mysterious temple, sank upon the Pythia's tripod, closed her eyes, rested her arms on her bosom and her head against the pedestal of the sun-god, she was awaiting the prophetic degree of ecstasy, that lower and for most people attainable state of transport, in which the soul, floating over the sea of unconsciousness, but not yet sunk in its depths, beholds with the prophetic eye of universal harmony what it seeks to know.

We shall some day be able to account for the physical phenomena, which accompany the ecstatic state, for the tension of certain muscles, the relaxation of others. But ecstasy itself—who can explain it and its astonishing spiritual phenomena? How wonderful! Fifteen hundred years have passed over the grave of the last Grecian philosopher, and the investigating spirit of our race has since then fought many a mighty battle; but to-day, as then, the thinker stands before the same miracle, and the theistic philosopher of the nineteenth century, the man at the summit of the wisdom of his age, is compelled, in the manifestations of ecstasy, to behold essentially the same as the old heathens, Plotinus, Jamblichus and Chrysanteus, before him.*

Will Julian or Constantius conquer? Where is Philip,

* See *Fichte* the younger's work.

my lost brother? Within these questions,—the latter added by the girl's own heart, without premeditation,—Hermione sought to concentrate her consciousness. If one had entered the temple at that moment he would have seen at the foot of Apollo's statue another, as pale, motionless and beautiful. The wind sighed among the pillars of the portico. The roaring of the storm sounded as stifled moans through the thick walls. Hermione would not hear it. She bade the nerves of hearing die. She yet saw in thought the gloomy temple-hall, the glimpse of the pillars, the curling incense; and the light of the lamp shimmered dim and dark red through her eyelids. Hermione would not see it. She commanded the nerves of sight to be numb, the imitative vision to vanish.

Thus during the will's contest with the senses, uncounted moments flew by. Then there suddenly shot through her a thought of the face that looked out over her own, the face of Apollo, the unchangeable, which for centuries had gazed as now. In this thought she felt something awful, connected as it was with the demoniac nature of the place and the sense of solitude. Solitude of itself, when suddenly and deeply felt, may entirely overcome one. Hermione flew up from the Pythian tripod. She trembled and hid her face in her hands. Fancy cheated her. The marble statue seemed to leave its pedestal and stand, with empty eyes, gazing into hers. She dared not look. The silence terrified her, but a break in the silence would have frozen her blood. Thus she stood waiting for strength to fight her fear. And she gained this strength by thinking of her father. She opened her eyes. All was indeed as before. The statue of the god had not left its place, the lamp seemed to cast a clearer light, the censer a milder exhalation. Chrysanteus' daughter upbraided herself with her womanly fear. To strengthen herself against its return, she gazed long on Apollo's features, and then

walked with firm step around the temple hall. She looked at the votive tablets and trophies which yet adorned the walls, the altar and the tripods which yet stood between the pillars; for the zeal of Constantius and his favorites had as yet spared the temple such property as was not silver nor gold. She tried the door, which she found in the rear, leading to the opisthodom and the small sanctuaries on either side of it. Then she returned calm, seated herself on the tripod, and again shut her eyes.

Hours passed, while Hermione's will contended anew, and at last victoriously, with her senses. The storm howled on as before about the old building, but she heard it not. The eyelids with their dark fringes lay steeled, blue-white and transparent over the sight. The limbs were stiffened like a corpse, the whole organism dead to the outer world. But within this frozen shell lived a consciousness, following truly and reflectively all the transformations which there took place. This is peculiar to that state, which precedes ecstasy, as Jamblichus describes it. It reveals itself thus in the nearly related magnetic sleep, as sometimes in a case of apparent death.

The first feeling, which arose after the will's final victory, was one of pain. Hermione felt her head compressed as with an iron band. But the pain ceased instantly and was succeeded by a wonderful play of colors. Her brain was changed to a fountain of fire, casting starry cascades of mingling splendors, in which all the colors flowed together, or in a flash dissolved into each other. Gradually this play of colors paled and left behind a grievous darkness. This lasted long, till there came floating up through its depths a mild light from the region under the heart. Thoughts and feelings streamed from the darkened throbbing brain down to this point, and when the consciousness had collected itself here, the bounds, which closed it in, spread out into a world.

Hermione seemed to float upon a cloud through endless space. The heavens arched blue and bright around her; the air she breathed was intoxicating. The cloud sank and left her upon an emerald-green meadow. Mountains, on whose summits brilliant clouds were reposing, towered in the back ground. Among them roared a cataract toward a broad and majestic river, flowing through the valley. All objects, even the most remote, were bounded by clear lines. On the river floated a boat, which swiftly approached. A youthful figure sat leaning over the rail, looking down into the water. Hermione saw his features, and her heart recognized her loved brother.

She tried to call to him, but her voice died away without sound, as if the air were too ethereal to bear the weight of a human word. She tried to extend her arms to him, but in vain. It seemed as if these fruitless attempts affected the picture around her. Its colors grew pale, its objects vanished in mist.

“Philip, where art thou? Come, oh come, to thy father and sister!”

Was it this prayer that changed the picture to what it now became? From the mist stood forth Tripod street in Athens. Hermione was before her father's house. The street swarmed with people. She sought her brother in the throng. Something told her he would come. Then she saw advancing a procession of Christian priests. At the head, on a mule, rode the bishop of Athens. In the dream-world as in the real this man produced an unpleasant impression on the daughter of Chrysanteus, and rather than prolong it, she turned and went in. But having passed through the vestibule, she did not find herself in the well known hall—she saw a desert of golden sand extending to the horizon. The sun glowed upon it with heat intolerable. Very near the girl lay a purple mantle, whose folds betrayed a body hid beneath, and beside the

mantle a sceptre, half buried in the sand. In the distance a squad of riders galloped away upon fleet horses. They wore high caps, chain-armor, and bows hung over their shoulders.

This picture also vanished in mist. Hermione perceived through it a rattling and noise of voices, which frightened her and recalled her nearer reality. She saw herself again upon the Pythian tripod,—Apollo's statue bent down and clasped her in its cold arms. But the statue's countenance was no longer the same; it was that of a youth, whom Hermione had long wished to forget.

"Charmides!" she cried and darted from the stool. Her eyes opened. Everything was in its former state. But was that an echo from the world she had left?—outside the temple door arose an uproar, mingled with human voices. Was it the storm howling without? No, the door shook with heavy, measured blows, the voices spoke as the wind cannot speak. Hermione listened, passed her hand over her brow, her locks, her robe. She saw the laurel wreath she had worn, lying at her feet. She was convinced this was no dream. Terror gave her decision; she ran to the farther end of the room and hid herself behind an altar. The door opened, many figures entered. Hermione saw this and pressed her hands against her heaving bosom.

"Forward, man! Go in! Ha, I believe you are afraid of the dark," sounded a voice behind the foremost, who hesitatingly entered, lantern in hand.

"Here is a lamp and incense burning," continued the same voice, whose possessor advanced a few steps into the hall, by the side of one of his comrades, while other figures crowded about the door.

"Permit me to explain," said the comrade, "that there is still living here an old priest. It is in all probability he, who in the observance of ancient customs—"

"Well, well! Light a torch. It is dark in this devil's den. More light!"

Shortly after this order, the red, smoky, flaring flame of a resin link shot out its rays.

The altar, behind which Hermione had fled, stood in the shadow of a pillar. The girl's eyes were riveted with inexpressible anguish upon the scene passing before her. The strange men were all armed and enveloped in capouches. When a mantle fell back, the torchlight glistened on a sword hilt. He, who had just spoken, was apparently the most noble. He was of middle height, with motions impetuous and commanding. His figure and face were hidden by the hooded-cloak.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, and his voice sounded hollow and hideous. "We shall see how the case stands. Apodemius and Eusebius, you have plundered Apollo most shamefully. Swept and garnished! I scarcely recognize the place; and there he stands himself. The statue, the statue I mean. *Himself!* We will see if *he* is here."

"Quick work!" continued the man, as he advanced to the Pythia's tripod and kicked it over. "Here men, and lift away this stone! Come on! We will see if Apollo—We will prove that they are lies, all these tales—How was it, Osius? You said that a priest still lived here?"

"Yes, domine," answered the one addressed, with a low bow.

"We should take this opportunity to stretch him on the rack. There must still be hidden treasures here. Note down my thought, Eusebius, so that we shall not forget it!—What? Are you paralyzed, or what is the matter? Can you not lift such a wretched weight, you slaves? Osius, you new Goliath, help them open the portal to the lower world!"

After the man, who was called Osius, united his strength with the others, they succeeded in shoving away the slab that covered the Pythian hole.

"Osius," continued he who was called Dominus, "You

are a Stentor, and your voice a leading string through ten thousand palatines arranged in line of battle. So then, wake up Apollo. Shout, roar, for perhaps he sleeps or is deaf."

"Master, what is your will?"

"Ass! fool! Do you not comprehend that it is a conceit. A noble conceit by all the angels! So, away to the hole, lay over its brink and shout down into hell; Apollo!"

"You are certainly not jesting, Master?"

"Woe be to you, if I jested!—Hasten!"

Osius again approached the hole, which now gaped with a wider throat. The other figures made towards the door, as if they feared what was about to take place. Their master threw back his cowl, perhaps to hear better, and the torchlight fell freely upon his grim, sallow, sharply-marked visage.

Osius looked down into the black depths and said, rather than shouted: "Apollo!"

"Louder!" cried the sallow-face. "Coward, where is your voice?"

"APOLLO!"

The call, which this time did honor to the new Stentor, was—what perhaps no one present expected—answered. From the bowels of the earth issued sounds, dull as the rumbling of distant thunder. It was as if a host of demons, bound in the grottoes below, had waked to the consciousness of their chains and sighing, wondered who had broken their rest. When the noise from the nether world ceased, the deepest silence reigned in the temple. The figures stood as if turned to steel. Only Osius showed signs of life as he staggered back from the brink of the abyss. "Pshaw!" sneered at last the sallow-face, "it was the echo of your voice, Osius,—nothing more! There are, it is said, miles of corridors and halls down there. *That* voice does not prophesy. Hallo!" continued he, stepping

up to the hole, "hallo, down there, whoever you are, what say you of the rebel Julian? Answer!"

The same dull underground rumbling sounded once more beneath their feet.

"You hear! Not a distinct word! only mumbling, mumbling, even when it concerns the best friend of hell. He first spoke flowing hexameters, this Apollo, then his verses became rather knotty, so he condescended to prose, the poet God, and now—mumbling!"

"How his tongue flows with blasphemy," thought Osius, and perhaps many of the others;—"we are Christians, yet we ought not to incense the heathen powers."

"Apodemius, what do you think of the jest?" asked the sallow-face, laughing.

"Purest Attic salt, O Master!"

"Is it not worth while to continue it?"

"Your majesty will vouchsafe us a boundless joy."

"The oracle book, where is it?"

"Probably in one of the sanctuaries."

"Come on then, follow me!"

"By the Lord, he moved his eyes and beckoned with his hand," whispered one of the armed men to another.

"Who, who?"

"Apollo—the statue I mean."

"Ah! This will not end well. And I,—I saw something white move away there by the pillar. May God and His angel hosts protect us!"

He nodded to the place where Chrysanteus' daughter, more dead than alive, lay cowering behind the sheltering altar.

The two men who conducted this conversation in whispers, while they followed the others towards the opisthodomē, wore under their cloaks the glittering uniform of centurians of the guard.

They stood before one of the sanctuaries. With the help

of his short Roman sword Osius succeeded so quickly in bursting open the rotten door, that the sallow-face stamped but once on the floor with impatience.

“This way with the torch!” cried the commanding voice from within the sanctuary. “There are no treasures here. Eusebius and Apodemius, I tell you once again, you have plundered most shamefully.”

“Master, here it is!”

“Ha, let us see! All loose leaves! And what a mass! Apollo has succeeded in heaping up more lies upon his conscience, than I thought. Take a handful, Eusebius. That is enough for the jest we propose.”

The men returned from the sanctuary. One of them bore in his hand some leaves, on which were written the oracles of the past given by the Delphic Apollo. They had been preserved with the same care as the Sibylline utterances. It was thought best, as with the latter, instead of arranging them in the form of rolls or codices, to keep them in a condition to remind one of their origin and independence of each other; perhaps imitating the mythic Sibyls' custom who wrote their oracles on the leaves of trees, which, according to the poets, they cast into the river or scattered to the winds.

When the group again drew together under the lamp, whose light was steadier than that of the flaring link, two of the men were ordered to take off their helmets and hold them out to receive the papers robbed from the sanctuary.

“Do you understand me now?” said the sallow-face with a hollow laugh. “We shall try our hand at Claeromantics. You, Eusebius, draw from the helmet of Marcellus for Julian.”

“Anathemas on his name!” muttered all in chorus.

“And I draw from Osius' for myself. Apollo, wherever you are, in Olympus or Hades, I exhort you now to direct our hands aright! If you have ever revealed what Time bears in his bosom, do it now!”

The tone of the sallow-face at that moment betrayed anything but a jest. He muttered an incantation between his teeth, then thrust his hand into Osius' helmet and drew forth a leaf of parchment. Eusebius did the same from Marcellus' and handed the paper to his master.

The sallow-face glanced first at the oracle, destined by lot for Julian, and the features of his dark visage seemed to stiffen,—then at that which concerned himself. Those around regarded him with the deepest anxiety. Some moments passed before he opened his mouth. He then said in a weak voice :

“Eusebius, your arm !”

Eusebius hastened to support the tottering man.

“Constantius, my master and emperor,” he exclaimed.

“It is nothing. A sudden faintness. The violent ride has taken away my strength. Friends, let us go,” he added after a pause, “No mortal may know that I have been here! Before I lay my head, this devil's nest shall be razed to the ground.”

Constantius, for it was he, Emperor of the Roman world, son of Constantine,—left the temple supported on the arm of his chamberlain and surrounded by his courtiers.

Their horses waited in Apollo's grove, and in half an hour they had left the valley of Delphi far behind.

A few days later, in Antioch, he reviewed the army with which he had hastened from the borders of Palestine to meet Julian. Except a few confidants, no one knew that during this time he had left his palace.

When Chrysanteus at the first dawn of day approached the temple, he found his daughter sitting on the steps of the portico, her head leaning against a pillar, and her dark dishevelled locks, wet with the morning dew, streaming over her marble cheeks.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROCONSUL IN A PUZZLE.—AT THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

“CLEAR as day, is it not, illustrious and noble master ?” Have I not fully demonstrated that Athanasius is a sophist or rather no sophist at all, but worse than one, for even the sophist makes *seemingly* correct conclusions ?”

This question formed one of the links in a conversation or conversational lecture, taking place one fine evening in the tepidarium of the bath house, glittering with gold and marble, which Herodes Atticus had given the Athenians. The tepidarium was a dimly lighted hall, decorated with marble floor, painted walls, and paneled roof. Here in the agreeable warmth and sweetly perfumed air the bathers tarried before repairing to the warm-water or sweat-baths, and hither they afterward returned to undergo the manifold shampooings, which formed the last and highest enjoyment of the bath. The person, whose question we have given above, stood wrapped in a sheet and gesticulated—now with the right fore finger against his long, thin nose, now describing with the same finger dialectic circles in his left hand,—before a little thick figure reposing undressed upon the swelling cushions of one of the bronze sofas of the hall, surrounded by slaves, who from flasks of crystal and alabaster anointed and perfumed his limbs, performing all the mysteries of shampooing, with the greatest zeal and regularity.

The individual addressed, who found himself in the seventh heaven of the pleasures of the bath, answered only with a grunting sound, expressing at once the deliciousness of the moment and his impatience at being disturbed in the full, undivided enjoyment of his physical being.

The man in the bathing sheet accepted the grunt as an assent and continued :

“That Origines, in certain passages expressed heretical ideas, is not my private opinion alone. I can cite the testimony of Epiphanius and many others. Athanasius whitewashes him in vain. A Moor will not become white though he nine times a day take cold bath, shower bath, warm bath, sweat bath, and let himself be scrubbed with brush and pumice-stone by all the slaves in this blessed thermæ. The Moor is and remains black; illustrious and noble Annæus Domitius, does he not?”

A new grunt and an impatient grin was the answer.

“But to return to Athanasius,” continued the theological bather, “Can anything be more ridiculous and at the same time more impudent than his assertion, that the council of Nice, of deplorable memory, when it accepted the word *homoousios*, coincided with, and supported, the decision of the elders of Antioch, who rejected this very same heretical word? What now does Athanasius do to escape from this dilemma? The sophist says that both councils meant the same thing, since they rejected the same word,—now I ask——”

“No, no, no! ask me not!” exclaimed Annæus Domitius with a desperate exertion. “I admit in advance all you are saying or intend to say. You will oblige me, by moving a little further off, for you see, you are hindering my slaves in the performance of their duties—alaş, how life is filled with trouble!—Charmides, my delight, where art thou?”

“Here, my darling proconsul!” came the answer, from another sofa, surrounded by slaves.

“Ah, the cursed babbler,

‘Huat hanat haut
Ista pista sista
Domiabo elamnaustra.’”

“What did you say, my Annæus?”

“I am repeating a spell which my old nurse used for gout and pain in the joints, but which perhaps will also avail against impertinent babblers. It is worth while, at least, to try it.”

The man in the sheet was apparently much disturbed by this change in the conversation. “The proconsul associates with dissolute heathen, but does not suffer his poor brother in the congregation to approach him within ten paces. He is a half heathen,—in fact too narrow-minded to comprehend theology,” he muttered to himself, as with solemn step he paced up and down the tepidarium. He then disappeared through the door to the dressing room, whence among a tumult of voices his own was soon heard in the wide-spread words: “Nice”—“Origenes,” “Athanasius”—“Homocousion,”—“Antioch,”—“Paul of Samosata,” etc.

To theologize was at that time both fashionable and necessary. The word-quarrels of the church councils could not have shaken the world as they did, had they not found an echo in innumerable masses of men. Despotism had stifled all participation in political affairs; the new state religion banished philosophy; literature and art were dying, and desire for material welfare was cooled by the civil wars and the rapacity of the government. Every Christian must choose his place among the contending parties; while the heathen themselves could not avoid inquiring the cause that converted the churches of the great cities into blood-stained slaughter-houses, and carried the incendiaries’ torch to the remotest villages in Paphlagonia and Africa. Theology alone answered this inquiry. And theology was now to answer *all* inquiries the investigating soul could propose. Proud in having at last won that firm foundation, which philosophy vainly sought in pure reason, it now strove to illumine the divine and human mysteries with the torch, lit at the fire of inspiration.

To busy oneself with theology was thus a necessity, or at least a fashion of the time. Everything was colored by theology; the emperor's dreams, the court cabals, the writing exercises of the schools, the ladies' gossip, the street talk, the bustle at the circus, private quarrels, the civil war. If Annæus Domitius, with his old Roman incantation, could exorcise the figure in the bathing-sheet, there yet remained innumerable others of the same sort, swarming like maggots wherever a decent Christian could set his foot. And such a place was even the bath house, although many Christians renounced the heathen virtue of cleanliness for the litany.

After Annæus Domitius and Charmides had undergone the last manipulations of the bath, and been clad in the garments their own slaves held ready in the waiting room, they made up a common programme for the next day's enjoyment, and separated. Charmides went with some friends to the library near the tepidarium, to hear Olympiodorus recite his last poem,—a humorous description of everyday life in Olympus. Annæus Domitius was now, as ever, hunted to death by affairs of state. He hastened to the bishop's house, for Peter had made known by a deacon his wish to speak with the proconsul of Achaia that evening.

It was already dusk when Annæus Domitius left the thermæ. Lamps were lit in the porticoes of the temple; torches burned at all the public buildings, and around the statues of gods and heroes; streets and market were flecked by the lanterns of foot passengers. Annæus Domitius wrapped himself in his mantle. His brow was contracted. Charmides had already detected in the proconsul a certain abstraction, an indifference, when they conferred on the best manner of killing the next day. The proconsul was in reality occupied by very serious matters. A host of demoniac *ifs* and *buts* pierced his brain. Such were his thoughts:

“Accursed despatch! Did one ever receive the like?

The emperor's government authorizes me to take the head of Chrysanteus, but does not command it. It sends me a present I will not have; and when it lays in my lap the philosopher's head, it raises the sword over another,—to me incomparably more precious,—namely, my own! Who knows how long the present government will continue? Accounts from the theatre of war are partly unfavorable, partly favorable to Julian. Suppose Julian conquers! How will it go with me then, if I have taken my friend Chrysanteus' life? Julian is his disciple, friend and admirer. The first head the new emperor cuts off, will then be mine. He will without mercy offer up the scion of Seneca to the shade of the Platonist. How will it fare with me if, at my own risk, I preserve Chrysanteus? I shall be the cherished object of my new emperor's boundless gratitude. He will guard me with tender care. He makes me prefect at Rome,—consul, even,—and my name becomes immortal in eternal connection with one of the links in Time's chain of years. A thousand years hence the schoolboy will learn that this or that remarkable event occurred in the year *Annæo Domitio et Q. Q. consulibus*. But, alas, here arises another supposition. Constantius conquers! How does my fate figure itself then, if I construe the permission for what it really is—a cautiously-worded order? The yet powerful heathen will be filled with bitterness, and the imperial government will hasten to heap the whole blame upon the doer of the deed. The text of the letter is so framed on this very account. Accursed be the crafty foxes around the emperor! If, on the other hand, I feign to misunderstand the order, my clemency will be construed as inefficiency, and without much exaggeration, as doubt of the emperor's success,—a design to save myself in case the rebel should seize the throne. Alas, what shall I do?"

While Annæus Domitius is swearing over his ill luck by the saints and the Olympian gods in turn, let us hasten on before him to the palace of the bishop.

As usual at this time in the evening, a crowd of beggars stand at the gate awaiting the distribution of alms, and in the mean time arranging their rags to best show their hideous, self-inflicted wounds. If one should successfully make his way through the loathsome throng, and pass along the corridor into the hall, he would see in the dim colonnade next the vestibule, an assemblage of people, seeking audience : partly heathen, who wished to announce their decision to embrace the doctrines of Christianity ; partly litigating Christians, who preferred laying their quarrels before Peter to committing them to a worldly court of justice. In the open court, and in the colonnades next the office might be seen, by the light of a couple of torches, groups of priests awaiting their master's orders ; presbyters, deacons, exorcists and readers, discussing in whispers the latest news from the apostate Julian, the rumor that Anathasius had been seen in the neighborhood of Athens, and above all, that most important information the bishop had just received from Constantinople. The Homoousians there had been horribly punished, while forcibly striving to prevent the removal of the holy Constantine's remains from the ruined Chapel where they reposed, to a church built by the Homoiousians. A presbyter whispers to the attentive deacons around, that, according to what bishop Peter himself had told him, the fountain before the church had been filled with heretic corpses, and heretic blood had overflowed the curb stones in that part of the city. "The forerunner of what must come in Athens—" all thought within themselves.

We enter the office, an oblong hall ; in the middle is a large table, where two priests, the bishop's secretaries, are at work, one writing, the other counting money. Leaning against the table, and looking towards the back of the room, stands a youth scarcely beyond the years of boyhood, in the priestly garb of a reader. His large, fever-bright

eyes, are fastened upon, and he attentively follows the conversation of, two large, commanding men of very different appearance: the one, Peter, bishop of Athens; the other Chrysanteus, the heathen philosopher.

The new taste, the Christian, had fittingly decorated the bishop's office. It is lighted by two *phari*, (bowl-shaped lamps) resting upon pillars of bronze, but the height of the narrow windows from the floor gives the room, even by lamp-light, a gloomy aspect. The sky-blue walls are divided by arabesques into panels, each of which holds its Christian symbol. The *fish*,* seldom lacking among the symbolical figures of the early Christians, is painted in gold in the panel over the door. In the others are seen the *Lamb with the cross*,—the emblems of the evangelists; *the angel, the Lion, the Ox, and the Eagle*; the *Dove* of the Spirit, the *Eye* of Providence, the *Cock* of watchfulness, the *Rock* of steadfastness, the *Olive branch* of peace, the *Palm* of victory, the *Phoenix* of resurrection, with many other devices, partly original, partly taken from the antique. In the background hangs an oil-painting—Christ as Orpheus,—with Phrygian cap, and playing on the lyre; while lions and tigers lie at his feet, and birds of brilliant plumage listen from the tree under which he is sitting.

Beneath this picture, on the mosaic table, against which Peter, during his conversation with Chrysanteus, rests his clenched hand, stands an ivory statuette, representing Christ as a young shepherd, in a short tunic, embracing the lamb found again. The tunic is covered with precious stones. The young art, which produced both these works, is still bound to antique forms; its whole originality lies in the coarseness of the workmanship and a striving after the gorgeous. Unmoved by the new popular spirit, it is in reality still the old art, but in its deepest decay.

* In the Greek the word fish is composed of the initial letters of the following words; Jesus Christ God's Son Saviour.

At the opposite end of the hall stands a gold cross; and near by a money-box, open for the moment.

Never did a conversation begin in a more frigid and distant tone than that between the Christian bishop and the heathen philosopher. Peter concealed a hate he really entertained, but sought in tone and bearing to manifest a contemptuous superiority he did not possess.

Chrysanteus was, as ever, natural. He laid only the bond of good manners upon the deep instinctive aversion he felt for the bishop of the Athenian Christians.

The two priests sitting at the writing table did not allow themselves to be disturbed in their occupations by the conversation. Discipline forbade them to manifest their interest in the subject or the speakers by a single glance. But their ears were open and they lost not a word.

"You have been absent from Athens for some days," said the bishop to Chrysanteus.

"Yes. And you have given notice that you desired a conversation. What will you with me?"

"You return just in time to receive part of an edict, of which the first elective officer of the city is in duty bound to take notice."

"Well, and is it *you* who inform me of this?"

"Yes."

"You must then do this in behalf of the proconsul of Achaia, for hitherto it has been he, through whom the emperor has made known his will to the city of Athens," said Chrysanteus with honest surprise, for it seemed strange that a Christian priest should communicate to him orders from the government.

Peter did not answer this question, but turned towards the reckoning presbyter. "Is the counting finished?" he asked.

"Finished, most reverend father," replied the latter, as he tied up the bag in which he had deposited the money.

“Clemens, my loved son,” continued the bishop, turning towards the young reader, “take this sum and distribute it to the poor brethren who are waiting. I know that they prefer to receive alms from your hands. At the same time, tell those seeking justice to return to-morrow at the usual hour; and those seeking salvation that they may now have audience.”

The boy in priest's clothes started as if from deep thought, when he heard his name. His gaze had been uninterruptedly fastened upon the face and form of Chrysanteus. It was the first time he had seen the Athenian archheathen, of whom the bishop had so often spoken to him, now with anger, now with pity. But the picture of the well-known philosopher that Clemens' fancy had painted from the words of the bishop, did not coincide with the reality. Clemens would compel himself to discover something hard, arrogant, egotistical or demoniac in his countenance, and in this attempt was now interrupted.

When Peter turned away from Chrysanteus, the latter in glancing over the room had noticed the young priest. Clemens was pale and slender, but his features beamed with a seraphic purity that entered the heart of the beauty-loving Athenian, and filled it with sympathy. It seemed to him like a grim freak of fate, that such a tender, lovely being was already clad in a garb which condemned him to renounce the independence of his soul and the natural emotions of his heart.

Clemens had scarcely departed through the door to the outer hall, when it was opened from without by the OSTRIAN for a little company of men and women. They were seekers for salvation,—that is, heathen, who desired to be taken into the Christian congregation. It was hard, from their appearance, to guess who among these people had been driven here by the necessities of the soul, and who by

worldly calculations. They all seemed to belong to the most unfortunate class of society.

In their midst appeared a man who wore a mantle over his tunic,—a ragged mantle to be sure, yet one that spoke of better days. His easy bearing widely separated him from the others who, silent and humble, stood by the door. This man was the last scion of an Athenian stem, tracing its descent from Iphicrates. He had squandered his patrimony in profligacy. He took two steps into the room, and with his usual impudence was just on the point of announcing his errand, when he suddenly caught sight of Chrysanteus, whom he had least of all expected to meet here. The meeting was very undesirable and almost threw him off his guard. But he recovered himself quick enough, threw a look of feigned surprise around the room, and exclaimed,

“By Jove! this is a funny mistake; a pocket edition of the *Odyssey*! You must pardon me, my bishop. I did not seek you, but your neighbor, my excellent friend the antiquarian.”

With these words he turned on his heel, greeted Chrysanteus with saucy familiarity, and left the room.

Peter turned to the seekers and said, with emphasis in his voice,

“Children, you have come hither to be saved from heathenish darkness, and to subject your reason to the will of Christ?”

They bowed assent.

“Good! Give your names and residences to this brother presbyter. You will obtain from him a written certificate, which, shown to the proconsular treasurer, will procure you a new holiday robe. Clad in this you will find yourselves on the next Lord’s day in our cathedral, to receive the laying on of hands to a new life; after which you will secure to yourselves from the aforesaid treasurer, upon the same certificate, ten pieces of gold each. Presbyter Gregorius,

give them the certificates and impress anew what I have said to them ! ”

With these words Peter turned his back upon the salvation seekers, to continue his interview with Chrysanteus. To receive and deal with apostate heathen was at that time an every day occupation for bishops, and required no further ceremony.

“ You see,” said Peter, “ thus daily stream new throngs to the banner of the cross. You and your wisdom cannot satisfy thirsty souls, longing after a fountain of living water. Man,” says Tertullian, “ is by nature Christian ; behold in this the cause of his longing, the instinct which leads him hither.”

“ I wish it were so.”

“ Truly ? ”

“ For it would wipe out the contemptible, if not lamentable, in the spectacle to which you seem to have bidden me.”

“ We break the rough ore,—it matters not with what instrument,—only to refine it.”

“ But to business ! You spoke of an edict, which concerned the city of Athens. Make our conversation as short as possible ! ”

“ Look ! ”

Peter took up an ivory tablet which was lying on the table, and smiling, handed it to the archon. While the latter read, Peter’s eyes were fastened upon his features, enjoying the painful surprise they manifested.

Chrysanteus returned the tablet. His countenance expressed anger and pain, which he sought not to conceal.

“ This edict,” said he, “ would thus present you, Christians, with the War-God’s temple, one of the most beautiful in Athens, filled with relics from our glorious days. Yet this is not the first time such an event has happened. Does not the emperor bestow rewards upon those cities, that pull down

the buildings, erected to the divine powers, to heroes and benefactors of the human race? And what is given you you destroy, that from the noble ruins you may set up a piece of patch work,—worthy, it is true, the abomination you shut up there,—these skeletons and limbs of saints, these loathsome remnants of death, you kiss and worship.”

“Merciful God! what blasphemy!” sighed one of the secretaries, while the other crossed himself. Young Clemens, who had returned during the conversation, raised himself from his leaning posture; a flush of anger mantled his cheeks, and he repressed with effort a word of wrath, which was already trembling on his lips.

But Peter smiled and said:

“If it will give you any comfort, you may know the temple will not be torn down. I hope that it can be made fit for use, after we have scraped and smoked its walls, sprinkled them with holy water, and removed everything that might remind one of the evil spirit you have there adored.”

“But,” said Chrysanteus with a shrug, “under the edict I see a name to which I do not owe obedience. Who is this Macedonius, who dares to give away what he does not own? The temples with its treasures, its historical relics and works of art, belongs to the city of Athens. Our fathers built it, and their descendants to this day have enriched and guarded it. How then can one of your priests, a stranger entirely unknown to Athens, rob us of our own?”

“We take possession of it to-morrow,” answered Peter.

“There is nothing left to us, then, but to protest to the emperor.”

“Who will not hear you!”

“I know it,” said Chrysanteus with a deep sigh, and the veins in his forehead swelled with blood from his compressed heart.

“And for that matter,” continued Peter, “read this!”

He produced another ivory tablet enveloped in golden cloth, the frame ornamented with coarse bas-reliefs representing races and the like, about the names *Taurus et Fulgentius*, consuls for the year; this he handed to Chrysanteus. After the latter had glanced over it, he said,

“I see that the imperial government approves of this strange gift.”

“And as I have said, I take possession of it to-morrow. You find it strange. This is a mild expression in your mouth; you mean more. But you and yours have not strength to offer resistance. The power of the Philistines is broken.”

Chrysanteus' thoughts flew to Julian. The power of the Philistines was not yet broken. Their last fight remained.

It seemed as if Peter read the thought, for when Chrysanteus asked: “Have you anything further to tell me?” he remarked:

“I have to-day received news from Julian. Will you hear it?”

This question was accompanied with a look of triumph, which caused the otherwise strong man to shudder with secret dread. The same sensation which seizes the wayfarer when, seating himself to rest in the grass, he feels a cold, squirming snake under his hand, extorted from Chrysanteus an instinctive “No!” He arranged his robe, bowed to the bishop and the others in the room and went towards the door.

“Farewell, philosopher! Think of your insignificance before God, and your soul's salvation!” exclaimed the young reader, his eyes fastened upon Chrysanteus.

The latter stood and regarded the youth with a firm and searching look, which suddenly became mild and friendly, when he discovered in the reader's handsome face not scorn, not pride, but only zealous candor. Clemens' eyes were so clear and serious. “Good intent gives worth to your young lips,” said Chrysanteus, departing.

Coming out into the hall and making his way between the waiting priests, he felt himself suddenly embraced by some one, whom by the torch light he recognized as no less a personage than the proconsul of Achaia.

“Ah, what do I see?” exclaimed the latter; “My own Chrysanteus! You are then really returned to our good Athens? For days have I everywhere vainly sought my archon. Welcome! thrice welcome! I see,” continued he whispering, “you have been to the bishop. Even I am called to him. *Called*—do you understand? The proconsul of Achaia runs at the bidding of a priest! But why not conform to the circumstances of the times, since the emperor will have it so? Love for our holy church works miracles, my friend!—but you do not understand this, and I pardon your weakness. You do not comprehend theology. *Omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori!*”

And the proconsul rolled on towards the door of the office which the ostiarian threw wide open for his illustrious and noble person.

The bishop retired with his distinguished guest to one of his private rooms, whose prodigal magnificence strove to justify itself in the holy forms it assumed; the floor, a mosaic of shining stones, represented Gideon breaking the altars of idolatry; the chairs and sofas were inlaid with holy symbols in ivory and silver, and supported gold-fringed, purple cushions; the massive silver vases and candelabra were angels and tabernacles, the panels between the pilasters were painted with the figures of the apostles.

The conversation opened by the bishop complaining of the insecurity which prevailed on the highways of Achaia. It had often happened of late that messengers, sent to him from Constantinople and Corinth had been waylaid and robbed of his letters. “This,” remarked the bishop, “does the governor of Achaia little honor.”

Annæus Domitius excused himself with the general

insecurity of the times. The condition of Achaia was better than that of most other provinces. In consequence of Julian's disturbance a considerable portion of the troops, formerly under the proconsul's orders, had been withdrawn to Constantinople. The remainder were allotted to such points as imperatively demanded garrisons; Corinth, Athens, Argos, Sparta, and now also Delphi,—the poor Delphi, plundered by that Donatist band, which had been driven by storms to Hellas, and found a home among the inaccessible cliffs of Parnassus. What then should the proconsul do?

He concealed the fact that the bishop's plundered letters were in his own hands. The despatches he now and then received from the imperial government could not, he well knew, be compared in reliability with the confidential letters the bishops sent one another by their own messengers, generally priests under their orders. In the letters from Macedonius to Peter, Annæus Domitius received the best accounts of the condition of the rebellion, of the cabals at court, and the intrigues there playing for and against himself.

The proconsul's minions had not, however, succeeded in possessing themselves of one letter from Macedonius, which that very day had been delivered to Peter. This letter, —containing much that the proconsul through *his* different correspondents already knew, but also some things of which he had not the slightest idea—was written in cipher, and communicated to Peter, among other matters, the following:—

. “The emperor's health,” so Eusebius writes me, “is extremely infirm. After he had shut himself up in his palace for many days, only allowing himself to be seen by Apodemius and Eusebius, officers in waiting, and refusing to receive *our* Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, —which, by the way, created the greatest uneasiness

among the orthodox and gave the ever-spying Athanasians the wildest expectations,—he is now at last accessible to his friends; but appears, to their great consternation, troubled by horrible visions, and speaks as if he were seized with delirium. The pious ruler, whose soul was sunk in holy contemplations and deep investigations into the divine mysteries, suffers now under the strange hallucination, that he is pursued by the Delphic Apollo! Eusebius has sought to exorcise this devil, but alas! without success. May the Lord preserve the precious life of his most holy majesty! His demise will be an awful misfortune,—the ruin of ourselves and the truth, if we do not find means to secure our position, whatever may happen The followers of Athanasius are burning with hate and madness; with impatience they bide the moment when Constantius, our support, shall fall We have yet, if only for a few days, the sword of power in our own hands You know what has taken place in Constantinople The chastisement was severe, but not sufficient. A universal greeting goes forth to our own, that each in his own city do what he can, while the opportunity lasts.”

Macedonius had not signed the letter, for it was high treason to write about the emperor’s health, even if it were described as good.

While the proconsul was complaining of the want of troops, which prevented him from maintaining proper order in Achaia, Peter asked him how large a garrison there was in Athens at present. “Seven hundred legionaries and fifty men of the Jovian guard,” explained Annæus Domitius.

“A paltry force for such a city,” remarked the bishop. “The legionaries’ commander, Pylades, is, I think, an orthodox Christian?”

“Yes.”

“And the troops reliable?”

"Yes, my bishop."

"The leader of the Jovians is however a heathen, is he not?"

"Yes. Ammianus Marcellinus is an incorrigible heathen, but a fine soldier."

"Good! It matters not so much that he is a heathen. Are there any Athanasians among the troops?"

"Not among the officers, at least. The Homooousians among them, are removed. And for that matter, my Peter, well disciplined troops, like these, have no other religion than their commanders! Lamentable or not, it is unquestionably true."

"Circumstances will compel me, perhaps, to desire the assistance of worldly power. I wish that all the troops may be placed under my orders."

"You have the right to request this. Shall it take place this evening?"

"No, it is time enough to-morrow."

"May I venture to inquire the cause?"

"That you shall know in good season."

"I desire then, simply a written statement, that you request command of the imperial troops in Athens."

Peter wrote out the required paper immediately, and Annæus Domitius placed it in his girdle.

The proconsul's countenance expressed a secret joy. He foresaw what was impending and had suddenly received an inspiration, how, by making use of coming events he could slip unharmed out of the tight place in which the governmental despatch about Chrysanteus had placed him.

The city must within a few days be the theatre of a bloody, horrible catastrophe. At such times much can pass unnoticed. The proconsul saw that it concerned the Athanasians; but one or two heathen could, by mistake or carelessness be thrown in. On such occasions all the pas-

sions are let loose. Least of all could Annæus Domitius, after he had placed the entire garrison under the bishop's orders, hinder a rapacious mob from plundering *the rich* Chrysanteus' house, or a fanatical throng from seizing *the hated* Chrysanteus' person. For the rest, Annæus Domitius intended in good time to shake the dust from his feet and betake himself, with his beautiful Eusebia, to Corinth, whither weighty, irrepressible questions of state of course called him. Come then what would, he knew that no government could be displeased, if he neglected to avail himself of the right of taking a *dead* man's head, though no one rewarded him for omitting it.

While Annæus Domitius revolved these thoughts, Peter's conversation changed to the very person who was their object. He asked in a whisper, for he was well aware of his presbyters' and deacons' practised ears,—if the proconsul had received an order from the court to take the head of the archon.

Annæus answered in the negative, smiling and playing with his necklace.

A sigh relieved Peter's bosom, for the bishop had actually *feared* the existence of such an order.

"So much the better," said he. "He is considered at the court as an eager supporter of Julian's rebellion, and as a person dangerous by reason of his influence and riches. I have out of pure pity exerted myself in his behalf with the Eusebii and Apodemius. He has indeed his good side—"

"Without doubt."

"And perhaps my statements have borne fruit. But it is at the same time uncertain if such an order may not yet arrive this evening, or to-morrow, when one least expects it. Between us,"—Peter again sunk his voice to a whisper,—"*it is dangerous to be rich in these times. The court eunuchs—you comprehend?*"

Annæus smiled and nodded assent. He thought, however, not only of the court's eunuchs, but also of its bishops. He then regarded his swelling calves and swore a silent oath against his *alipilarius** for his sharp eye detected on his right shin a hair, which had escaped the searching slave.

"But," continued Peter, "that to which I will now come, is a prayer to you, my illustrious and noble master, and likewise an exhortation, given by the shepherd to one of the sheep in his flock. Before you hurt a hair of Chrysanteus' head, you must acquaint me of it. I beg this of you as the highest proof of your friendship, and I conjure you in the name of the holy universal church, which would suffer a severe, an irreparable loss, if you should forget the prayer I now offer to your heart and mine."

The proconsul affirmed, that he should be most happy, if in so small a matter he could show the boundless respect and affection he entertained for the bishop of Athens.

After Peter had shown the dispatch from the imperial ministers, authorizing the Christians to take possession of the temple of the War-God, and the proconsul had promised to arrange all the preliminaries required, the interview closed.

Annæus Domitius departed, fortunately concealing the bitter anger he felt on account of such a communication being first sent to the bishop instead of himself.

"These priests," thought he, as he stepped out into the street Ceramicus, "will at last grow over the head of the emperor himself."

* The slave, whose office was to pluck out hairs.

CHAPTER VII.

PETER.

THE secretaries and waiting priests had departed. The moon, rising over Lycabettus, shed its light upon the western colonnade in the deserted court.

Peter was alone in his study, through whose only window, fashioned like a port-hole, the moonbeams streamed, contending with the light of a lamp, on a ponderous table, whose rays were directed by means of a shade, upon an open book.

Not far from the table stood a cupboard, fashioned in the same heavy style as the table, and supporting a book case, which contained some volumes and rolls of papyrus.

On the wall opposite the book-case hung a map of the world, drawn in accordance with Ptolemy's idea of the divisions of land and water. On this map the bishop had marked out with fine but distinct lines the boundaries of each mother-church: you could see how the Orient was divided into the patriarchates of Constantinople, Corinth, Antioch, Jerusalem and Alexandria, how these were crowded together on one side of the world, while the rest composed one enormous whole, embracing Italy, Africa, Mauritania, Hispania, Gaul and Britannia—with its centre at Rome.

Rome's name alone was yet a power. Dreading the memory of freedom, whose ghost still wandered there, the first Christian emperor had removed his court to the new capital he had built on the Bosphorus. He had lavished the treasures of the world to give this creation of his a splendor and greatness that might rival, and if possible surpass, that of the old Tiber city. He had robbed a thousand towns of their works of art to embellish this. He had

called his city New Rome, that, with the name, it might also inherit the respect and adoration bestowed upon the old.

But for the people old Rome was, and remained, the capital of the world, and in spite of Constantine's exertions, the pretensions of the New rested principally on the idle saying, that half of the old senatorial and patrician families had moved hither and settled within its walls. So great is the power of memory, name and custom.

The importance of the old city in its capacity as an episcopal seat, was increased by this very removal of the emperor and court.

When Peter, standing before the map, drew these lines, his hand was accompanied by a thought, which had long been clear to his mind, that neither Constantinople, nor Alexandria, nor any other of the oriental patriarchates, but *Rome*, was destined to become the central point and supreme seat for that priestly power, which now like an immense polyp, with daily multiplying and ever lengthening arms, was clutching in the whole world, from the steppes of Scythia to the ocean.

Was it not universally believed that both the great apostles, Peter and Paul, had suffered martyrdom at Rome! Had not Peter founded the first Christian congregation there, and was he not regarded as its first bishop?

Was not Simon, whom Christ called Peter, the rock on which He should build His church? Was it not he, to whom the Master said, "Feed my sheep!" and to whom alone He gave the keys of Heaven, that He might show how the unity of church and priesthood should proceed from *one* point; that He might make manifest the unity of the church and episcopal power?

Had not Cyprianus, the martyr, already called Rome Peter's Cathedral, and put forth to Christendom that grave question: "Who can pretend to be a member of Christ's church, if he has separated himself from the bishopric of Peter, on which the church is built?"

fly
The bishop of Athens stood now, as a hundred times before in his mighty contemplations, in front of Ptolemy's map, revolving these thoughts in his mind. And he continued:

Already Irenæus recognizes the precedence of Rome to all other episcopal seats. The proud Victor, the bold Stephen, have long ago striven to make this valid. And what is more, it has entered into the ideas of the countless masses of men who make up the great West. Even now they look with holy reverence to the bishop of Rome. On the ideas of the people depends the power which governs them. What matters it, if the East, that over-crowded, divided, enslaved land, deny the Roman bishop's supremacy? Alas, we have a more wretched master, a prince of this world, who crams his changing interpretations down our throats and stamps as an evident lie what our councils write under their decisions: "Inspired by the Holy Spirit." Alas they have long been inspired by Constantius' spirit. We must comfort ourselves with the belief, that in certain cases at least there is one of our own, the priceless Eusebius, who in turn, influences the emperor. But where, if not at Rome, can that power grow up, which will deliver the church from ignominious thralldom to an earthly prince and lay the worldly power, where it ought to be, if it exist at all—at the feet of the church.

We believe that the power of the Holy Spirit has, by the laying on of hands, been transmitted within the church to our days. This doctrine is the corner stone of Rome's greatness, for the power of the Spirit cannot be separated from Christ's office, which with the keys of Heaven was delivered to the first bishop of Rome, and through him transmitted by the laying on of hands from one successor to another. The unbroken succession of the Roman bishops forms then the main artery, from which the Holy Spirit's power, like living blood, streams into all parts of the

body of the Church, through countless canals and ramifications: from Rome's Church-Prince to the bishops consecrated by him, from them to the lower orders of the priesthood, and from them in turn to the masses of the people. So flows this mighty stream from hand to head, to water the most remote regions. And for this reason is he, who separates himself from the body of the Church, like a limb cut off. He excludes himself from participation in the divine life and the grace of the Redemption. He cannot acquire this grace for himself by faith alone in the Redeemer. Grace is gained only by union with the Church, the body of the Trinity.

Sublime doctrine of the unity of church and confession!

Thou waxest up from a little mustard seed, scarcely discernible in the Scriptures, to a mighty tree, which shall overshadow the earth. Thou art bolder than any human thought, and no human wisdom has succeeded in finding anything to be compared with thee. The means, which the craftiest of the children of men have invented, for gaining power over their kind, are as nothing against thee. In thy bosom thou bearest a might, to which the peoples and kings of the earth shall bow the knee. The dominion thou canst vouchsafe, shall extend itself not only to riches, life and mortal bodies, but to souls. Thou thyself shall clip the wings of thought, and change the free eagle to an ostrich, which, tame and harnessed, is led in the way he should go. Thou shalt touch the cords to the very innermost emotions of man—terrify when thou wilt,—comfort when thou wilt. At thy nod, shall brother take up arms against brother, mother disown her child, and child its mother, bridegroom and bride turn from each other and hide their tears of anguish, as if wrung from them by a criminal desire. At thy nod shall the flames of war and hate die out, enemy be reconciled to enemy, the lord humble himself before the slave, peace rule over the earth.

Thy chain of reasoning is wrought with diamond links, compared with which the syllogisms of philosophers are as cobwebs. With the power of inexorable necessity thou shalt force thyself upon the world and lay her in thy chains. And he who shakes these chains,—death to him, he shall be blotted out of Israel, for him are shut the gates of human fellowship and salvation, for him are lit the eternal fires of hell.

Thou lackest only one thing ; a man who can use thee.

I know two that could do this. The one is Athanasius, that indomitable, wonderful, cunning, awful old man, the deadly enemy of the orthodox and the soul of heresy, never cast down or dismayed, the new Proteus who, ever the same, shows himself in a thousand forms ; outlawed, banished, pursued by chariots and riders, he yet appears when one least expects him, and vanishes before one has gathered sense to seize him, who lurks in Constantinople outside the emperor's door while they are hunting him in Gaul, who is sought after in Rome, while he is hiding among the monks in the deserts of Egypt, who shows himself perhaps here at Athens, while George trembles with the rumor, that he has concealed himself in Alexandria.

Luckily Athanasius has never looked towards Rome. His exertions concern the bishopric he has so often held and lost,—Alexandria. He has not got his eyes open to the importance of Rome. Strange enough !

Strange enough and fortunate ! For the other, who would else find in Athanasius too powerful a rival, is myself !

Peter left his position before the map, cast himself into an arm chair and sank into thoughts of his colossal plans for the future.

He had that very day taken a step towards his daring object. With sums, appropriated by the imperial treasury for the mission then most zealously conducted among the

Goths, he had equipped two missionaries,—young priests educated to blind obedience, fanatically attached to Homoiouision, and governed to their inmost soul by Peter, and sent them, not to the barbarians, but to Rome, to preach Homoiouision and spread the renown of Peter among the Roman communion.

The book, which lay open on the table under the lamp's rays, was Tertullian's treatise *De Carne Christi*. He read it, not from curiosity, but to learn the language of the western church,—Latin,—to learn from this master's hard, almost wild, but powerful and transporting eloquence, the right way to use a necessary lever for his plan.

The moonlight, streaming in through the window, fell now upon his face and awakened him to the thought of duties which in respect to time lay nearer. He rang, and a man in priestly dress, who seemed to have awaited this signal, immediately presented himself.

The new comer was an undersized, broad-shouldered person, but with so short a neck, that the strangely-formed head with its black locks, seemed to be set directly between the shoulders. His low forehead formed but a sallow strip between his hair and the broad grown-together eyebrows. As the man carried his head a little bent forward, his small black eyes were turned up whenever he looked at any one, giving his countenance an expression which a liberal beholder might possibly interpret as pious and humble.

This man was Peter's most trusted confidant, Euphemius, the eldest presbyter.

The confidence between them was in reality very great, but it never caused the presbyter to forget that Peter was his superior. Euphemius did not take a seat till the bishop pointed to a chair and put a question, which he then answered in humble tone with short, explicit, counted words.

"You have to-day been with the widow Apollonia?" asked the bishop.

"I came from her sick-bed a half an hour ago."

"She dies prepared?"

"Yes."

"And her testament?"

"Is written and signed in legal form."

"You should not leave her alone with the heirs, for it might yet happen, that—you understand?"

"George relieved me and sits now at her bed side. She shall not be left alone a moment. She will probably expire to-morrow."

"God save her soul! She was always a pious woman. She awaits with peace and joy her dissolution?"

"Yes, praised be God!"

"And the testament?"

"To-morrow it shall be in your hands."

"The contents?"

"Ah, most worshipful father, she has neither forgotten the church nor you, her father-confessor, nor the natural claim of her relations. She has even remembered me, the noble, pious woman, with a legacy the most valuable and precious of all——"

The bishop started. A dark shadow crossed his brow, and he fastened a lightning look on the presbyter.

"*You?*" he said with a suppressed voice. "She has remembered *you* with the greatest and most precious legacy of all? Well, I wish you joy most heartily."

"Yes," answered Euphemius humbly, and his small black eyes gazed piously, but steadily, from under his broad eyebrows, into the bishop's face. "I am in truth not worthy such a fortune, but when the Lord has permitted it to fall upon me, I receive it with the deepest joy and thanksgiving."

Ah, you villain, you have then betrayed my confidence and fished in muddy water, thought the bishop,—but it shall cost you dear. "Recount," said he aloud, "the testament's separate provisions!"

“Apollonia bequeaths to the church her house in the city, a lot on Piræan street, and her lands beyond the Melitian gate; in a word, her entire real estate.”

“The pious, excellent woman! It shall be repaid her a thousand fold above. But continue!”

“To you, her shepherd and confessor, she gives her ready money, together with all her gold and silver——”

“I am unworthy such goodness,” said the bishop, walking to and fro over the floor, “but pass by this and continue!”

“Her relations, who consist of an aged sister, an unmarried niece, and a little nephew five years old, have been remembered with the remaining personal property: furniture, household utensils and a female slave.”

“And yourself?” exclaimed the bishop, as he again stood before Euphemius and regarded him with a searching look.

It would be impossible to describe the expression in the short-necked presbyter’s face as he sat at that moment with folded arms, and bowed head, the strange eyes gazing up between their lashes steadfastly at Peter. Those eyes shot a flash,—whether of anger or joy it is hard to say. He sighed and answered,

“Ah, my loved bishop, your humble servant blushes over his unworthiness. I could not imagine such a fortune. But I have known you to little purpose, if I could believe that you would suspect, that I by persuasion or other means have induced the good widow, to the disadvantage of the church or yourself, but for my own gain——”

“Good, good!” interrupted the bishop, casting a crushing look upon his short-necked companion. “What does the widow’s testament give you?”

With a new sigh, which smacked strongly of secret bitterness, the short-necked answered as he cast down his eyes.

"The noble Apollonia, in return for the trifling but sincere offices with which I surrounded her sick-bed, has named me as the possessor of her dearest treasure—three hairs from the beard of the holy martyr Polycarp, preserved in a glass bottle."

"Oh, enviable man!" exclaimed the bishop with hypocritical rapture, while a smile of contempt, he could not restrain, played around his lips.

"I am in truth to be envied," chimed in Euphemius, biting his nails.

"I should wish to exchange with you," continued the bishop, "were it not our holy duty to fulfil to the letter the testament of the pious Apollonia."

"Nay, nay, I will not exchange, you must not exact too much from me, oh father. I will not exchange."

"But now to another matter," continued the bishop with an appeased expression, pacing up and down the long, narrow room. "You were to visit Baruk the Jew, this forenoon."

"I found him at home."

"And you induced him to disclose what we wish to know?"

"Yes, after some difficulty."

"I impressed upon you how to go to work, and left the rest to your shrewdness. How much does Charmides owe him?"

Euphemius took a paper from under his cloak, and handed it to the bishop. The latter glanced over it, and exclaimed:

"He is a fearful spendthrift. This cannot last long."

"Just what I said to Baruk."

"With what effect?"

"When I pointed out the possibility that the securities he held would not be sufficient to protect him against loss, he turned pale as a corpse and trembled."

“Aha?”

“He will press Charmides very hard.”

“You are assured of this?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent, my good Euphemius. Has Charmides been seen in Athenagoras’ company?”

“Yes, he and certain others of the lost young heathen of Athens, have been seen late at night or towards morning, departing from Athenagoras’ house.”

“That is good. This Athenagoras is a sower and his way through the lands a furrow, in which despair and the pangs of conscience spring up. But the harvest, please God, often gives the purest seed into the store house of Christendom. On this account may he continue his work. The Lord turneth evil into good.”

“Alas, the proconsul also has been seen in Athenagoras’—”

“We will not speak of the proconsul my son. He has his failings, as well as his great merits. Let us return to Charmides! Have you obtained more of the information I require concerning this unhappy young man?”

“Somewhat, my father.”

“Let us hear!”

“Alcmene speaks occasionally with the pretty slave boy he bought.”

“I know—at a fabulous price. All Athens talks about it. But go on! What has Alcmene learned from the boy?”

“Only that his master is awfully gloomy, when left alone. He drinks at such times intoxicating wines, disdaining to mix them with water. There are days when he locks himself in and allows no one to see him except his waiting slave. He then broods over sorrowful thoughts and drinks incessantly. But otherwise he avoids solitude, passing his days in wild company, from which he generally

escorts home those infamous beauties, Myro and Praxinoa, who conduct and rule his house like mistresses, command the slaves, arrange banquets, turn everything upside down, and commit the most horrible follies. I shudder at the very thought of such a life, my father."

"Well may you. Capital, capital!" muttered Peter, and then added, "you have spoken of the young girl, who is waiting maid to Chrysanteus' daughter. What is her name?"

"Alcmene."

"Have you met her to-day?"

"Yes. She expressed conscientious scruples at having to conceal her faith and unite in the heathenish customs of her master's house."

"You pacified her with the assurance that she is offering herself up for a good object?"

"Yes, and I promised her absolution from yourself."

"She shall receive it. What had she this time to tell?"

"Very little."

"Nothing of their mysterious absence from Athens?"

"She has endeavored to draw her mistress out on this very point. It seems to have been only a pleasure trip."

"Among the guests who visit Chrysanteus' house, is there still no one especially favored by Hermione?"

"No. Hermione seems really to mean what she in confidence told Alcmene, that she shall devote her whole life to her father."

"And in respect to Charmides?"

"Chrysanteus has forbidden him his house."

"That is an old story."

"And Hermione has forbidden Alcmene to speak his name."

"That means more," muttered the bishop, "but is, if I judge rightly, a good sign. Such a woman does not easily forget. They have loved each other from childhood—and

Charmides is a devil incarnate with his seductive ways. Euphemius," he added aloud, "this Alcmene seems to be unfit for her place."

"No," replied Euphemius with decision, "she is uncommonly wise and crafty."

"And has nevertheless not succeeded in winning her mistress' full confidence."

"I shall give her new rules of conduct."

"Especially in respect to Charmides!"

"Yes, my father."

"Have they never discovered any trace of the tender boy, Hermione's brother, who sixteen years ago vanished from their house?"

"Probably not. Chrysanteus still laments him. He is still, says Alcmene, the object of the prayers father and daughter every evening send up together to their impotent gods; and Hermione never forgets to tell Alcmene, when she has dreamed of her brother. For it is a delightful dream to her."

"Alcmene says this?"

"Yes, these are her words."

"You have not been to Theodorus since morning?"

"No, not since I carried food to him."

"His stubbornness gives me the greatest distress. I hope, however, that the means we now employ, will break it."

"He was still full of blasphemy this morning, my father."

"Fifteen hours have flown by since then. These hours have been long ones for him. He has had time for reflection. When you visit him in prison, early to-morrow morning, place a jar of water outside the grated door, so that he can see, but not reach it. God will do the same to me and more also, if I do not quell the rebellious spirit in this perverse son!"

"Amen!" muttered Euphemius.

"The evening is far spent. Go now to rest. But first tell Clemens, I am ready."

"I will. I wish you a pleasant night, my father!"

The short-necked disappeared through a door leading to the peristyle.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE PILLAR SAINT.

A FEW moments after, two persons, enveloped in cloaks, passed across the court and stepped through the vestibule out into the street Ceramicus. They were the bishop and the young reader.

The long street opened towards the south on the market, and on the north ended at Dipylum or the double gate, beyond which the most honorable burial ground, the Père La Chaise of Athens, was situated. Through the left arch of the double-gate you passed out upon the so called sacred way, leading to Eleusis; through the right arch you saw the straight road, shaded by elms and plane trees, which led to the Academia and gardens of the Platonic philosophers.

The street was yet alive with promenaders, lured hither by the mild air and lovely moonlight. On the other side of the temple of Theseus the number of pedestrians became less, and farther on the silence of night was only broken by the step and weapon-clank of the passing patrol. Peter and Clemens chose the right arch way, passed by the legionary stationed there, and, after they had walked over a portion of the dark shaded way, directed their steps to the right through a grated iron gate, which led into the burial ground.

"Clemens crossed himself and repeated a prayer as he trod this place, shunned by Christians. It was, notwithstanding, a noble spot, filled with beauty and lofty recollections. Here rested the great men of Greece and of the human race, and the thousand upon thousand youths, whom the Athens of old had nursed in beauty and gladness to a hero's early death. Temple-like monuments and broken pillars raised themselves above the dark groups of laurel and cypress, which shaded single memorial stones or half concealed, sad grottoes, where one caught a glimpse of urns and statues. Ceramicus' cemetery was the history of Athens, chiseled in marble.

Its present condition, its unkept plight, the weed-grown walks, the leaning monuments with their defaced inscriptions, the mutilated bas-reliefs and fallen statues spoke also with the tongue of history. Beyond the city wall, which on one side bounded the place, there looked down upon it from afar the lofty Acropolis with Pallas Athene's giant statue, the Cyclopiian walls and the temple's colonnades rising above them, silvered by the moon. If a spirit dwelt within them, he saw and felt, what a human heart can feel in looking back on the past, when it laments a beauty that is lost, a power that is dead.

"Father," said Clemens, as at Peter's side he hastened his steps, "the dead, who rest here, were heathen, but there were surely many among them who sought to walk in the right way?"

"Certainly," answered Peter, "they had the natural law written in their hearts."

"And do you not believe," asked Clemens, as he cast a mournful look upon the marble monuments, which peeped out between masses of foliage, "do you not believe that the Redeemer's death will be accounted even unto their salvation?"

"I believe it," replied the bishop. "When Christ after

death descended into hell, he preached there redemption for heathen souls."

"Oh, the goodness of God! He rejects none of his children. The lost may return to his bosom."

The youth sighed deeply and was silent. Peter said:

"My son, you are thinking at this moment perhaps of your earthly father, the unknown, who gave you life?"

"Yes, you yourself awoke the thought, this evening, when you directed me to write my will."

"You are doubtless astonished, that I exhorted you to this."

"Yes, what have I to give away? I came with empty hands from Antioch, where your paternal goodness opened to me the way of studying for my holy calling. All I possess I have received from you. You took me, when I was a helpless, forsaken babe, left to die of hunger. Oh, my poor, poor mother!"

Clemens was overpowered by the thought of this mother, whom he knew not, the woman who could commit the most unnatural and horrid crime;—forsake her tender helpless child. He stopped and burst into tears.

The bishop seized his hand and said:

"My loved Clemens, control your feelings! Think no more of her. Even the tigress loves her whelps and defends them to the death."

"Say not so, my father," entreated the young reader, as he raised his tearful eyes. "I know not the world and the human heart, but I do know, that my mother must have been terribly unhappy before so wild a determination rooted itself in her soul. Think you not, that she shed tears when she left me? Ah, she must—! She was in despair at that moment and knew not what she did. I believe, I am certain, that afterwards, soon enough, she returned to the place where she had laid me, and was in agony when she found me not."

"Believe it, Clemens! You are right in doing so. It ought certainly to have been thus," remarked the bishop comfortingly.

"O that I could see her again," thought Clemens as he dried his tears. "I would not upbraid her, no! But she would certainly rejoice that her son lives, that God has had mercy on him and her."

The bishop continued:

"I bade you prepare your will, because it is possible that your birth will be brought to light. God's ways are wonderful. Who knows, but you are heir to great possessions?"

Clemens smiled sorrowfully at this wild supposition. "Do you think this possible! The will is and shall remain in your own hands. You can destroy it, should you, giving way to the temptation of unexpected riches, regret having placed them under my charge for the good of the church. I speak now only of possibilities, my son; but he who burns with love for the church, hopes even for the impossible and gives thought to everything that can benefit her."

"Ah, wherefore recount your motives? You are as good, as you are wise and far-sighted. This I know, and it is enough."

"And I thought," added the bishop mildly, "I thought of your longing to depart hence. Your earthly tabernacle is weak, dear child. You are not destined to live long in this world."

"I hope for this and think upon it with joy."

"Happy he who can sit at the feet of the Lord, while the lot of others is to work in His vineyard. But even this work is necessary. The church needs regulators and defenders. I long, with you, to depart from these multifarious occupations, this contest and strife, to the silent contemplation, the patient waiting. But the battle field is my place, as long as my arm can wield the sword, for the enemies of the truth are many and dangerous."

Continuing their walk during this conversation, they left the cemetery through a gate, opposite that by which they had entered.

Before them now lay in the moon's clear light a plain, bounded on the right by a range of hills, over which the city wall wound its huge, gray girdle. The background was shut in by olive-clad steepes, from whose shadow stole forth a stream, coming from the other side of Lycabettus, and slowly winding its way among tall reeds, lone willows and cypress groves, reflecting brokenly the moon's image, till hastening towards the river Cephissus it hid itself behind the long dark row of aged trees, which melted into the distance and marked the road to the Academia.

From the middle of this plain rose a solitary pillar, on whose top appeared a curious object, resembling a human figure.

It was in reality a human being—an old man with bald head and gray flowing beard. He bent kneeling over the brink and held in his hand a line, as if he would measure the distance to the ground.

This however was not his purpose. At the foot of the pillar stood three women, two of whom were endeavoring to push each other away, while both in struggling reached up the baskets they bore, striving to fasten them on the iron hook at the end of the line.

"Pious Simon," called out one of them to the old man, "it is only a loaf and—"

"Away with you," exclaimed the other,— "that you, who are a heretic, should dare to offer the holy orthodox Simon"—

A new push from the first woman broke off this speech.

"Good Simon, it is I, Tabitha, wife of Bathyllus, the olive seller, who so often comes to you"—

"Tabitha is a heretic, holy Simon. But I am Anastasia, widow Anastasia, who lives near Dipylum. You know me well. I come so often to you"—

“It is only a loaf and some drops of wine”—

“It is poison she offers you, Simon! I am Anastasia, the orthodox Anastasia—Away with you serpent!—”

“LAMA RAGSCHU GOJIM!” sullenly thundered the old man’s voice from above. “Accursed gossipers! What are you about there?”

The third woman now came to her friends’ help and wrenched the basket from Tabitha, so Anastasia had time to fasten her’s upon the line, which was at once drawn up.

“See there,” exclaimed Anastasia in triumph to Tabitha, who hastened to pick up the little wine bottle, that during the strife had fallen from her basket into the grass. “See there, what have you for your trouble? You have carried owls to Athens and hay to Megara. Have you not, say!”

The old man on top of the pillar, emptied the contents of the basket, and cast it down to its owner.

“Flee hence, you chattering magpies;” he then shouted in a harsh and angry voice to the quarrelling women, “or—or—”

“Come,” said Anastasia’s friend, taking her arm, “we should not disturb him longer. He may become angry, and then you know, he speaks awful words.”

The old man’s threat had so great an effect that the quarrelers, after a few more very short, but pointed utterances, separated. Anastasia took her empty basket on her arm and returned with her friend to the city, making a long detour on the way to avoid the heathen cemetery. Tabitha, humbled and sad, with her full basket, directed her steps towards the olive hills in the background, to the turfed cot of her husband, Bathyllus.

Four years before, Peter had become bishop of Athens. Shortly after he removed a pillar from a heathen temple and erected it upon the plain outside the city walls, no one knew for what purpose. But one morning two youths, on their way to the Academia to hear Chrysanteus, were

surprised by the sight of a figure, which appeared on top of the solitary pillar, performing the strangest antics. Astonished they drew nearer, and found that the figure was an old man, who kneeled, raised himself up and kneeled again, with his face turned towards the rising sun. He continued this movement as long as they looked at him. Instead of pursuing their way to the Academia, the youths hastened back to town, and told what they had seen. The rumor spread with incredible activity among the inquisitive and lively populace, and during the whole day the inhabitants, Christians and heathen, streamed out through the double-gate, to scrutinize the new apparition. They hurried along, that they might not come too late; the plain was covered with a variegated throng of pedestrians, coaches, riders and palanquins, with citizens, strangers, soldiers, women and children. But their haste was unnecessary. At noon, the long-bearded, hideous, unknown being was still perched upon his strange post, and continued with short intervals his monotonous motions. He seemed not to see the thousands who swarmed around the pillar and regarded him with mingled emotions of curiosity, wonder, disgust and fear. But his face was now turned towards the south, whence the noonday sun shot down its burning rays.

“Who was he?” The superstitious among the heathen doubted if he were human; they considered him as a miraculous, horrible prodigy, which portended awful calamities, a phantom appearing, only to vanish again. But the key to the mystery was found, when towards evening the Christian priesthood of the city, led by the bishop, with cross and banners marched out to the pillar, arranged themselves about it, sang psalms, kneeled, and in chorus besought the unknown’s blessing. The sun was just sinking, and the old man’s face turned towards the west; his bald head seemed to possess the heliotrope’s nature and thirst for the

sinking fireball's last ray. When it had disappeared behind the cliffs of Ægaleus, he first looked down upon the multitude. His eyes were glaring and blood-shot, his beard fell down over the capital like long, matted, hanging moss. He stretched out his arms and muttered: "I bless ye!"

The man on the pillar was a Christian ascetic,—one of those marvels of self-torture, which a misconceived Christianity has produced, in rivalry with the religions of India that teach annihilation—one of those mortals, who, pierced to their heart's core by the contrast between the claims of the spirit and the world, strove to win the soul's perfection by murdering their own nature—one of those, perhaps who, while they would uproot their sensual emotions, also found in bodily agony their only salvation from the consuming fires of a guilty conscience, and who finally were encouraged to continue upon this course to redouble their torments, to devise incredible means of increasing them, because they were transported by the worship of the wondering multitude and the saintly glory in this life, hoping for a higher blessedness, and inconceivable delights in the life to come.

Simon, called the Pillar-Saint, was now known far and wide over the Christian world. Pilgrims journeyed from east and west to see him and receive his blessing. The brightness of his saintly glory was, if possible, increased by the declaration of Peter, that the pillar-man was a confessor, one of the few survivors who, in the last persecution of the emperor Maximus had heroically suffered for their faith. Whence he came no one knew, unless the bishop.

But all knew that Simon had passed four years upon the pillar's capital, a spot of a few feet in circumference, with a precipice all around, and daily, from sunrise to sunset had repeated with certain intervals his kneelings. It was asserted that he knelt a thousand times a day. Four summers' suns had there cast their fire on his head, four winters' storms had there howled around him. His dress was a

bear skin and a rope which held it around him; his only household goods the line, with which he hoisted up the food brought him by the pious women of the city. He was the pride of the Christian populace; both the great hostile parties, Homoousians and Homoiousians, contended for the honor of counting him among their numbers. The heathen, on the other hand, loathed the pillar-man, after he had ceased to be the object of their curiosity. *They* offered, it is true, flowers and incense to the divinities of life and joy, and crowned the beautiful statues art had given them. The Christians knelt before the skeletons of their saints. On this account it seemed to the heathen very natural, that the Christians should offer up a yet more ardent worship to this dirty, ugly, deformed old man, who possessed at least one merit over skeletons and mummies, that he was a *living* idol.

Those heathen, whose religious feeling and love of the beautiful did not compel them to abhor him, regarded him with the same indifference as they did the triton, which for centuries had swung its weather-flag upon the Wind's Tower at the market in Athens. Both the pillar-saint and the bronze triton seemed to be of the same material, alike insensible to sunshine and storm, alike firmly fastened upon their dizzy height.

Asceticism and saint-worship are two of the horrible fruits, which grew in the bosom of the priest-church. That Christianity is a power which shall pervade and refine the worldly—not stifle it—that, as Clemens of Alexandria reminds us, even worldly affairs can be conducted in a spiritual and divine manner,—this doctrine the priest-power wished to bury in forgetfulness, because in its results it would overturn everything that is called priesthood. The ascetic tendency of the times was encouraged by the power of the church, because this isolated life of ascetics and priests (that life which led directly to the most hideous vices,

the coarsest worldliness) must create an abyss between them and the great majority of the congregation, necessarily engaged in the busy pursuits of life. Thus arose the difference between the *clergy* and the *laity*, thus was instilled into the latter that disastrous idea of *two kinds of morality*, the one with more rigid claims, (and therefore with greater privileges) for priests; the other with lower claims as to spiritual life and pure morals, for laymen. Thus the latter forgot their high calling and cast away the sublime doctrine of a *universal priesthood*, together with the duties which should make this a reality. Thus the doctrine of Christianity, freedom of conscience, the true democracy, was buried in deepest oblivion, or diluted to a homœopathic nothing, and even to-day seldom awakes, when preached, other feelings than scorn or terror. And yet there was in it that little leaven, which shall pervade the great mass,—the possibility of the true ennobling of mankind.

But let us return to Simon the pillar-saint. If he was insensible to the powers of nature, he was not perhaps to the worship offered himself, for on days when many strangers appeared to stare at him, he acted mildly towards the pious women who brought him bread, wine and water; had he however been little noticed during the day, he would entertain them in the evening, after sunset, the only time he spoke,—with perplexing words and awful threats.

The night Simon reserved to himself. He needed its hours to gather strength for the following day's unchanging exertions. He sang his evening psalm about midnight, and after this no one might approach his pillar. He seemed to be ashamed of his dependence upon the natural law which bids rest interchange with motion, sleeping with waking. But if he slept, it was the light sleep of a bird, for the step of the lonely night traveller awoke him, and he was always ready to hurl horrid words after any one who

broke his rest. Both heathen and Christian therefore avoided passing over the pillar-field by night.

The three women had departed; and the bishop and reader as they approached the pillar, heard the saint, who now sat down to eat his supper, give a strange, cawing call, which was answered from a grove on the opposite side of the stream. The next moment a large black bird raised itself over the grove, directed its flight towards the pillar and fluttered about it with flapping wings, as if it wished but dared not alight.

“Come then, raven mine, raven mine!” called out the harsh voice of the saint. “Come and eat your supper, raven mine! There come then, come, raven mine, raven mine!”

The raven answered these words with a mournful and suspicious croaking, but continued fluttering about the pillar, while the saint followed it with his hand, in which he had no doubt placed some crumbs of bread.

“There, do not be afraid! I am no longer angry with you. I will not wring your neck, raven mine. So come then, my bird. You are my good friend, my best friend, so come then, come!”

The tone in which these assurances were given seemed to have an effect upon the raven. It lit upon a corner of the capital, but hopped backwards, threw up its wings, and uttered some guttural noises, when Simon stretched out his hand to catch it. Its suspicions, it seemed, were not yet entirely conquered. But after Simon had ceased from the attempt and turned away to continue his meal, the bird regained, little by little, its confidence in its master's intentions. It came nearer and nearer, hopped up at last on his knee and allowed its coal-black shining back to be freely stroked, while it ate ravenously of the saint's supper.

“You have been away all day, sitting angry and sullen over on the tree,” said Simon in a tone of friendly reproach.

"I chastised you severely yesterday, to be sure, but you are so stupid and hard to teach, that you make me sometimes provoked enough to wring your neck. Two long years at school, and not yet learned the name Elpinice!"

Simon's raven was almost as famous as the saint himself. The Christians believed it was more than a hundred years old, and they said, that one day, when Simon had been forgotten by the pious women who lived near the double gate, the raven had brought him food, as did the ravens of old to Elias the great prophet.

Perhaps the raven really was an old hermit, a Methuselah among its long-lived race, a survivor of its own and a stranger to the young raven-world, passing its years in the cliffs and groves by the Cephissus, solitary and sorrowing, till at last it found a new companion of another race,—a friend in many things like itself, to whom it was gradually drawn by that sympathetic band, that tender, irrepressible power which gives every heart, even the loneliest, coldest and most blighted, an object whereon to lavish whatever of love it may possess.

The confidential *tête-à-tête* between the pillar-man and his raven was suddenly interrupted, when the sharp ear of the former detected the sound of an approaching step upon the turf. He had been sitting with his face toward the olive-hills. He turned sharply round, lay down, and his bald head with its shaggy beard protruding between the leaf-work of the capital looked like a hideous wild beast spying through a thicket. The raven lit on his shoulder.

Simon was angry at being disturbed in his repast. He had indeed not yet sung his evening psalm, but it was growing late and he wished to be alone. He therefore shouted to the yet distant comers,

"Go away, go away! Go, I say!"

But when they still approached, his eyes glistened, and he began in a mocking tone:

"Come my children! Come and hear! Why shall the ear be fastened to the head? Cut off the ear, stupid mortal, and nail it to your breast——"

These words composed the introduction to one of those awful sermons, with which he was accustomed to frighten lonely wayfarers who approached the pillar at an improper hour. But this time Simon did not continue, for he was interrupted by a well know voice, calling out:

"Father Simon, be not enraged. It is I, Peter, who comes."

"Ah, it is you, Peter, the bishop—the bishop! Ah!"

"I have granted your request and brought my young Clemens to you."

"Who is Clemens?"

"You know, father."

"Clemens? No."

"Clemens, my young foster son, of whom I once spoke to you, and whom you wished to see."

"Ah! now I know."

"He comes to beseech thy blessing."

The pillar-man lay a little while in the position he had taken, gazing earnestly upon the bishop's young companion, who had now thrown back his cowl and exposed a head flowing with long, light brown hair. After this Simon raised himself upon his knees, carried his hand as if in thought to his beard, looked around with a spying glance to all quarters of the compass, and at last seized his line, one end of which he made fast with a number of turns to a projecting leaf of the capital.

The raven, beginning to be sleepy, was disturbed by this movement. It flapped its wings, raised itself up, and flew with heavy strokes to the nearest point of the half-fallen city wall, where it lit in the shadow of a myrtle, and thrust its head under its wing.

In the silence which ensued, melodious tones were heard

from afar, and on the stream, which glistened in the moonlight like molten silver, a boat appeared, gliding nearer.

The next moment the saint, clutching the line with both hands, shot out from the capital and slid down to the sod.

He stood, or rather crouched beside the pillar before the bishop and reader, whose reverence for the saint, when he saw him so near, ought to have been mingled with horror. The sun had burned and the winds dried this being to a skeleton, enveloped in dark brown skin, upon which the veins lay like cords and moved like knotted worms, when the few drops of blood, which yet diffused life through this disgusting object, moved along them. The eyes lay deeply sunken in their sockets, and the rings about their pupils shone with a dark-red gleam. The saint sat in a half-kneeling position, bent together with legs under him, and supported himself by his long hairy arms, left naked by the bear-skin that covered the rest of his body.

Peter touched reverentially his beard and his knees, whispering at the same time in his ear,

“Father, guard your tongue!”

In Simon’s eye the wild glare was mingled with an expression of prudence and secret intelligence. He nodded approvingly and looked towards Clemens.

“Come to me! Fear me not!” said he, with unmistakable affection in his tones.

Clemens obeyed. He advanced with the deepest veneration and bowed his head as he said:

“Thy blessing, good father!”

The moon at that moment lighted two faces approaching each other,—the youth’s beautiful and transparently clear, the old man’s wondrously ugly and horrible—they neared each other as if to show more clearly the boundless distance which can lie between individual forms of the same species; for they were as different, as opposite, as the typical man from the fallen, who in the loss of his humanity

becomes more frightful than the ugliest beast the animal kingdom can produce. Yet, who would have supposed it? it was that angel-like youth's honest, warmest, deepest wish to be what the other was,—that hideous, monstrous figure, which crouched before him and laid one hand on his head, while the shriveled fingers of the other, with thin long nails, felt over his cheek.

For Clemens, the horrible vanished in the revelation of the holy, that he introduced into it. To him the old man was beautiful.

Peter felt very uncomfortable while this was passing. He feared the pillar-man would say something he ought not. He therefore hastened to break off the interview, with these words :

“Pious father, I have now satisfied your wish to see my young dearly beloved son. And he has also received what he desired—your blessing. It is time to leave you in peace.”

The pillar-man supported himself with one hand against the turf; with the other he shielded his eyes, as if the moonlight blinded him.

“Clemens,” said the bishop, “I wish to tell the holy man some things in private. Walk on in advance and await me at the gate of the city.”

Accustomed to obey, the young priest bade the old saint a reverential farewell and departed across the plain.

A moment passed in silence, while Simon drew his hand over his eyes. He removed from them a stranger, which for long years had not shown itself there,—a tear pressed out by tender feelings. Then he said as he looked around,

“Why did Philip go?”

“Do not speak that name, my father!” entreated Peter with evident uneasiness, though no one could hear them.” I dared not allow him to remain, for you are not able to guard your tongue.”

"You are right," said the old man laying both hands on his head. When I have kneeled for a long time, I feel so strangely up there. It buzzes and whistles in my brain. But let me see him again. I will take care. His name is not Philip now, but Clemens; he is no longer Elpinice's son—of course not!"

—"O," he added to himself, "how he resembles her! Elpinice in her bridal robes with the myrtle wreath upon her locks! Elpinice in her shroud of death with the celery wreath about her forehead! Elpinice in her shroud—Elpinice!"

Simon's iron breast heaved with a deep sigh, which sounded like a death-rattle. He turned and rested against the cold pillar his hideous face, his burning brow, his cheek, that witnessed the new wonder of a tear.

"Calm yourself, father!" said Peter, who now first noticed the saint's discomposure, "Do you not hear? People are approaching. Here comes a boat on the stream. Let no one see that you have left your place!"

Peter's exhortations were strengthened by the notes of a cithara which accompanied a lively, clear, melodious song, interrupted now and then by laughter and glad voices. The boat whence these sounds arose, approached with slow and regular strokes of the oar over the silver water.

The bishop's words were exactly fitted to recall Simon to his senses, for they appealed to his ascetic honor. He raised himself up, cast a sharp quick glance over the stream, seized the rope, slung it around to the shady side of the pillar, and climbed with the agility of an ape up to the capital. Once there he assumed his usual position, thrust his head out between the capital's leaf work and said in a confidential, anxious tone,

"They could not have seen me, Peter?"

"No, you may rest easy about that."

"Peter, Philip is Christian?"

"Certainly."

"Philip is baptized? Philip is priest?"

"Yes."

"Glorious! Glorious! So I would have it. Little lamb, that we saved from the claws of the wolf! Little lamb, whom we bore home to the true fold! Peter, let me see again the little lamb! Be not afraid! I will guard my tongue. Let him come before sunset; you know I do not speak before sunset."

"I will send Clemens here every evening with a loaf and a flask of wine."

"Peter you are a good son. A thousand blessings upon you, my good Peter! But how is it? Is it the hated one, who rings the bells in the city!"

"Chrysanteus. Do you mean him?"

"Yes, are not he and the heathen again masters in the city?"

"What do you say? The Lord forbid, that such a time should ever return!"

"Or do you celebrate now every night the feast of the martyrs?"

"What has given you such a belief, my father?"

"Have you not for the last two nights assembled there?" said Simon, stretching out his arm towards the olive hills. "Have I not heard the psalms of the righteous resound, as if coming deep out of the earth's bosom? It is indeed as of yore, when we were persecuted for our faith, and celebrated the feast of the Lord in caves and catacombs. Glorious time!"

And the pillar-saint began to sing one of those psalms, at first in a low voice as if he would imitate the sounds of which he spoke; then louder and louder as if he would drown the joyous tones from the approaching boat:

In Judah, God of old was known,
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke the threat'ning spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crushed the Assyrian war.

'Twas Zion's King that stop'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell;
Who knows the terror of thy rod!
Thy vengeance who can tell?

What power can stand before his sight,
When once his wrath appears.
When Heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.*

Peter's face expressed the greatest interest in the discovery he thought he had made in the saint's words about the nightly service of God. But as he knew it would avail nothing to seek further explanations on the subject from Simon, and as he further knew that the latter, when he became deeply engaged in his darling psalms, did not wish to be disturbed, he determined to depart in silence, all the more as Clemens was awaiting him at the city gate and the night was far advanced.

He walked with slow steps over the plain, on which his figure, wrapped in a loose cloak, cast a fantastic, giant shadow. A rumor went in Athens, that some one had seen a shadow on the ground like a man's,—when no human or other tangible object was visible,—slowly passing over the

* Watt's versification.

plain towards the Double gate, and there, raising itself above the earth like a figure of mist, it vanished. Perhaps the beholder's fancy had fashioned this figure from nothing more than the shadow of a cloud sailing by the moon; or perhaps the dull, uncertain, crushing fear, which like a heavy atmosphere hung over the populace, had given itself expression in this story. But any one, who at this moment saw the solitary wanderer striding over the deserted pillar-field, would have been seized with a like foreboding, and felt that the spirit of desolation, incarnate in this being, approached the slumbering city. And in truth this man needed but to raise his hand to call down over Athens a fate worse than the pestilence.

The song, the music of the cithara; and the joyous murmurs, just now heard, suddenly ceased, drowned by Simon's loud and devout singing, and only the regular oar strokes now resounded from the stream, as the boat glided along upon its bright, quiet, winding path between willows and cypresses. The happy company, assembled within it, had ceased laughing and singing for a moment, to listen for the sake of change to the pillar-man's song.

The skiff's prow was decked with roses: chains of flowers hung along its sides; two boys, beautiful as Hylas and Ganymede plied the oars; Praxinoa, the charming courtesan, sat mistress at the helm; Olympiodorus, the divine, but by a thankless or thoughtless world forgotten, poet, lay carelessly stretched at ease upon swelling cushions, with his head on Praxinoa's knee, and smiling, happy and half inebriated, roamed away in thought among the moon, stars and white fleecy clouds; Palladius, the singer, who had just become silent, sat beside, with one arm round his cithara and the other around the waist of a dark eyed Syrian dancing-girl of fifteen summers, listening with ironical ecstasy to the pillar-saint's harsh song: Charmides, wrapped in his richly flowing mantle, lay in nearly the

same agreeable position as his friend Olympiodorus, but instead of choosing an equally charming pillow on Myro's knee, he had, with elbow resting on the rail, bent over the water and was amusing himself with gazing on the moon's picture far down in the depths, and dipping his fingers in the cooling ripples; Myro had taken the wreath from his head to twine violets among its roses, casting a glance now and then, as the others did, towards the pillar, and smiled or tried to smile, with the others, at the strange, hard song, which yet cut between the joints and marrow, so serious was it; and in the emotions and thoughts it awakened and expressed, so at war with the sorrow-free surroundings, the quiet land, the mild heaven, the beautiful evening and its magic light.

For Simon sang of something crushed and disconsolate, of a being in nature that does not partake of its harmony, whose bones are weary, whose limbs burn with the raging fires of a guilty conscience, who wails in his heart's anguish, beholding his sins like storming waves beat together over his head.

Simon sang of a hard and awful God, whose wrath none can appease, who removes the mountains, shakes the earth so that her pillars tremble, tells the sun not to rise, and seals up the stars; who sends his angels with vials of wrath over the world to destroy the city of the heathen, the great joyous Babel, shining with silk, gold and scarlet, so that candle shall shine there no more, the voice of bride and bridegroom no more be heard within its gates.

When this song had died away, the notes of the cithara again resounded from the flower-wreathed boat, accompanying the following dithyramb:

Youths and fair maidens!
Joyous, resplendent,
Life's rosy morning;
Airy, delicious,

Sweet-smiling Hours
Hover in wanton,
Fluttering columns
Over its vales
Elysian Spring.
Fleeting oh, fleeting
Are all these joyous
Heavenly beings,
Hence flying towards the
Radiance afar.
While you yourselves both
Youths and fair maidens,
While your own happy,
Glittering band,
Onward, by fate led
Draws to a different
Lowering future.
Hasten, Oh, hasten
Youths and fair maidens
Maidens and youths fair
Hasten to capture
Th' army angelic;
Hasten to throw in
Irons of pleasure
All these Olympic,
Ravishing, smiling
Children of light!
From your own side the
Quivering balance
Ever is plucking
Moera, the cruel,
Each of the golden
Counters of joy;
Casting in th' other
Fast falling balance
Languishing passions,
Powers exhausted,
Troubles and sorrows
Burdening lead.
Swift as the torch is
Caught up and passed from
Hand unto hand in

Panathenæan
Night celebrations,
You must relinquish
Youth's everlasting
Bright blazing torch to
Ruddier races
Hurrying after:—
While you yourselves, all
Sink into age's
Darkening shadows
Sink in the grave's cold,
Horrible night.
Cheeks like the meadow's
Roses, grow pallid.
Full-flowing tresses
Fall as the forest's
Crown in November.
Radiant glances,
Pale as the dying
Lamps at a banquet.
Hasten Oh, hasten
Youths and fair maidens
Maidens and youths fair,
Hasten to drain the
Cup of enjoyment.
Clasp to your glowing,
Passionate bosom
Maiden, your lover
Lover, your maid.

Peter had returned to his palace and bidden good night to the young reader, who awaited him at the city gate and had now departed to his bed room in the peristyle.

Peter was again alone in his study; although he had been actively occupied during the whole day, he did not yet feel any need of sleep. He endeavored to fasten his attention upon the book of Tertullian, which lay open on his table, and his eyes fell upon the following words, those remarkable, wild, powerful paradoxes in which Faith has written its declaration of independence against Reason.

“Crucifixus est Dei filius ; non pudet, quia pudendum est.”

“Et mortuus est Dei filius ; prorsus credibile est, quia ineptum est.”

“Et sepultus resurrexit ; certum est, quia impossibile est.”

But the united powers of the reader's will, and the writer's fiery eloquence, were not sufficient to repress the thoughts the bishop concealed in his soul. He left the book and for a long while paced up and down the room.

Before he finally went to his chamber, he opened the cupboard standing under the book case by the side of the table, and took out two decanters, a little one of silver and a large one of glass. He poured some drops from the former, that contained a soporific of the most dangerous kind, into the latter, holding a light harmless wine, then placed both back in their places and locked the cupboard.

After three or four hours sleep, he was again awake to his schemes. He left his bed at dawn, just as Euphemius, the short-necked priest, bent and enveloped in his cloak, with a lamp and a bunch of keys in one hand, and a clay jug in the other, crossed a little dark court behind the peristyle, and stopped before a cellar door, which, after setting the lamp upon a bench, he opened with the help of a great key.

The old watchman of the palace, who was at once sexton and servant, sat, wrapped to his nose in a coarse cloak, on the same bench, meditating beside his hour glass and horn lantern. He jerked his mouth up out of the cloak, turned towards Euphemius and said :

“Brother, this has been a sorrowful night. I have heard his sighs and mourning from down below, and it was horribly hard for me not to give him water. What has he gone ?”

“He renounces the Church,” answered Euphemius, as he took up the lamp and went down the cellar steps.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S HOME.

AT the foot of the eastern slope of the Acropolis the handsome Tripod street extended north and south. Its western side, commencing with the Prytanes' palace and ending with Pericles' Odeum, formed an unbroken chain of monumental buildings. Its eastern side consisted of private houses, erected in a light style and only one or two stories high, that they might not diminish by their size the effect of those opposite, which, like Grecian public buildings in general, were distinguished rather by their noble forms than by colossal dimensions.

Of the magnificence of the Tripod street there remains even to this day, a round tower-like edifice encircled by Corinthian pilasters with ornamented entablature, sculptured frieze,—portraying the adventures of Dionysius on board the corsair-ship,—and vaulted roof, adorned at its highest point by an acanthus with luxuriant, gracefully-falling leaves. An inscription explains that this structure commemorates the triumph of the Athenian Lysicrates and his tribe, the Acamantian, in a tragic chorus contest.

This tasteful memorial of a triumph in the world of beauty (itself another) has during later centuries stood confined within the gloomy, dirty walls of a Capuchin cloister,—as a smiling dream of childhood survives in a plodding, dark and isolated soul. The monks have used it as a whipping room and prison. Fate, like art, sports with contrasts.

Directly opposite this monument, on the other side of the street was the house of Chrysanteus. Only two stories high, it was widely extended, and inclosed, beside the *aula**

* The principal court in the centre of a Grecian house.

and ladies' court, a not inconsiderable garden. Had you taken hold of the gilded bronze ring which ornamented the door, and by knocking given notice of your wish to enter, you would have been quickly admitted by an affable old servant and ushered into a long, dark corridor, lighted day and night by a lamp. It was closed on the opposite end by another door. When this was opened, a surprisingly beautiful perspective presented itself, overarched by a clear heaven. One stood then in the open *aula*, whose Ionic pillars of Pentelic marble drew their white airy columns against a back ground of clear dark red, and supported an open-work gallery running around the upper story. The *aula*, in whose centre stood an altar with perpetually burning incense, was surrounded on three sides by this colonnade, behind which doors led to different apartments: reception room, guests' room, sleeping chambers, the bath &c. The fourth side,—that opposite the entrance—was occupied by two larger rooms; the cabinet of art and the library, both closed by violet-colored drapery alone, generally drawn back, so that one saw their wall-paintings surrounded by a harmonious play of clear colors, and their floors inlaid with squares of different marbles. These rooms were divided by a broad space directly opposite the entrance door, through which the prospect was prolonged over the ladies' court lying behind the *aula*, and ornamented by a fountain springing from among flower vases. This court opened in turn on to the garden, where the perspective ended with a shady walk of spreading trees, thinned here and there to let the sunshine fall upon a statue or break itself in the shower of pearls from a babbling cascade.

About ten o'clock* on the day after Clemens and the bishop visited the renowned pillar-saint, it happened that

* About the fifth hour, according to the Roman reckoning, which, with many other Roman customs, was at that time in vogue in Greece.

the knocker of Chrysanteus' house rattled with unusual violence. The old porter peeped out through his little loop-hole and saw that he, who caused the clatter, was an elderly man in a very shabby dress. The porter in Chrysanteus' house differed in many respects from his colleagues. First of all he was not a eunuch, but the happy father of a family, with a wife and many children; next, he was instructed by his master to show himself equally courteous toward all classes of visitors; and thirdly, he did not have the disposition to assume that snubbing manner, which, if we can believe the old comedies, was a standing characteristic with the porters of that day. He however entertained an especial predilection, together with the highest respect, for all who wore a beard and the philosopher's mantle,—for his loved master, though he wore not the mantle, was a philosopher,—and this was exactly the case with the old man who now grasped the knocker,—he was both bearded and philosophically robed, though his mantle was of the coarsest sort. Our porter therefore hastened to open for him.

“Whom do you seek?” he asked.

“I seek Chrysanteus, the archon. Am I right?”

“This is Chrysanteus' house, but he is not at home.”

“When is he expected!”

“I cannot say with certainty. But if you have time to wait for him, you are welcome across his threshold.”

“Thank you.”

“I presume you are a stranger in the city, perhaps a far traveller?”

“That is the case.”

“Perchance you are an old friend of my master?” continued the porter, who from good intent exposed himself to the charge of curiosity.

“No,” answered the stranger, “I know him only by reputation.”

“Ah! Who does not?” said the porter with a certain

pride. "But you are always welcome. My master is glad to see stranger philosophers in his house."

During this conversation the porter had closed the street door and escorted the stranger to the door opposite. This he opened, bade the guest enter the *aula*, beckoned at the same time to a young slave, who served as *atriensis*, and then returned to the porter's room.

Medes, the young slave, son of the porter, a youth with bright smile and lively manner, explained to the stranger that it would be some time before his master returned: it was therefore his duty to show the guest where he would find the bath room, if he would bathe; the library, if he would read; a retired guest's room were he weary and preferred a quiet apartment to the sofas in the *aula*.

The stranger chose the library. He was shown thither, looked a moment at the beautiful paintings, shook his head at them, then took a papyrus roll and threw himself upon a comfortable sofa to read. After a few moments there entered a boy, Medes' younger brother, who placed beside the guest a little round table with fruits, confects and two crystal flasks, one filled with wine, the other with water, fresh from the spring in the garden. The boy then went out, quickly returning with fragrant flowers, which he substituted for others not yet withered in the vases under the drapery at the entrance of the room. Having thus cared for the unknown and very shabby stranger's welfare, after the manner of the house, he withdrew.

When the porter threw open the door to the new comer, he had not noticed that the latter as he knocked, exchanged a confidential glance with old Bathyllus, the olive-seller, who stood in the street a little way off, terror depicted upon his countenance, and that not far from Bathyllus stood two men, one of them a priest,—who whispered to each other and regarded the visitor with sharp looks.

These two had met the stranger in front of the Prytanes'

palace, and turned to follow him. Being a very sharp-eyed man, he had noticed that he was the object of their attention, but without showing the least sign of uneasiness had continued his way till he stood before Chrysanteus' house.

One of the two was an imperial agent—a sort of courier and spy, who had arrived in the city the previous day with a letter for the proconsul.

“Bah,” said the agent to the priest, as they departed down the street, “you say, that you have seen him twice; I say, that I have seen him a hundred times. If this old man is Athanasius, you may cut off my nose, as a just punishment for being on the wrong scent. It is too ridiculous! Every city I come to, in Europe, Asia or Africa, they have just seen Athanasius. One needs only to be unknown in a place and have some wrinkles on his face to become immediately Athanasius, he and no one else. He is like the shoemaker of Jerusalem, whom the peasants see in every old ragamuffin that strolls through their village.”

“Well, well,” remarked Euphemius, “I did not say that he is Athanasius, only that he resembles him. There is no harm, you know, in having your eyes about you.”

“Eyes? Yes. I never leave them at home, be sure of that, most reverent presbyter! And my eyes told me that this old man is a sucking dove to Athanasius.”

“But you know, there are certain means, that can change,—make younger the appearance. The hair for example can be died with lixivium, the——”

“Look here,” interrupted the agent and stood still. “Take a good look at me! How old do you think I am?”

“About fifty,” guessed Euphemius.

“My friend, I am to day in reality fifty years old. To morrow I shall be perhaps seventy, next day twenty. But in truth I was born thirty years ago. You take hay to Megara, if you will teach *me*, that there is such an art.”

“By the angel hosts! you astonish me. It would be

worth while to learn this art. My best friend, I cannot let you go, till you give me some instruction in it. As regards the old man, I do not doubt that you are entirely right. I so concluded as soon as I saw him enter the arch-heathen's house. Athanasius would never present himself *there* even if he does not hesitate occasionally to hide himself under the philosopher's mantle and let his beard grow. But now concerning this remarkable art, so——”

“It is entirely unnecessary for you, exclaimed the agent laughing, “for if you will only not forget to take your neck along with you, when you go out, you will be sufficiently unrecognizable. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me! I did not wish to wound you. When one is witty by nature, such sallies fall of themselves.”

Let us leave the priest and the secret Athanasian, and return to the philosopher's house. This time we will not stop in the aula, where we left the mysterious guest, but continue our way to the ladies' court.

This was surrounded, like the aula, with Ionic pillars, supporting a balcony ornamented with statues, to which access was gained from the upper story. Excepting a certain space left open as a passage way, the balcony was filled with choice flowers and overspread with a fine net, not discernible from the court—within which fluttered birds of song and others on whose feathers, gleaming with a metallic lustre, Nature had lavished her brightest hues. The ground, or rather the floor, for during the greater part of the year these courts were dwelling rooms with the heavens for roof, —was chequered with a pavement of black and yellow-white stones, save in the middle, where was spread a carpet of grass, above which the fountain cast its spray into a marble basin. Near by is Chrysanteus' daughter, Hermione, with some lady friends.

The evening is lovely. The heavens arch clear and cloudless above this fair spot removed from the city's bustle,

where the fragrance of flowers and the song of birds mingle with the purl of falling water. The sun still shines upon the eastern colonnade and gilds the highest leap of the fountain; the warmth is such, that the freshness by the water jet pleases, yet one does not desire the full shadow offered by the western colonnade. A table with the light trifles in which Grecian cookery was so fertile, and a few long, divan-like sofas, covered with a dark green, velvety cloth, embroidered with silver, are placed between the flower vases near the basin. Here the young women are reposing in joyous and confidential converse, while Hermione's waiting maid, Alcmene, glides Hebe-like between the flowers, and waters them from an urn which every now and then she fills at the fountain.

The clear sky, the graceful pillared building, the statues and vases, the playing jet, and within these surroundings the pretty group of young women, clad in the simplest, chastest and noblest dress that ever fluttered about womanly grace, composed a picture of clear lines, calm beauty and ideal poetry, peculiar to the antique.

The old Hellenic costume had been again assumed by many Athenians, to whom the memory of the past was dearer than ever, as is usual in times when an uncontrolled, irreconcilable contest exists between different world-opinions and calls forth the most extreme opposites side by side. Hermione was clad in a snow-white tunic of Egyptian *sindon*, fastened with a brooch over the left shoulder, and having a long cape, so cut open over the arms that it fell from the neck like two separate draperies, the one over the back, the other over the bosom, and almost concealed the blue gold-stitched belt which drew the tunic about the waist, whence it fell in rich, natural folds to the sandal-decked feet. The sleeves of this dress were very wide, slit open from shoulder to wrist, and held together at intervals by little gold buckles, so that now one saw only a strip,

now the whole rounding of the lovely arms where played the rose and lily. To increase the comfort of this habit, the tunic was also cut open from under the left arm to the waist, but here fastened with a close row of brooches. A narrow purple border ran around the bottom of the dress, and increased the effect of the plastic fall of the folds.

Hermione's rich dark hair was not parted, but naturally arranged as on a boy's curly head, and held together by a simple band like a diadem. Under this in the middle of her forehead the hair divided itself into two long wavy lines, which approached the fine penciled eyebrows and ended behind them in little curly tresses, while the back hair fell in a swell of long lustrous waves over neck and shoulders.

Two of the other ladies were clad in nearly the same manner as Hermione, but wore over the white tunic another, shorter; in the one case saffron color, in the other amethyst.

The third was a pretty brunette in a Roman habit; the young Julia, wife of Chrysanteus' friend, Ammianus Marcellinus, tribune of the Jovian guard, who has rendered his name immortal by an excellent history of his time.

Julia was born in the capital of Gaul,—Paris, whose name had not at that time such a world-historic ring as now. She had visited it, ever since Julian had removed thither his humble court. She could tell, and did it willingly, of the chilling terror which the irruption of the Alemannic barbarians had awakened in Gaul, of the universal jubilee when the province was saved by the valor of Julian, of the thrift, comfort and prosperity which, under his just, firm and clement rule blessed the land, before suffering and impoverished. In a word, the wife of Ammianus Marcellinus admired Julian; and this admiration was the first bond of a friendship between her and Hermione, which grew deeper the more they learned to know each other and which was

outwardly strengthened by a common reverence for the old religion, and common love for wisdom and beauty.

Ismene and Berenice were native Athenians, friends of Hermione from childhood, and like her still free from Hymen's bond,—Berenice, a dark-haired girl, with earnest mien and calm dignity; Ismene, a blonde of sixteen summers, smiling and willful as a child, whose face was the clearest mirror of a joyous, sensitive, capricious disposition, and whose manner and gestures combined vivacity with much grace and innocent coquetry.

"What do you think of the little song, my Julia; asked Ismene, laying aside her lyre and lifting her little feet upon the swelling sofa, against whose green ground the pearly sandals glittered, "Have you heard it before?"

"No," answered Julia; "its melody is simple but touchingly beautiful. I judge therefore that it is very old."

"You judge rightly," said Hermione, "it is a shoot from the vine of Simonides."

"And if I had sung it in my great, great grandmother's time," added Ismene, "I should have been laughed at for liking such an old-fashioned song. Mind you, in my great, great grandmother's time, then the world had taste! Then the dames bore a hair dress high as the Tower of the Winds, and the men *mouches*, which made them perfectly irresistible."

"Fie, Alcmene! See you not that a butterfly is sitting in that flower? Think you that a flower thirsts, so long as it is kissed by such a pretty little cavalier? Wait till he flies away! He will fly soon, for butterflies are fickle and faithless, Alcmene, but to drown them for that would be altogether too hard a punishment. It is their nature to be faithless—do you not understand, simple girl?"

"Julia," said Hermione, "now it is your turn to read the new piece you have translated into our language from your Roman Ovid. The song of Pyramus and Thisbe was so pretty, that we long to hear more from the same poet."

“And your verses are as faultless and easy, as if Hellenic was your mother tongue,” exclaimed Berenice.

“I wish only to convince you,” said Julia, “that we Romans have not gone to school to you Hellens entirely without profit. We succeed admirably in imitating you now and then. “Look,” continued Julia, giving Hermione an elegant little manuscript, “here is my attempt. This time the song is about the poor Narcissus. You shall read it, Hermione; I do not dare, myself, for when I last read the song of Pyramus and Thisbe, it happened that Ismene, just when tears were filling her eyes at the unhappy lover’s fate, bursts out laughing when I pronounced one of your hard Hellenic words with a Roman accent.”

“Ah, my good Julia, pardon me, but it sounded so funny,” said Ismene, and involuntarily began laughing again at the mere recollection. The contrast had been so ridiculous between the moving poem and Julia’s earnest declamation on one hand, and the incorrectly pronounced word on the other.

“The self-loving Narcissus,” continued Ismene. This time I shall neither laugh nor cry. Neither you nor Ovid, my dear Julia, can with all your art call forth from me a single tear over a fool, who loved himself.

“Do not say so,” said Berenice, “it was a delusion, with which Cupid punished him for his hardness towards the poor Echo. But who can love against his own heart? All unfortunates deserve pity, whether they themselves are the cause of their fate or not. Yes, I believe the former are the unhappier and therefore deserve the greater sympathy.”

“You are right, my good Berenice,—but to weep over Narcissus, that I will never do,” said Ismene, playing with her fan.

“Perhaps,” said Julia, “there also lies in this myth a deeper meaning than the simple portrayal of self love. Do not condemn Narcissus too hastily, Ismene !”

"Maybe he will find in Hermione an eloquent defender," remarked Berenice. "I am very curious to hear your explanation of this fable, Hermione. When you interpret our legends, they become for me not only beautiful but holy."

"Ah, my interpretations are only attempts," answered Hermione, "which are called forth by my conviction that these legends are but the robes around higher truths, in the same way as the statues of our gods portray to our senses the unseen god and his powers. The myth of Cupid and Psyche is not a common love story. It is impossible for me to read this or others, without perceiving truths symbolically expressed. They shine through them, as the pearl glitters from the bottom of a spring, as the soul pervades the body."

"But," said Ismene, "is it not the poets who wrote these pretty things for themselves and others?"

"This is what the Christians say," remarked Julia.

"The Christians!" exclaimed Ismene, again playing with her fan.

"They say this," continued Julia, because they believe that they alone have been blessed with divine revelation. But my Ammianus, who has studied their writings, tells me, that they themselves do not hesitate to use the same symbolical mode of interpretation as we, when they wish to bring the old Jewish songs they have appropriated, into agreement with their doctrine. They see symbols having reference to them in the Hebrews' exodus from Egypt, in a copper serpent the Hebrews raised on a cross in the desert, in the dew drops that fell upon a sheep skin some Hebrew warrior had spread out on the ground for some purpose or other; yes, even in a song a Jewish king wrote to one of his wives. But the difference is this; the Christians' manner of interpretation is much more arbitrary than our philosophers' and Hermione's; and the Jewish tales do not

contain the least symbolical meaning, as ours, but are simply historical accounts."

"But even the Christians' manner of interpretation can be justified," said Hermione, "for I conceive, that the divine truths symbolize themselves in historical events, the same as in the poets' inspiration. You asked just now, Ismene, if it were not the poets who wrote our myths, to amuse themselves and others—"

"Yes, I did, and now will you explain this to me, Hermione?"

"I believe that many of our poets have had a higher object than to amuse, that they composed in the Pythian frenzy, that the myths are older than they, and that they have only given them clearer lines and brighter colors. But even when the poet writes only to please, only with reference to the Beautiful, not to the True, this does not exclude the possibility, that the truth, unconsciously to him, enters into and takes up its abode in the forms he has shaped, as the spark of life entered into the statue of Pygmalion. The poet bears the same relation to his work, as the mother to her child. The mother is the author of the child's being, but it is not she who forms the laws of thought for its soul; she is unconscious of the babe's disposition, knows not the manner of spirit that lives in it. Yes, I believe it is impossible to form anything beautiful, unless there unconditionally conceals itself within it, something true, of which the beautiful is the reflection. The true artist's hand is guided not by himself but by a higher power, and what seems to be a caprice of his fancy, is a law in the divine nature. I was reminded of this yesterday by an account of my father's friend, the mathematician Diophantus—"

"Diophantus, that strange, distraught old man?" interrupted Ismene.

"Yes, he."

“He must be a regular wizard,” said Ismene, “they say he reckons up how the sun, moon and stars should go, and that the very smallest little star cannot hide and revolve in any other way than that bald-pated gray-beard has prescribed for it. He must be a real tyrant for the stars.”

“What did Diophantus recount?” asked Julia and Berenice.

“He related, that he had measured the spiral lines of the volutes upon the capitals of the temple at Ilissus. These volutes were cut by their artist off hand, without any other pattern than his own imagination had shaped. Well, these resemble to perfection the most beautiful of all sea-snails, now found on coasts far away from ours. The same convolution of the curving lines, the same distance between them. Diophantus, who uses his science upon the wonders of both the heavens and the deep, narrated that all snail shells are fashioned according to two different mathematical laws, one of which forms figures more beautiful for the human eye than the other. He said much more on the same subject, which increases its wonder, but which I did not entirely understand, it was so mathematical. But now,” added Hermione, it is time to take up Julia’s translation.

While Hermione read, in an unaffected and attractive manner the myth of Narcissus from Ovid’s metamorphoses, the stranger, who had already passed some time in the library awaiting Chrysanteus’ return, entered the ladies’ court and approached the young women, enticed as it seemed by the magnificent flowers which stood near the fountain, for he stopped before them, seeming to enjoy their fragrance and color.

The beginning of the myth, which Julia had translated and Hermione now read, relates that Narcissus was the son of the river god Cephissus and a dark-haired nymph Liriope, and that the soothsayer Tiresias, when consulted as to his

future, had predicted that he should reach old age only in case he never learned to know *himself*. Narcissus grew up into such a comely youth, that all who saw him were enraptured with his beauty, but he loved only the hunt and roamed every day in the Ionic woods in track of the branching-antlered harts. Among others, who burned for this disdainful hunter, was the nymph Echo. Secretly she glided after him, wherever he went among cliffs and woods, and more and more burned her flame, as the sulphur of the torch

Seizes with irrepressible love the bright flaring fire;

but alas, she never succeeded in telling him what she felt, for an angry god had condemned her to repeat only the last words of what others said. In vain, she used every opportunity this paltry ability offered her. If Narcissus cried to his comrade *come!* she repeated with longing voice the same *Come!*—but to *him*. It was in vain. Meeting only disdain, she crept at last into a grotto among the hills, covered herself with the leaves of trees, and pined away, consumed by her love, so that only her voice, such as it was, remained. Since then, she is seen no more, though heard by all. But revenge awaited Narcissus. He was only sixteen years old when an event happened, which confirmed the prediction of Tiresias. On this hear Ovid!

“ There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stained with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsullied by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleased with the form and coolness of the place,
And overheated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But, whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For as his own bright image he surveyed,

He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmoved,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.*

Narcissus was bewitched with his own image. Neither hunger nor sleep could tear him from the spot. He complains to the woods—

“You trees,” says he, “and thou surrounding grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortured, so perplexed as I?
I, who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
Prevents the beauteous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.

* * * * *

Whene'er I stoop he offers at a kiss
And when my arms I stretch he stretches his.
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something, which I cannot hear.

Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long-perplexed deceit:
It is myself I love, myself I see;
The gay delusion is a part of me.
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom should I court? how utter my complaint!
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And too much plenty makes me die of want.

* * * * *

◦Addison's Translation.

And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh.
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve:
Oh might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign!
But oh! I see his fate involved in mine."

The tears the unhappy one sheds, deface the water, and the image appears wrinkled. He

"Then rends his garments off, and beats his breast:
His naked bosom reddened with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,
Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauty of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun;
So melts the youth and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain."

But Echo, the rejected, yet weeps for him. She repeats mournfully the farewells he bids the image in the fountain.

"Then on the unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian wave itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn,
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crowned."

The descendants of this flower are called to this day Narcissus, in memory of the youth whose death gave them being.

Julia first broke the silence:

"Well, Ismene, it is your turn first to express the thoughts this story has awakened within you."

“My thoughts?” replied Ismene, shaking her curls with a very profound expression. “Yes, do you know, I have had many, very admirable thoughts about this very same poor Narcissus. First of all I am really sorry I called him a fool, for a fool does not die of love—even for himself. In the next place I am sorry for Echo’s mournful fate. She answered the complaints of the dying one, who had rejected her: she answered them certainly in a sadder tone than she received them. She felt no rancor, no bitterness, only love, love to the last moment,—the good, unhappy Echo. But, thirdly, this ought to teach a girl not to waste her affections upon a cold and indifferent object, but save them for some one more appreciative, who will feel it his duty to strive to win her love with sighs and obedience——Echo, is it not true?” cried Ismene towards the aula.

“True!” responded the echo from the aula’s colonnade. Ismene clapped her hands with delight, and then continued.

“In the fourth place all this unhappiness arose from the fact, that Narcissus lived in a deplorable age, which possessed no other mirrors than the fountains. If Narcissus had seen himself every day from the time he first began to toddle, as I have done, he would have gradually accustomed himself to the agreeable and amiable and become a sensible young man. I cannot deny that I like very much to look at myself,” added Ismene, taking a comfortable position on the divan, with both arms above her head, and gazing at the playing fountain.

“Ismene,” said Berenice, “has had no less than four thoughts in respect to Julia’s verses——”

“Yes,” interrupted Ismene, “was not that ever so many?”

“An uncommon quantity,” answered Berenice laughing. “I am especially bound to acknowledge this, since I have not had one clear enough for expression. Ah, I must be very thoughtless and narrow, for when I hear a tale, like

this, I live only upon the surface of it, fasten myself only upon the characters, their exploits and sufferings, and live so much in the play of colors, the actions and the forms, that I cannot perceive the moral in its clearness, though I know that such exists; that it is this, which from within gives life to the characters, spreads blush or pallor over their cheeks, shapes around them the nature in which they appear, and leads them necessarily after its laws. But you are able to do what I cannot, Hermione. Your explanations of our myths have been to me delightful draughts, loved friend, in which I have quaffed deeper reverence for the religion of our fathers."

The blush of modesty mantled Hermione's brow. She answered:

"My interpretations are often perhaps erroneous; it is only the presage of that higher and spiritual presence in tangible forms, of which I have no doubt. If I sometimes hit upon a truth, it is like the hull lying nearest under the shell, from which it is yet far to the kernel. Oh, you should hear my father's lectures in the Academia," continued Hermione with flashing eyes and expanding brow, "You should hear *him*! What is woman in the world of thought, to man! It is possible for her to find with a sudden intuition a truth which he can reach only by severe toil and deep reasoning; but by these labors, and these alone is acquired a domain for knowledge, a proved truth, instead of a true fancy. My thoughts are fancies, nothing more. I am rich in fancies, and your verses, Julia, have called forth a new one.

"Narcissus, so I explain the myth, is the human soul. A river god was Narcissus' father, and a fountain-nymph his mother. Flood and fountain belong to earth, but mirror heaven. So the human soul is born and nursed in Nature's bosom, but is also a reflection of the Divine. The sooth-sayer Tiresias prophesied Narcissus a long and peaceful

life only in case he never learned to know himself. So also, according to one of the holy traditions of the Hebrews, God proclaimed to the newly shaped race of men, that they should lose their paradise, if they tasted the fruit of knowledge and learned to know good from evil. The human soul, so intimates the myth, so teaches philosophy, lived in the beginning the innocent life of instinct; man was exactly like plant and animal, happy as they, surrounded as they with the motherly care of nature, who in an increasing circle bid him to pleasure when he felt the need of this, then to sleep when he had enjoyed himself, and to action when he was rested. The myth alludes to this, when it says that Narcissus grew up beautiful and loved by all the divinities of nature. This was a state of blessedness, the blessedness of the plant. But man was created for something else than this. He bore within himself a power which would sometime make him of age, and remove him from nature's life of innocence,—the peaceful elysium of the lower perfection—from the calm of ignorance and thralldom, to a higher state, full of imperfection, toil and sorrow, in order that in strife with the world and himself he, as a *free and intelligent being*, should make his way back to the state of innocence, which he left as a *dependent thing of nature*, a highly gifted animal. He is destined to obey the moral law, as before he obeyed instinct. He is hunted from the elysium of *natural innocence*, in order that over thorny fields, with bleeding feet, he may reach Heaven, the elysium of *moral innocence*. The myth alludes to this growing, restless power of freedom in the natural man, when it says that Narcissus became a hunter and roved the woods, cold to nature's divinities, who loved him. The myth mentions first the nymph Echo, because nature in relation to the human soul is dependent; it repeats as it were our last words, because it is colored by our humor: seems bright, when we ourselves are happy; sombre when our

own mind is darkened, terrible in its thunder, its storms, its gloomy surroundings, when we fear it; sublime in the same manifestations, when we admire it; uncertain and mysterious, when we have not learned to understand it; regular and comprehensible, when we teach ourselves its laws. Narcissus' thirst,—that is the human soul's longing after knowledge and light. Narcissus bent over the fountain,—that is man, the world of idea suddenly revealed to him. The fountain, which no flocks, no herds, no falling bough disturbed, is wisdom. The image is ideal perfection, in its divine, imperishable beauty, revealed to the gaze of the dying one. It bears his own features, for the divine cannot be presented to our senses otherwise than as human—because the divine dwells in the human, is indeed the inner man, which through strife and struggle shall be developed. The soul sees itself, gazes and is seized with eternal pain and eternal joy, for it discovers how high is its destiny, how perfect it might be and ought to be. Ideal perfection is so near, yet so unattainable; one meets the cold billows of reality, when he seeks to embrace and kiss it. He finds it not, until the heavenly longing has consumed everything earthly in his being. Then he possesses it—with God. He is gone—to Him—and the dryads who meet to weep over the dead, find him not, but a flower,—emblem of his innocence regained.”

Hermione's voice was flexible and melodious, the impression it produced was heightened by the perfect harmony of quiet and warmth, so rare, but so delightful. The storming multitude of thoughts; fancy's increasing power, the heart's quickened throbbings had not hastened the flow of words;—they issued forth, like a golden chain, link by link, before the listening friends. The philosopher's daughter was transported at that moment; earnestness rested on her brow, the soul's transport lit a higher, more spiritual gleam in her thoughtful eyes, and shed a purple, like the sun-set's

glow on an ice-field, over the rounded, but pale cheeks ; her mouth smiled, her gestures were calm as her words, the noblest modesty mingled with the unconscious worth and dignity in her majestic figure, of which the antique robe she wore, was a chaste, harmonious echo.

When she ceased, all was silent in the court. Alcmene had departed, the birds had ceased to sing, only the fountain purled as before. But the silence was broken by an unknown voice. The stranger in the coarse philosopher's mantle stood before the young women.

CHAPTER X.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S HOME.

(Continued.)

THEY saw his aged, furrowed face, and heard him say :

“Pardon my boldness, young women, and you Hermione, by whose words I recognize the philosopher's daughter. I am a stranger ; I have been awaiting your father in the aula, but was so attracted by the coolness of the fountain and the beautiful flowers, that I have dared to intrude here—”

“You are welcome, philosopher,” said Hermione, gracefully and heartily.

“My boldness was increased,” the old man continued, “when I saw that here the jealous gate was removed, which, not long ago, everywhere separated the women's court from the men's. The intercourse between the strong and the fair ought to be freer, heartier, more nearly equal, as far as I can judge from my own experience,—and encouraged by this I now venture the bolder step of telling you that I

have listened to your conversation, and would gladly join in it."

"You will only meet our wishes. Athens' women still reverence the philosopher's mantle. Take a place in our circle!"

"Old men are garrulous. Have patience with them. It comes with age," continued the stranger, jesting. "But now, without a long preface, to the subject. I will speak of Narcissus,—even I. Hermione's interpretation of the myth about him has astonished me. I have read the fable a hundred times without the slightest idea of such a meaning. But this same interpretation has now inspired me with one similar; which, to tell the truth, astonishes me still more. Tell me, Hermione, was not the river god Cephissus the poor youth's father?"

"Yes."

"The river, which springs from his urn—I mean Cephissus itself—where does it flow?"

"Here by Athens—"

"My father has a villa near Cephissus," exclaimed Ismene. "You are welcome out there, my philosopher."

"Thank you. But to continue. You admit then, Hermione, that Narcissus can, in a certain sense, be called an Athenian?"

"I admit it willingly."

"When the myth gives his birth-place with such certainty, there may perhaps lie in this an intimation that we should not regard him as the symbol of anything too widely extended and universal. It is at least worth while to endeavor to give him a narrower import. You, Hermione, consider him, as *man in general*, the representative of our race; I, however, consider him simply an Athenian. The first was perhaps too much; the last is certainly too little. Let us take a middle course and consider him Greece! We have authority for this, since Athens has always been the heart of Greece."

“Accepted!” said Hermione, smiling and very curious.
“Narcissus represents Greece!”

“Good. Greece, like Narcissus, is Nature’s beloved child—”

“At least it was so once—”

“Exactly! Let us proceed now, since we agree perfectly. Narcissus is the Grecian spirit, the Grecian view of life and the world.”

“Echo is, as you yourself explained, Nature, and had fallen into ill-favor with a divine power, and been deprived of the full capacity of speech. This means that nature is fallen, corrupted, robbed of its primitive, Elysian beauty—for beauty is nature’s tongue, with which she speaks to the eye of man. Echo’s lover does not allow her to bind him with any chains; is callous towards her, cares not for her sighs, tears or wrath. So the Grecian spirit raised itself with victorious power from the thralldom in which nature held the rest of mankind imprisoned,—those Phœnicians, who offered their children to the angry powers of nature, those Egyptians, who worshipped crocodiles, cats, oxen and dogs, those Persians, who still kneel to fire. Have you yet nothing to observe against my interpretation, Hermione, you nor any of your friends?”

“Proceed,” bade Hermione, “We will afterwards make our observations.”

“Well, Narcissus was sixteen years old when he melted away at the fountain. Does not the myth say so, young poetess,” asked the old man of Ammianus Marcellinus spouse.

Julia assented.

“Suppose, that these sixteen years mean sixteen centuries, and let us see how this agrees!—Yes, indeed, it agrees wonderfully well, for about so long is it since the Trojan war. The period of the Trojan war can with reason be called that in which Greece was born, the Greeks gathered

themselves together into a people, and the Grecian spirit assumed its peculiar stamp. Is it not so?"

"Your inferences are very acute," said Hermione; regarding the old man with increased attention.

"The blind and yet far-seeing Tiresias," continued the stranger in the philosopher's mantle, "had predicted that Narcissus would become unhappy and die, if he learned to know himself. Do you remember, young woman, what stood, and perhaps still stands, written over the entrance to the temple of the Delphic Apollo? It was KNOW THYSELF!"

"The inscription is still there," said Hermione.

"And that inscription," exclaimed the old man, "was thus THE DEATH DOOM OF GREECE!"

"The conclusion from your premises is correct," said Hermione, as a slight shudder ran through her.

Julia, Berenice, even Ismene did not escape the impression of the stranger's last words. They looked at him with amazement, and Berenice said hesitatingly:

"I pray you explain your assertion, for I do not understand it."

"According to my ability I will comply with your request. The Greeks in their palmy days were a nation of happy, loving children, who, without being disturbed by any doubt, gave themselves up to that imaginative belief which lent life and personality to every thing in nature;—for them the mountains were rigid Titans, the ocean waves blue-veiled maids, the dark woods the abode of Pan and flute-blowing satyrs; every fountain had its naiad, every tree its dryad, every grotto was a nymph's dwelling-place; the flower on the turf, the bird in the wood, the star in Heaven had its story, which they whispering told, and their fate was a human fate, with which the heart must sympathize. But while these happy, joyous children,—children who conquered at Marathon and Salamis,—played in their beautiful

world and thought it eternal, an unknown hand had long since written its doom in the Delphic words '*Know thyself!*' as on the forehead of the new born babe stands in unseen letters the law: thou shalt die! This glad play had lasted long, when suddenly was heard in the streets of Athens a voice repeating this, '*Know thyself!*' The Delphic bidding had taken on manhood and was called Socrates. Philosophy—not that of the playful child, speculating whether the world arose from fire or fog—but a philosophy wholly manly and serious, cried to the listening children. 'Be not deceived by thy imagination! Learn to know thyself! Test the laws of thy thought. Thou thyself art the measure of the world. Only that, which agrees with these laws,—only the reasonable is real!' Where were they now, the naiads, who held their urns over the valley; the dryads, who strewed it with flowers? They vanished, and the flowers and stars grew silent, the mountain became a mountain, the Ocean's waves troubled water, nothing more. And further; what had been worshipped as right was found to be wrong; custom's holy band became foolishness, a rusty, intolerable chain; the diamond writing of the outward law was blotted out, for the individual had found the law in himself, and very Olympus tumbled down, burying in its ruins the useless gods—useless, because reason had found them ridiculous, profane, unreal. All was gone, save man and the fountain of philosophy, in which he mirrored himself. Like Narcissus, Greece bent over the fountain, regarding her humanity,—but happy? No! Unhappy, weeping, in despair! She tarries there yet, striking her breast, embracing the cold waves, looking *down, down, ever down*, while around her blossoms another nature, above her opens another, eternal, glorious Olympus, and she hears not the voice from Heaven, exhorting her; '*Look up, up!*' From the image to the real! You love the beautiful, perfect man. Well,

here am I—I myself, not my image! You significantly chiseled your gods to the likeness of man. I have done more; I, the Eternal, have descended to the earth in human form. What you presaged and longed for is now fulfilled. Come to my bosom! I am the true God and the true man. I am the Creator of the world, the Everlasting, the Inscrutable, and behold—I am also thy brother, thy loving brother; in my eternal bosom I have borne a mortal sorrowing heart, which measured with its throbs the strokes of time—and this to make thee trust in thy God, at home in His bosom, as the child in its father's. Come, my loved and first born! Fear not! Thy sins are washed out in my blood. I am not a terrible Fate. I am thy Father, Brother, and Savior!"

The unknown philosopher had stood up while speaking these words with a fiery transport; his figure, at other times bowed with years, grew erect, and his voice, unconsciously to himself, became strong and resonant, as if he had been accustomed to address thousands.

"But no," he continued in a sorrowful tone, "Narcissus is deaf to the heavenly voice; he is enchanted by a deceitful image, he is captivated by a lie. Woe to the hard heart, who will not listen to a supplicating God! Soon his last hour is come and his doom sealed. The fable says that, carried to realms beneath the earth he still mirrors himself in the Stygian wave. The fable tells the truth. His punishment is eternal anguish, eternal fires of hell! Woe, woe to the unhappy one!"

The unknown man had scarcely uttered this terrible warning when, wrapping his mantle around him, he left the amazed women, passed through the aula and departed from the house of Chrysanteus. At the same moment that he went through the passage connecting the aula with the ladies' court, two men clad in glittering uniform entered the latter, and, approaching the group at the fountain,

added themselves to it and gave a new turn to the stifled conversation.

One of these visitors was Julia's husband, Ammianus Marcellinus, tribune of the guard; the other was proconsul of Achaia, Annæus Domitius.

* * * * *

At dusk, the circle gathered around Hermione dissolved itself. Hermione was now alone in her little cabinet. She was awaiting her father's return. Hour after hour flew by. The stars of Heaven, as they stole along, looked down through the curtained door of the balcony upon the girl lost in sorrowful reverie. There is a state of feeling which leaves no room for distinct thoughts, but in which the soul feels itself the more complete, because this state is caused by its collected impressions. In this Hermione was long sunk. The human soul is a never-resting artist; hours like these are its music,—when it produces clear forms, it plies the chisel or pencil. Out of Hermione's undefined dreams there arose at last the recollection of an event which had left upon her the deepest impression of anything that had happened for many a day,—the visit to the Delphic temple on that stormy night. The broken door to the sanctuary and the papers scattered about the floor had borne witness, that all the revelations she had that night were not of a prophetic nature, nor the children of fancy. Hermione looked up to the stars and coupled the thought of their clearness and constancy, of the calm majesty of heaven, with that of the changing, unhappy, enigmatical shadow life in the valleys of earth. She thought further upon the brilliant, but mysterious pictures, ecstasy had unrolled to her inner eye. It was Philip's image, her other self, she had seen floating on the river, the river of Time, that carried him with resistless speed, with necessity's irresistible current, to the realms of eternity. As she saw him then, she had seen him in her dream, such she saw him in her mother's

face, which, preserved by the pencil, adorned the room where she now gave herself up to her thoughts. Philip had hastened before his father and sister to find his mother—this was the explanation Chrysanteus had found for the vision.

The answer to the other question, which Chrysanteus, or rather his daughter, had laid before the oracle, concealed itself under the folds of a purple mantle lying upon the ground. If this vision had not been broken off by the strange revelation from the world of reality, for which the temple door was beaten in, a gust of wind sweeping over the sun-burnt desert might perhaps have blown away the mantle and shown the face of the slain, who lay beneath it, or Hermione herself, with trembling hand, might have lifted a corner to behold the unknown features of Constantius or at worst, the well-known face of the loved Julian. As it was, the revelation was little less enigmatical than the future it would portray. But the hot sand of the desert, the horsemen hurrying away in the distance, with their high caps and bows slung over their shoulders? These riders, Chrysanteus had said, resembled none other than Persian warriors. The desert could perhaps be found in the ravaged boundaries between the Roman Empire and the newly-reestablished kingdom of Xerxes. Constantius was just setting out on a campaign against the Persians, when the news of Julian's revolt called him back to save his throne. Must not then this vision, which portended death and defeat, refer rather to Constantius? Chrysanteus and Hermione thought so; for they hoped it.

On the import of the visions she had conjured up from the depths of her soul's unconsciousness, they had conversed both on their way home from the temple, and often since. Chrysanteus listened to Hermione's account with seriousness and anxiety. It was not superstition, but his logical mode of thinking, which produced this. It may

seem wonderful to us, sons of fathers who gave the air-pump, electrical machine and chemical furnace place among the constellations of heaven. We so fear superstition that we are filled with prejudice against everything which lies beyond the bounds of every day experience; and we should call the clearest philosophy mystical, if she seriously led us into the world above the senses, and shut the door after her. In general we content ourselves with a few maxims, serviceable, it is true, in saving us from sliding back into the soul's darkness, but unfit to carry us forward on the path of light. We think we have done enough for our independence, when we do not sell our souls to the faith proffered us in childhood. But it is the independence of the pendulum, swinging between two extremes,—between Voltaire and Cagliostro. We are far from resembling those heathen philosophers, who exercised their thoughts as an athlete his limbs, trusted to reason as he to his muscles, and with firm foot, power-swelling arms and cestus-clenching hands, stood ready to conquer or fall for the independence of the human soul and reason's right. If they found in this independence no peace for their religious feelings, if a pitying hand then extended them a prisoner's chains for shield, they cast them back, preferring to fight with free limbs and die heroes. If on the other hand they found such a peace within themselves, if their thoughts had given them the key to Heaven, they entered in like children, enjoyed the magnificence of the bright hall, spoke with spirits in the spirit-tongue, never asking if the world without understood them or not, or took their converse with the unseen as a deceitful play with empty shadows.

In the visions Hermione had in the Delphic temple, the figure of Charmides had mingled itself. Hermione did not wonder at this, for she thought often of this youth, against her will. Love for him, or rather for *that* Charmides who was no more,—the uncorrupted youth striving after virtue

and wisdom,—still lay in her heart. She had not yet been able to stifle this; at times she did not even wish to. The scion of an opulent family, related to Chrysanteus, Charmides had in childhood lost both father and mother, and had been reared in Chrysanteus' house. Hermione and he had grown up together. Chrysanteus greeted this tender relative as his son,—for he had lost his own,—transferred to him a father's entire tenderness, and attached the greatest hopes to this child, so richly gifted by nature with beauty and lively intelligence. To these Greeks it was a paradox, if a beautiful physique did not enshrine rich talents that education would properly develope. They would not separate beauty and truth; would hear of no gulf between soul and nature. Plato, their first thinker, was a man of ideal beauty; Sophocles, their greatest tragedian, as well. Their philosophers preferred to gather about them beautiful youths and were seldom deceived in their choice. Socrates, though outwardly ugly, cherished this opinion and admitted with reference to his satyr nose, that nature had sown the seeds of many vices in his soul. But he added that philosophy had ennobled him. And here was the strong side of this view. The Greeks gave the soul sovereign power over nature; they saw, that the beautiful could be rendered ugly by vice, the ugly beautified by virtue. For Socrates' disciples, who loved him to ecstasy, the satyr nose disappeared while he spoke of virtue; and they ended by finding him beautiful,—something divine so often shone through his features.

Hermione was a Greek, and every object which surrounded her, even the air she breathed, had from childhood increased her inborn love for the Beautiful in all its revelations. In vain preached not only the Christians, but many Grecian philosophers, of nature's corruption and the mortification of the flesh; she listened, it is true, to these teachings, felt the ideal world that Chrysanteus opened to her

to be the only perfect, the only one worth striving for, but to regard the other as only sinful and despicable,—that she could not. She loved the stars and skies, the hills, woods and fountains of earth, its flowers and its birds; she was charmed by the forms of art, and every child's clear eye was to her a clear contradiction of the assumption that the human soul was a child of wrath and from the beginning totally depraved. A further proof she needed not, though she possessed many such in the wise, whose lives had been a continued advance in virtue; in the loving, who suffered to make others happy; in heroes who offered up themselves for what they considered beautiful and true. In all this she saw the divine revealing itself in the visible. She beheld this divinity in every noble form, heard it in every harmonious voice. The mirror had taught her that she herself possessed a captivating exterior. Why should she hide it from herself or others? She could not even if she would. She was glad and thankful for this good gift from God and nature, and its possession was to her an incentive to become worthy of it by ennobling her soul.

To misuse this beauty, to cut off her rich locks or hide her figure in an unbecoming dress, as did many Christian fanatics, would have been to her a deed of blasphemy and irreligion. And from that hour—never to be forgotten—when love suddenly became a consciousness in her bosom, when the two playmates, foster brother and sister, without blushing, without embarrassment, following the mandate of their innocent hearts, revealed their modest flame, and gave each other that calm, indescribable bliss, which lies in the interchange of first love,—from that hour Hermione regarded herself as no longer the sole owner of her charms; they were treasures she preserved for their rightful master, the noble and virtuous youth, to whom she had given her heart.

In the first days, the first year of this love, how often

they expressed their joy at the gift of beauty, each found in the other! Of their soul's sympathy, of mutual respect.—that cold word, that stiff Sunday suit, in which man approaches woman and woman man, to compliment and take possession of each other—of such they never spoke. Sympathy, respect they possessed, but they did not need them as a cloak for the feelings their beauty called forth, since in them they found nothing to blush for. And how could Hermione entertain such a thought, she, who never heard a melodious word, without longing to see that word crystalized into an independent being among beautiful forms; she to whom even the dry syllogisms of logic appeared as winged cherubs playing with chains of flowers; and who never heard the word *Idea*, without thinking of a heavenly, radiant virgin!

Charmides had been doubly dear to her by her love, and the hopes her father attached to his person. As she tended her flowers, watched, watered them, moved them from sunshine to shadow, from shadow to sunshine, so Chrysanteus had endeavored to remove all hindrances to the development of a nature, which already in its germ gave good promise. He had exercised his ward's thoughts and limbs, had endeavored to incite him by lofty examples, had sought to steel his soul against future suffering, as against future temptation, but to make it tender and sensitive to all good impressions, and open as a trumpet for the divine voice within him;—with Charmides he had connected the thought of the future of the Platonic doctrine, in him hoped for a successor upon the teacher's chair of the Academy, a new champion, when he was gone, for the religion of the beautiful and the freedom of reason.

Charmides at first had answered these expectations. When he had attained his majority, he plighted his troth to Hermione, and with Chrysanteus' consent, set out on a journey through Syria, Egypt and Italy. On returning to

Athens, he appeared entirely changed in disposition and feelings. Towards Hermione he was strange and capricious, now sad and mysterious, now bursting into protestations of love, which terrified her, because they bore the stamp of something wild and unnatural; now, and this oftenest, he conducted himself towards her with a kind of gallantry, which the beauties of Naples might perhaps have considered charming, but which mortified and wounded Hermione. Busy rumor brought to her ear one amour after the other in which Charmides had played the hero. At first she did not believe them; but he himself did everything to dispel the delusion, with which she still strove to cling to her dream of pure love and earthly joy, her faith in Charmides' noble nature and high destiny. Chrysanteus employed in vain his knowledge of men and an eloquence inspired by tenderness, to bring back his foster-son and former pupil to the way he had forsaken. Intercourse between them grew colder and colder. Hermione saw her father's grief and felt her own doubly poignant. The Christians pointed to Charmides as a proof of the heathen philosopher's ability to educate men. He surrounded himself with the most dissolute youths of Athens, and was the object of the admiration or calculations of his guilty companions and the Athenian courtesans, but of the contempt of all others. The last time he showed himself at Chrysanteus' house, the latter was absent. He found Hermione alone. She reproached him with tears for all the anguish he had caused her father and herself. He answered with a jest, and left her. Shortly after, he entered upon a new amour, more notorious than his former ones, for the other person in the intrigue was the beautiful Eusebia, wife of Annæus Domitius. Annæus took the affair with such imperturbable composure, that it really supported the friendly interpretation of the Christians, who resolved the matter into an attempt at conversion, which Eusebia had

made in her anxiety for the young man's salvation. But when the story, in a less reputable form, reached Hermione, she returned to Charmides her betrothal ring, deadly wounded in her affections.

To love more than once appeared to Hermione an impossibility. Even now, when she would forget Charmides, she was convinced that the heart's instinct and first love could never deceive. She gave him up as lost for this life, but not forever. She believed in a future state, where two souls, one in the beginning when they rested in the bosom of God's thought, would again unite, after they had been purified from the imperfections and delusions which on earth had driven them from each other. This belief, imbibed from Plato's writings, and embraced, perhaps by every person once in his life, gave her comfort, mixed with sorrow, when she listened to her natural longing to be joined to the man she loved, and perpetuate that divine spark of life which she herself had received through the love of a man and woman.

Beautiful and lovely as she was, and heiress to an uncommonly large estate, Hermione had many suitors; but had rejected the offers of marriage the bolder among them dared to advance. She reconciled herself with the thought of living unmarried. Like the fabled arrow, which healed the wound it gave, love alone can heal the wounds of love. Hermione had much to love. She loved nature and philosophy; she loved to diffuse happiness to all around her, she loved above all her father, whose strivings and lonely position as champion of a sinking culture and a down-trodden religion, she supported and shared. Bathing in the fresh waves of this love, her soul retained its clearness, power and health; it was in harmony with itself, though its chords sounded mournfully.

* * * * *

Just before dusk Clemens was sent by bishop Peter to

Simon the pillar-saint, with a loaf and a flask of wine. The flask was the same that Peter had so carefully filled in his study the night before. The following night, Simon did not sing his evening psalm.

Chrysanteus did not return till midnight. He had then witnessed how the War God's temple was taken possession of by the Christian priesthood. Peter had thought it well to defer this until an hour when he need not fear a crowd nor unnecessary attention. A detachment of soldiers, commanded by the tribune Pylades, had accompanied the priests and stationed themselves before the temple. A civil officer read from the steps the imperial edict which gave the temple to the Christians; a few belated wayfarers, whose route accidentally led them across the market and who had stopped, astonished at the strange spectacle, were made to represent the Athenian people, to whom the edict was directed. The reading closed as usual, with the command to shout; "Live the emperor!" The soldiers chimed in from a sense of duty, the priests heartily, and the accidental representatives of the Athenian people by compulsion, an old, slavish custom. An aged citizen, whose mouth was silent, but whose heart perhaps cried: "Live Julian!" was cut down by a fanatical soldier. The old man was on his way to procure medicine for a daughter taken suddenly ill. He succeeded, before he died, in intrusting not only his errand, but his starving family to Chrysanteus, who hastened to provide help. After this the edict was nailed up on the temple door, the War God's statue and altar were overturned and cast out, the paintings cut in pieces, the temple's treasure confiscated, the archives with their annual chronicles burned up, and the holy cross, the symbol of peace and reconciliation, planted before the entrance in the pool of blood beside the murdered man.

This took place by the light of lamps and torches, set in the porticoes and around the market statues. Up on the

Acropolis the giant image of the Goddess of Wisdom outlined itself against the starry sky of midnight. Perhaps at that moment its bronze bosom heaved.

CHAPTER XI.

RACHEL.

ATHENS with its bustling port, Piræus, had attracted a considerable number of those nomads of civilization, those Bedouins of traffic, who call themselves the children of Israel. They had long ago lost their little native land, and already succeeded in all peace and quietness in winning their greater, called by astronomers Tellus, by common people the world. Among the Hebrews in Athens was one Baruk, a very respectable man, for he walked blameless after the manner of his fathers, was compassionate towards the poor of his people, and also not unfrequently towards *Gojim's* needy children, and above all, he was rich, very rich. He owned ships whose masts were of the cedars of Lebanon, whose oars were of oak from Bashan or the country round about; and to follow the prophet Ezekiel in every particular, he would willingly have given them sails of Egyptian linen and awnings, dyed with purple from the isles of Elisha, had he not found this to be altogether too expensive a piece of extravagance. With these ships he imported Indian and Egyptian muslins, the delight of the Athenian courtesans, incense from Sheba and Rema, colored woollen cloths and grain from Syria, tin and lead from Africa, slaves not only from Tubal and Mesheck, but from all quarters of the world. These wares he exchanged for others, which he exported in the same vessels: olives, figs, wax, horses, arms, books and works of art. Baruk knew

to a dot, what a Plato or Homer in manuscript was worth, though he had never read either; he could with the glance of a connoisseur estimate the worth in money, of statues and paintings, with which he would have regarded it a deadly sin to adorn his house. Statues of saints and gods, crosses and amulets rolled through his hands; but he washed them with scrupulous care after touching such things, read his prayers and smiled complacently at the innocent grains of gold, the unholy stream had left between his fingers.

He drove also a brisk business in money, and lent willingly, against good security and at a per cent. not especially inhuman, to the giddy sons of Javan, those accursedly handsome and shamefully joyous Athenian youths, destined irredeemably to the Gehinom of destruction, who with such impudent glances followed his daughter, the dark-haired Rachel, when she, between father and mother, modestly walked to the synagogue.

“Rachel, do not raise your veil so!” old Esther would often say on such occasions.

“Dear mother,” Rachel would reply, “this veil will smother me, I can hardly breathe!”

“I will make an air hole in it with the first knife I get hold of,” said old Baruk. “It is of stuff from Damascus, and worth, between us, fifty pieces of gold, but a hole I will make, nevertheless, I promise you.”

Rachel had not yet completed her seventeenth year. She was a pretty girl with swelling form, black locks, well formed nose, a trifle large perhaps, and the most brilliant eyes that were ever lit beneath an Oriental sun. There was scarce a youth of Abraham’s race in all Athens, Piræus included, who did not burn for Rachel and the estimable inheritance, which would some day fall to her. But every one was not worthy the rich Baruk’s pretty daughter. Baruk knew this as well as Esther. When he on this account betrothed his daughter, it was to no less a

person than the rabbi Jonas, the pride of the Athenian synagogue, a man still young, but very learned, who not only knew the books of the law by heart, but had also studied Grecian philosophy, and had written long commentaries well larded with cabalistic speculations on the deep works of his countryman, Philo.

The parents had not given themselves the trouble to consult their daughter's taste. This was not the custom among their people, and for that matter Rachel could not be otherwise than exceedingly well pleased with a man of so extraordinary learning, so great eloquence in the synagogue, and furthermore of so respectable a family as the rabbi Jonas.

They little thought, that Rachel's heart was already bound up in another—and he—Oh, horrors!—was one of Javin's uncircumcised sons, who had not a drop of Abraham's blood in his veins, and could not read a letter in the holy rolls!

It is the evening following that on which the unknown philosopher visited Chrysanteus' house.

The day is the Hebrew Sabbath. Baruk and Esther have repaired to the synagogue. Rachel has found some reason for being allowed to remain at home. She thus denies herself the enjoyment and edification of hearing the thoughtful Jonas explain the prophet Daniel. She neglects the opportunity of seeing the person of her betrothed, at the very moment when it is comely; when standing before the altar his dark, melancholy eyes light up, his brow wrinkled by study becomes clear, and his bent figure erects itself, as the choir sings: "*How beautiful are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy dwellings O Israel!*" and as the assembled congregation cry: "*Hear, O Israel. The Lord our God is the only God.*" Then the spirit of his fathers and the recollection of their achievements stream through him; then in fancy he builds up the destroyed temple of Jerusa-

lem and gathers together his people, every one under his own vine and fig tree. Then his glances forget themselves, and hasten up to the women's gallery, that they may image behind one of the veils there the face of the girl he loves, the daughter of Baruk.

Rabbi Jonas has a fine, pale face, which yet in Rachel's eye is ugly. He has a beard, like the mane on a Cappadocian horse, long, black and shiny, that Rachel thinks disgusting. He sits often with Baruk and discourses such profound things about the Attic Moses* and the true Moses, the Platonic Philo and the Philonic Plato, that Baruk strokes his gray beard and his caftan in sheer amazement; but Rachel yawns at this talk and deems it unendurable. He is timid in his sweetheart's presence—and like a bashful lover, is confused by her beaming eyes. Rachel therefore thinks him a booby. For alas! Rachel has a manly ideal, in comparison with whom all other men seem to her but as abortive attempts of our Lord to shape something passable in the masculine gender. How ugly the name Jonas sounds in her ear, how comely Charmides! Jonas has never anointed his limbs with oil, never tumbled in the Palæstrian sands, never sat upon a horse's back, therefore his own back is crooked, his step heavy, his motions in the stiff caftan without grace. And Charmides! He bears unseen wings of Hermes on his feet; his elastic limbs, enveloped in the white tunic and the Tyrian mantle, seem to lift him from the earth. Jonas' bashful, sorrowful look,—what is that, even if it looked into eternity, to a single glance of Charmides,—one of those bold, commanding glances, that at once frightens a spirited girl and enchants her? Rachel has heard from her father that Charmides is a prodigal; she has seen him many times not only on the way to the synagogue but at her father's house, whither he had come to borrow money. Rachel is charmed

* Plato.

with his prodigality, which makes him a thousand times more lovable in her eyes. She is accustomed to see every little coin turned twice over, hears Sirach's maxim on economy repeated to satiety every day. Charmides who, smiling, strews about him this metal, which others dig up with their fingers out of the mud—what can this Charmides be, but an uncommon, superhuman being? And as to learning, for which Baruk and Esther so unboundedly reverence Rabbi Jonas, Charmides is immensely more learned! Charmides himself, with noble candor has assured her of this! Should she not then believe it? And although he is so inconceivably learned, he is also joyous, speaks perfectly comprehensible charming things, and sings to the lyre the most playful songs.

Should Rachel at some moments forget Charmides, there is in Baruk's house an old maid-servant, who willingly reads back her thoughts to him. She also, the servant, has her reasons for admiring Charmides' prodigality. Of the gold he scatters, some has fallen even into her hand, and in gratitude for this she has undertaken to be messenger and informer between him and Rachel.

It is a wink from her which has persuaded Rachel to stay at home this evening. Rachel has ascended to the balcony of her father's house. This is her chosen spot on such beautiful evenings. It commands an extended view over the eastern and northern quarters of the city. To the west, on the contrary, the roofs and walls of adjacent houses meet the eye, but between these peep out bits of the steep street, leading from Scambonidæ down to Ceramicus. It is this street one takes to and from the synagogue. Such a watchful sentinel as Baruk's old maid servant can thus see the estimable pair as they approach, and give notice to her young mistress in time.

The house has two entrances. The principal one, which faces the street, is furnished with an iron bossed door, that

Baruk circumspectly closes every time he goes out. The other is a little door in the rear of the house. This can only be opened from within, and leads out to a sloping, grass-grown place, strewn with flat stones, which forms the highest point of the Scambonidian hill. This door has been opened by the servant; a stair-way leads thence up to the balcony.

Rachel leans against the railing and looks out over the town. The heavens are clear, and fresh breezes blow from the sea. Rachel is uneasy; her heart beats almost as violently as when she awaited the first secret meeting with Charmides. Since then she has met him often, in this very place on moonlit nights, after parents and the few house-servants had gone to rest; and through custom, together with the conviction of the innocence of such interviews, every fear, every scruple has vanished. Charmides had come to refresh her with sport and jest, when weary of the sameness of home and the confined life she was compelled to lead; he had tuned her cithara and taught her to call forth little melodies from it; he had spoken of the glad, chequered life down in the city, where she could never wend her way without father Baruk on one side and mother Esther on the other; he had imitated rabbi Jonas' gait, gestures and manner of speaking so perfectly, that Rachel was ready to choke with laughter; he had wound her long dark locks round his fingers and called them the most beautiful rings, more precious than gold set with diamonds. He had further assured her,—what seemed to Rachel at first entirely incredible,—that he could not live, if he did not see and speak with her now and then. She must nevertheless believe his assurance, for he was so wonderfully wise, had cast such penetrating glances into nature, and knew best himself the secret conditions of his existence. But now Rachel herself felt something like this, for latterly she was never entirely happy except in his company under the influence of his eyes.

The fear, which now caused Rachel's heart to beat with such restless throbs, was one, that spread itself with the air over the thousand houses and temples lying between the hills, Scambonidæ, Museion, Acropolis, and Colyttus. Baruk had evidently been troubled in mind during the whole day. At noon he had sent away the servants on some pretext and carried his more valuable property, gold, silver, money and important papers down into a secret vault under the cellar. He had tried to give a quieting answer to the girl's questions about the cause for this circumspection. But from her mother and the servants, Rachel had learned that during the past night occurrences had taken place which created fears of a tumultuous outbreak in the city.

As Rachel now stood, leaning against the railing of the balcony, and looking out over the city illumined by the setting sun or resting in the lengthening shadows, thrown by the hills, she longed for Charmides, and almost feared he would not come. It seemed to her as if Charmides must have left the city, since it was no longer the gay, lively Athens, but quivered with frightened forebodings. She felt that his presence, the sight of his cheery face, on whose brow she never detected a shadow, was the only thing that could drive away her melancholy.

How glad she was, when suddenly upon the top of Scambonidæ, appeared a figure that was his! He looked up at the balcony and beckoned to Rachel. In the back door stood the old servant maid who signaled him that the coast was clear. Soon his elastic step was heard on the stairs. Rachel turned; he stood before her, happy and smiling, and extending her a bouquet of the choicest flowers. Not a trace of care could be discerned in his being. He had just come from the bath, and seemed radiant with health and youth. Rachel had never seen him handsomer.

“You have come then at last!” she exclaimed, and felt ready to cast herself with sisterly affection into his arms.

“I never neglect a single one of those rare moments, when I can meet Rachel,” answered Charmides. “Wisdom and Rachel are my goddesses. I offer to the former the hours the latter cannot grant me. Are your parents at the synagogue, my child?”

“Yes,” replied Rachel, gazing enchanted at the beautiful flowers Charmides had given her.

“The synagogue is a most excellent arrangement. I like people who worship their God. But I may with reason remark, that your service is altogether too short. It ought to extend through the whole night. When do your parents come home?”

“Alas, they will not tarry long this evening.”

“Let us employ the moments then for *our* divine service,” said Charmides, taking the girl’s hand and with gentle force inducing her to take a seat on the sofa by his side. “My hours of devotion are those when I gaze into thine eyes.”

“Fie! you talk like a heathen, which you are, it is true. But tell me, Charmides, you are also a philosopher?”

“What a question!” said Charmides laughing. “Of course I am a philosopher, and one of the very noblest as well.”

“Yes, you are very learned,—I know that,—but are you also very virtuous?”

“Certainly, learning and virtue are twins, which are never separated.”

“I am so glad to hear this, for yesterday Jonas said to my father, that certain virtuous heathen, such as——”

“Charmides?”

“No, he did not say that, but such as—as—Plato, I believe his name is—could certainly be counted among the chosen people, although they had never eaten the pass-over.”

"In this the gay Jonas was right, my Rachel."

"Oh, how glad I was, for I thought instantly, then Charmides should also be counted among my people, and he is no longer a stranger to a daughter of Israel."

"Just hear! You philosophize excellently, even you. It would be a queer kind of a god, who liked only the caftan-clad, long-bearded, hook-nosed brokers, calling themselves Jews. He would have a very different taste from you."

Rachel blushed. Charmides took the bouquet and fastened it on her bosom.

"See," continued he, pointing to the sun, already half sunk beneath the sea, "the same sun for our eyes, the same desire for bliss in our hearts, how then can we call one another strangers?"

"The same heaven, and up there above the stars the same God," said Rachel, with a deep look at Charmides. "That evening, when I gave you the little ring which—which you do not wear on your finger—Charmides, where do you keep the ring?"

"Here, on my heart," answered Charmides, drawing it from his bosom.

"Ah, pardon me! I wished to convince myself that you had preserved it," continued the girl, her face beaming with joy. "But I was about to tell you, that the same evening I dreamed that we should be together forever. My parents embraced you and called you son. Jonas also was present. He was not a bit jealous; he only talked and talked with you about that Plato and other strange things. And you knew how to answer him upon everything. It was quite evident you were more learned than he."

"Your dream will prove true. A time will come, when we shall always be together."

"Do you really believe it?"

"Does it not depend upon ourselves? Look on the sea,

Rachel. It glitters all purple, and gold bordered clouds mirror themselves there. Do you not long to float over its surface, borne by a ship a thousand times more beautiful than any of your father's? I shall carry you to an island I have discovered away there in the west, far, far beyond the horizon. They call it the isle of the blest. It is a waif of that Paradise which sank in the sea. There will we live, you and I."

"Oh, what do you say?" exclaimed Rachel, whose childish ignorance of the world gave Charmides' fancy opportunity to disport itself in the most extravagant manner. "But," she added thoughtfully, "I cannot leave my father and mother behind here in Athens."

"They shall accompany us, Rachel. On the isle of the blest are immeasurable stores of that yellow metal,—your father's joy. He shall go with us, gather a ship load of gold, and return as the richest mortal upon earth, to rebuild your temple. What do you say to this?"

"Oh, it is splendid! I must tell father what you are going to do."

"No, no, not yet. My plan must be kept secret, the same as our meetings. Now remember!"

"Well, as you will."

In her lover's presence, Rachel had entirely forgotten the fear which had disturbed her. But now, when the conversation fell upon leaving Athens, she remembered that the city at the present hour was a dangerous place, and she confided to Charmides her vague apprehensions.

In reality the evening was exceptional, as the resounding din, which otherwise arose from the city towards Scambo-nidæ's top, was nearly silenced. An unusual stillness prevailed, broken only by the clatter of some solitary wagon rattling through the streets, or an occasional hammer-stroke from the work-shops near by.

A sharp ear however, could at this very moment have

caught a hum of human voices, almost drowned by the distance, coming from the north and approaching ever nearer.

"Bah!" said Charmides in answer to Rachel's questions, what have *you* to fear? You Hebrews, like the Olympian gods, from their clouds, can in peace divert yourselves with others' battles. What have you to do with either statue-worshippers or Christians?"

"But it is terrible! Do you really believe, then, that it will come to blows, to bloodshed—and here,—here in Athens, perhaps before my father's door?" asked Rachel, turning pale. "But what has happened? What is it that provokes them against each other?"

"Last night the Christians stole a temple from the followers of the old religion, and confiscated the temple's treasure."

"But why, why do they behave so wickedly?" exclaimed Rachel.

"Why? All cannot be brokers here in the world, but all will have gold. Those who are not brokers like the Jews, are robbers like the Christians. That is the explanation. May the pack fight! I know my own. They are too cowardly to venture their lives. The Christians can take from them all, even life itself, and they will not dare to defend it. The Christians themselves, my Rachel, they are men! Or rather, they are wild beasts—bolder than lions, more blood-thirsty than tigers! The sports of the amphitheatre are forbidden. We need them not, for we have the Christians. We take our seats on the spectators' row and clap our hands, when they tear each other in pieces. We have a magnificent spectacle to await."

"O God, how you speak now, Charmides! You almost frighten me."

"Calm yourself, girl! I am not dangerous. When I cannot turn aside the lightning, or check the storm, then

I simply decide to enjoy their magnificence. But hear further what passed last night, and spreads alarm through the city. The dominant Christian party had discovered that the oppressed held secret service in a chalk-pit, not far from the hideous Pillar-Simon's field. They have been surprised in the midst of their prayers, soldiers have burst into their under-ground church, taken captive all who could not escape, bound and thrown them into prison. It is said that the foremost champion of the oppressed party, a priest with one of those long, loathsome names the Christians have invented—Athanasius they call him—was present and had just preached, when the event took place; but that in the darkness and confusion he succeeded in escaping. The prisoners are about fifty in number; most of them belong to the mob, but several are respectable men and citizens of Athens. The law condemns them to death. You can conceive what an uprising this has created among their friends, comrades and brothers in the faith. The prisoners cannot expect pardon. Grief, amazement and madness rule the many thousands who call themselves Homooousians. It is believed they are arming themselves, forcibly to release the captives. The dominant party's leader, the bishop of Athens, wishes nothing better, since he has troops at his disposal, and will employ the opportunity to crush his opponents at a blow. So here you have the news, my dark-eyed girl. How your paleness becomes you! I shall always be tempted to frighten you, to see you thus. But be calm! Charmides is here with you. Here, here in my bosom, are you afraid here?"

Charmides had without opposition pressed the trembling girl to his breast and played with her black locks.

"I should not fear if you were always here. But you come and go. You will be away, and then perhaps—no, I do not dare to think of such a moment."

"Unseen I shall be near you and in visible form stand

by your side, if danger threaten. But now not a word more of fear or danger. Look up to heaven! The stars begin to glow there. Where is your cithara, child?"

It lay near Charmides. He took it up, tuned it, and sang to its accords a pretty, joyous song. Rachel listened and smiled. Then he commenced in another key a song of love, of tender longing, of fidelity till death. Rachel's look was tearful, as he laid the cithara aside.

"What? Tears? Dear little goose!" said he. "Your eyes have warmed my soul, but tears turn them to suns, which burn it up. Shut them, or you blind me! Shut them, girl of the east!"

And when Rachel obeyed, he threw his arms around her neck and pressed on her lips a burning kiss.

It was the first. Charmides occasionally advanced slowly towards his object. He was a new Proteus—different with different women. A girl like Rachel was still a temptation to his satiated senses,—still greater, the more her simplicity contrasted with the worldly experience of his usual mistresses. Every-day booty he took by storm. With Eusebia, the *blasé* Roman, it was he and not she who coqueted, who played modest, temperate, inexperienced; and though Eusebia saw through this, they were both too wise to hunt away an illusion, from which both had the same pleasure.

Rachel loved him. He was all to her. Who wonders then, that she felt bliss in that embrace? But she opened her eyes and blushed up to her forehead. Her look bade him spare her renewed happiness; but the bold lover robbed kiss after kiss.

Rachel heard not how the distant hum, rising from the north, came ever nearer, ever clearer as it mingled with the tramp of a mob,—that dull, roaring sound, which such a myriad-footed monster causes when advancing through the narrow streets of a city, and at every lane, every opening it brushes by, swelling, seizing all it meets and joining them to itself.

But at last there rose above this confused roar, cries, piercing and wild, witnessing that the monster was irritated, that he sought enemies, and that those enemies must tremble for an impending revenge.

Charmides now released Rachel's hand. The cries had reached his ear. He caught their meaning. He rose to his feet and listened. Rachel also heard the swell of the approaching tempest. She caught Charmides' hand and clung to him trembling.

In the terror which seized her, her first thoughts flew to her father and mother.

"O God, my poor parents! They are out. What can have happened to them! How shall I save them from danger? I must go. I will hasten to the synagogue. Charmides, follow me! I fear nothing when you are with me. Come!

At this moment the old maid-servant's wrinkled visage shot up above the balcony steps.

"They come!" she cried.

"Who? Who?"

"Your parents, they are already before the door."

"Praised be God! They are saved."

"Farewell my Rachel," said Charmides hurriedly. "Fear not! I shall be near you."

Rachel had scarcely courage to release his hand. They heard the heavy street door grate on its hinges. There was no time to be lost. Charmides hastened down through the back door and out into the open air. Rachel's look followed him, as with quick step he walked over the rocky summit of the hill and disappeared behind it. Then she hastened down to meet her parents. She saw old Esther leaning on Rabbi Jonas' arm. Her father lifted the heavy bars with which the inside of the door was furnished, laid them crosswise over each other and secured them with their iron hooks.

Baruk and Esther were not accompanied by the Rabbi Jonas alone. Seven or eight powerful young Israelites followed them, to remain in the house while the storm raged through the city. They would form the garrison of the mansion. Baruk, who dealt in arms, was supplied with a whole arsenal. In the locked and barred house they were to await whatever might take place.

CHAPTER XII.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF A TRAGEDY.

“FROM one pleasure to another! Praised be Olympus, for still scattering roses over the earth!”

So thought Charmides, as he passed down that part of Scambonidæ, which sloped towards Ceramicus. He felt thankful that the hour he had passed with Rachel had been an hour of enjoyment; that is, a shadow of joy—truly but a shadow, yet he was pleased with it, for he had long since given up the real as lost.

He sought now another diversion. From Ceramicus wild cries resounded, a thousand angry voices shouted. It was probably the opening chorus to an imposing tragedy. Charmides loved tragedies, and hastened to secure a place among the beholders.

It was already dusk, as we know, and the stars began to light their lamps in heaven. Such a twilight sets off such a spectacle, as a cloudy sky heightens the impression of a Gothic temple. It conceals so small particles as little human beings, and melts together the great masses, the players on this stage, into sublime individuals.

Charmides stopped a moment before reaching the spot where the narrow lanes ended, which on that side climbed

the hill. The view hence commanded certain portions of the street Ceramicus, interrupted here and there by roof and wall, as far as the Areopagus. All these portions were filled by a boiling mass, which seemed a single gigantic beast, slowly, painfully and convulsively writhing along like a wounded serpent. Two torches, gleaming in front, were the monster's eyes. Like Rumor, as the poets describe her, this giant body was covered its entire length with a mass of tongues, not speaking, not whispering, but shrieking with madness.

Charmides hastened on. He entered a narrow lane, which opened out upon the main street. While the latter was surcharged with life, the former was desolate as death. Doors barred, windows closed, no one to be seen.

Charmides found himself now upon the very verge of the swelling human stream as it rolled by. A step further and he had been carried away by its waves. He saw faces shoot up and vanish, faces contorted by dire wrath or madness.

"Revenge, revenge! Death to the heretics! Death to the poisoners! Death to the Athanasians!"

These cries, mingling with others of the same import, rang in his ears. He had not deceived himself. The curtain was raised, the chorus had begun,—that chorus which introduced the long awaited and carefully prepared tragedy.

Charmides had no desire to be torn away by the whirling stream. One offers up with reluctance his will and the free use of his limbs, if he is not pervaded by the spirit which fuses the crowding, jostling mass in one. Charmides determined to choose a more suitable post of observation. He left Ceramicus and went through the desolate side streets to the market, after convincing himself that the stream was rushing that way. He arrived before it. The marketplace was empty and deserted by all, save the statues' silent line. It seemed to await with gloomy fear the approaching

throng. Charmides ascended the marble steps of the Painting-gallery, and took a comfortable position by the corner pillar. Close by this the host must pass. It was destined to be a breaker against the flood. He would thus see everything distinctly.

The torches, which shone in the van, drew nearer. Frantic cries filled the space between Pnyx and Areopagus, and were echoed by the market colonnades:

“Death to the heretics, Athanasians, poisoners!”

The first waves of the living stream had come. They cast a foam of people up on to the gallery steps, then spread out quickly like flowing water over the market. The torches' red glare lit up a bier, which rested not upon the shoulders, but on the upstretched arms of eager bearers, who, when they tired were instantly replaced by others eager as they. So at sea, wave yields to wave in bearing on the sailing ship. Upon the bier lay a form, scarcely resembling humanity, for it was Simon the pillar-saint, or his earthly tenement. The body was naked. The bear skin, which had covered it, lay rolled together under his head, so that his horrid face was turned towards the following crowd, and his closed eyes, could be illuminated by the torches and seen by the mob. Nearest the bier were priests with cloaks thrown back and heads bared. Two carried torches. Beside one of them was Euphemius. They were silent, for the key-note they at first had given, now resounded in the wild cries, which, by their innate force, won conviction from the fanatic thousands. The priests were silent, but they approached the face of the dead with their torches, to show it again and again as distinctly as possible. And every time rang out with increased violence the cry,

“Death to the Athanasians! Poisoners! Heretics! Death to the poisoners!”

The mob at last swept by. Charmides followed on with

the last among the stragglers, to see what all this meant, and to witness what might ensue.

"Citizen, what has happened?" he asked. "What is it, that is driving the people to madness?"

"They have murdered Simon, the confessor and saint," said the man addressed. "Have you ears and perceive not what the people cry?"

"I hear they are crying poisoners and heretics. So it is some Athanasian, who has poisoned the saint?"

"Some Athanasian? No. All of them have done it. All Athanasians are accomplices in this murder. They could not bear that the orthodox should possess such a holy brother as Simon. They feared his intercession with God and the martyrs. The Homoiousians are poisoners of old. Did not Athanasius and his friends administer poison to Arius, on the very morning he was to commemorate the Lord's supper in the cathedral of Constantinople? Have they not many times poisoned the wine used by the orthodox at the sacrament? Can you doubt then, that it is these same heretics who have murdered our Simon? Death to the heretics! Death to the poisoners! Revenge, revenge!"

The man joined in with the never-flagging cry. Char-
mides hurried back, that he might not be carried away by the new crowds which continually reinforced the mob. The throng passed directly across the market, rolled into a street on the southern slope of the Acropolis, and made its way with horrid tumult through the gate that marked the boundary between old Athens, "the city of Theseus," and the new, "the city of Hadrian." After passing through the principal streets of this populous quarter, and recruiting itself with the Homoiousians living here, it was led on by the priests toward the Christian cathedral, situated in an open place in the street, ending at the Diomean gate and leading to the old gymnasium Cynosarges.

The church was lighted, its doors thrown wide open.

A strong detachment of soldiers was drawn up near it, and in a few moments it was crowded with people. These however composed but a small portion of the mighty host which filled the open square without, and the neighboring streets. Bishop Peter, at the head of his priests, received the bier at the principal door. They placed it in the choir lit by many-armed candelabra, while the huge temple-dome seemed to be raised aloft by the mob's wild yells. When the din rose loudest, the priests, kneeling around the corpse of the saint, began a psalm. The pious song could only be heard by those standing nearest, who joined in it; it spread more and more, grew in strength, and at last, borne on a thousand voices, reached the multitude, without the temple, and now all voices joined in the song. Madness had taken rhythm and melody. It then passes easily over to a calm, but, on occasions like this, to a calm more awful and threatening, more dangerous than any of its previous manifestations, because it is made strong by order.

And when the psalm was finished, all listened to Peter's powerful voice, as it rang out over the people in the following order :

“Go home in peace and await the dawn of day, then will the Lord show his mighty power !”

The exhortation was repeated by the priests in the crowd, and went through the mass like the command of a general.

Let us leave the church and repair to the bishop's palace. This evening, Clemens had not been allowed to accompany the bishop; he had been ordered to remain at home. Besides himself there was in the palace only the porter and the prisoner Theodorus, the same of whom we have already spoken.

About an hour before the scenes just recited, the bishop had repaired to the cathedral. Clemens has passed this hour in reading a book his foster father had given him, upon Christian submission.

“You must in everything deny yourself. Your own will is a devil. It was following their own will, that brought about our first parents’ fall and made our race fallen, sinful, and depraved. You have no worse enemy than yourself. Learn then to obey, learn to place your own will in subjection to another’s. Since God Almighty assumed the form of a servant, can you not submit to serve a man and be a man’s slave? Learn to humble yourself, you, dust and ashes! Silence and obey! Be thankful, that you are not your own, but have an earthly master, for it is safer to obey than to be responsible for yourself.”

So spoke the book to the young reader. And in this case the seed was not cast upon stony ground. Who can wonder that Constantine favored such a doctrine, when he became aware of its true nature? The degenerate sons of the antique republics regarded despotism as a misfortune, and unconditional submission to a master as a stern necessity; the Christians saw in despotism an unassailable institution established by the Lord, and in blind obedience, a virtue.

As regards the young reader, these maxims appeared to him in a higher light,—not from themselves, but from his own soul, striving towards heavenly purity.

When it grew dark in his little chamber, he went out into the aula, and there continued his eager, thoughtful reading. But when the stars began to twinkle through the ether, he was compelled to lay aside the parchment, its letters being no longer discernible. They are like men, of little importance if not united; and when they lost their independence, when the darkness came, which volatized their individuality, and made one like the other, then the soul also was gone, which had just spoken through them.

Clemens now remembered that it was time to carry Simon the pillar-saint a loaf of bread and some wine, for Peter had yesterday entrusted this to him as a daily duty.

Yes, the time had come and gone; that dear book had caused him to forget the hour. Deploring this involuntary forgetfulness, he threw on his cloak, and went for the basket the commissary of the palace had put in order for him. It was at this moment that the din from the mob, whose march we have described, reached his ear. Clemens heeded it not, he thought only of accomplishing his errand. But the tumult approached hastily, for Simon's bier, just coming through the Double gate, had not yet gathered around itself a greater crowd than the broad Ceramicus could easily hold. The porter of the palace had opened the door to the vestibule, and was standing without the threshold, listening in amazement, and staring at the approaching torches.

"Wait," said he to Clemens, "wait, until we see what it means. It seems like a mob. Hear the terrible cries! It is like a coming storm. Let it pass by, before you go!"

The throng was now between the temple of Thesus and the bishop's palace. The cries grew clearer, and Clemens now distinguished: "They have murdered him! Death to the poisoners, the Athanasians!"

A moment or two and the van of the column swept by. Clemens recognized in the torch-bearers two old brother priests; he saw the bier, and as it passed, the object upon it. He recognized Simon.

He needed not to ask what had happened. He saw the mob's wild gestures and heard their frantic yells: "The heretics have murdered him! Death to the poisoners!"

Clemens felt himself tempted to join the priests about the bier. It would have been breaking the bishop's command, but he did not remember this, he forgot his duty under the influence of the terrible yet electrifying spectacle. Did he not share the feelings which quivered through the multitude? Simon the saint, whom he idolized and revered; Simon, who had laid his hand on his head and bless-

ed him, Simon murdered by these heretics, these enemies of God, the emperor, and the orthodox, whom it was a duty and honor to root out from the earth! The blood began to boil in the youth's veins; he was seized by the general frenzy, the cry sounded like an irresistible command, he too would be a drop in the whirling, maddened, overflowing flood roaring past him. The porter, standing at his side, had been seized by this giddiness and vanished in the throng; to which recruits streamed from every gate and lane. But at the very moment when Clemens dropped his basket, to cast himself into the crowd, a thought flashed upon him, which arrested his decision. At the renewed cry "*poisoners*," he suddenly thought that it was he, Clemens, who the evening before had carried food and drink to Simon. Simon had but one meal,—supper—Clemens knew this. He did not know however, that Simon, wearied by his incessant kneeling, ate then with the hunger of a wolf, devouring everything his pious admirers brought him. The poisoned food might thus have been given him by some other, who came after Clemens. But no such presumption occurred to him. He was the prey of an awful, chilling, all-controlling terror. He fancied the threatening cries concerned him; that the innumerable blood-thirsty eyes were directed upon him. He stood as if petrified, till the throng had passed.

He then picked up his basket and hurried back into the aula. As long as the shouts of the mob continued to reach his ear, he was unable to collect his thoughts sufficiently to seek to combat the fear that had seized him. Agitated, he passed on and entered the rear court of the palace. The prisoner, fainting from thirst in a cellar on one side of the court yard, had scarcely caught Clemens' step, before he placed his face beside the grating of the cellar window, and asked:

"Who goes there?"

"It is I, Clemens."

"Tell me, Clemens, what is passing in the city? The cries of a thousand voices have reached me down here. I hear them yet. What means it?"

"Something awful has happened, Theodorus. I can scarcely tell you what it is. I tremble at it myself."

"While you are composing yourself, bring me a little water. My thirst is stronger than my curiosity. They have entirely forgotten me to-day."

"I dare not, Theodorus. Peter has forbidden us to give you water."

"I got some drops from Euphemius last evening. Did he disobey the bishop's order? I don't believe it, for I know Euphemius."

"No the bishop has ordered a certain number of drops a day to cool your tongue. You must not think he will let you die of thirst. He will only subdue your stubbornness. He grieves at your error, Theodorus."

"You hear then, that Euphemius has forgotten me. By the Lord, who lives in Heaven, no one has given me a drop of water this live-long day. And the food they set before me is salt. Hunger has compelled me to taste it. Hasten, Clemens!"

"I dare not," said Clemens sighing.

"Boy, I suffer the torments of the rich man in the lake of fire. Woe to your hard young heart!"

Theodorus left the little window. He threw himself upon his straw pallet and pressed his parched tongue, as before, against the cold cellar wall.

The silence which followed the prisoner's words, uttered in a tone of quiet despair, most powerfully affected the young reader. Theodorus had silently given himself up to his pangs. Clemens heard a sigh they pressed from him. He could bear no more. He hastened back into the aula, and on to Euphemius' chamber, took the bunch of keys and

jug he found there, filled the latter with water, and ran back to the prison. He opened the outer door, stepped down a few stairs and stood before the grated door of the cell.

"Clemens, is it you?" asked the prisoner from within.

"Yes, I come with water. Here, here!"

"Praised be God, who has touched your heart! Press upon a bolt down below, and the door will open itself."

Clemens fumbled till he found the bolt. He drew it back. Instantly the door flew open, and the prisoner's figure appeared in the darkness. He had, without looking, found the water jug, as the thirsty antelope scents a spring in the desert. Clemens heard how he drank in long deep draughts.

"God's good gift! I can feel now what the water of life is to the soul. Brother Clemens, I shall never forget him, who gave me this drink. Brother, you have been very disobedient, very guilty, for you have exceeded the prescribed measure and refreshed not only my tongue, but my whole being. How old are you now?"

"Eighteen."

"I do not wish to see you when you are as old as Euphemius. You were always a straight and comely plant; pity that you should be a crooked tree. But it is pitch dark here—let us go up and see what is passing in the city. Will you follow me?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Clemens in terror, and seized Theodorus' arm. Brother, do you not remember, that you are imprisoned? Will you leave the prison? Will you fly?"

"Will the prisoner fly? What a question!" said Theodorus, keeping on his way up the steps.

"In Heaven's name—brother—remember, that it is Peter's will—remember, that you will make me miserable—I gave you a drink of water—and you repay me thus!"

"You are mistaken, Clemens. When you hastened after water for one perishing with thirst, it was not with the hope of repayment—"

"But you will make me wretched."

"Bah, I do not know you, if you will be wretched for what you have done this evening, when we meet a year hence. Loose my arm, brother! Peter's will is stronger than your muscles, but it is my will which shall fight Peter's will and all others' like his. See, Clemens, how easily I conquer you."

Theodorus lifted Clemens in his arms and bore him up the steps. He then replaced his burden on its own feet.

"I would willingly carry you farther, much farther hence; but it were better you should follow me of your own free will. Oh, that you may one day do this! Now farewell, my brother!"

Theodorus departed without further resistance from any one.

Coming out upon the street he met a carriage, accompanied by two mounted torch-bearers.

"Room for the proconsul of Achaia!" shouted the torch-bearers to the knots of people. When the equipage reached the Double gate, the challenge of the legionary posted there was answered with:

"The proconsul of Achaia's carriage."

So the people knew that the proconsul had left the city. Bishop Peter and Chrysanteus the archon had each been informed that he was summoned by important business to Corinth.

Before the proconsul left Athens, he had tried, in the bishop's presence, the Athanasians seized in the chalk pits near the pillar field, had found them guilty of the crime of which they were accused, namely, the secret service of God according to their custom and doctrine; and, following an edict published by the emperor Constantius, had signed their death-warrant.

When Charmides, about midnight, directed his steps homeward, he found outside his door a slave, who held by the bridle a saddle horse, the proconsul's well known Cappadocian Achilles. The slave handed Charmides a letter, which the latter read by the light of the vestibule lamp. It ran as follows:

"Annæus to Charmides. May the propitious fates ordain, that this letter meet its owner's eye and be graciously received by him. The good Lysis begs you to be welcome to the villa. Your bed is made with downy pillows. The sweetest dreams that ever went forth from the ivory gate to rejoice a sleeping world, are ordered to be present around your couch. When the star of morning opens his eye, it will find Charmides and Olympiodorus, Demonias and Palladius, Myro and Praxinoa, all fresh, beaming and joyous, assembled around the poor Annæus Domitius, as a body guard against the cares, which pointing at his proconsular insignia, imagine themselves entitled incessantly to suck his blood."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRAGEDY.

THE Homoiousian populace swarmed through the streets during the night, and in crowds followed the scattered military detachments, who roved through the quarter till dawn of day, seeking out and arresting the most respectable members of the heretical church.

Many of these had already left their houses. Their party was organized. In the gray of morning more than a thousand followers of the Council of Nice and of Athanasius stood under arms in the suburb Piræus. As many as could

escape thither had assembled with their wives and children. They fortified themselves in one of the roughest and most hilly quarters of the harbor-city. A number of sailors from the Alexandrian vessels lying in the harbor had joined them. Here was the chief force of the Homoiousians.

Of the Athanasians dwelling in Colyttus, another band less in numbers, had gathered upon the top of the hill that gives its name to the quarter. The hill was a labyrinth of narrow streets, winding between high, dirty houses, inhabited by the poorer classes. The patrols who, strengthened by crowds of people, had pressed into this part of the city during the night, had been received with stones cast from roof and window, and were compelled to retreat, their errand unaccomplished.

At dawn the Homoiousians renewed their attack upon this band. Peter had ordered against them a hundred legionaries. These formed only the nucleus of the assailing column, composed principally of a fanatical mob.

The same shouts, heard the evening before, were now the storming party's battle cry. "Death to the heretics! Death to the poisoners!"

Those attacked cried in answer, "Death to the heretics! Death to the lying Christians!"

On both sides women and children fought by the side of the men. On both sides the prisoners taken were literally hewn in pieces. The despair of the Athanasians strengthened their inferior numbers. The cowardly legionaries gave ground time after time. But the Homoiousian rabble stormed on the wilder after every repulse.

The sun came up only to hide himself behind a cloud. The morning sky was of a dull leaden gray, and rain fell at short intervals.

There was now a lull in the strife.

The Homoiousians bore away their dead and wounded through the principal streets; and this sight poured fresh

oil upon the flames. Horrid shrieks of revenge rang through the city. A new attack was prepared. The street pavement was torn up; women and children filled baskets or, lacking these, their tunics and mantles with stones. "Forward!" yelled the mob to the brilliant knot of soldiers who, gathered about the entrance of a lane, were leaning on their lances or binding up their wounds.

"Why do you tarry? What cowardly wretches! We ought to stone them," screamed the women.

The soldiers awaited reinforcements. A Centurion had sped off to the bishop, to ask for a fresh force. Soon the rumor spread, that the palatines were in motion. The throng calmed itself now. They would bide the coming of these terrible warriors. Those allotted to Athens were but a handful of men, but they were picked veterans, chiefly tall barbarians—Goths and Alemanni.

When they at last appeared, marching from the market in close column, with spear and helmet glittering high above the surrounding crowd, loud shouts greeted them. They were commanded by a centurion. Their chief officer, the tribune Ammianus Marcellinus, had, with the bishop's approval, given up his command for the day. Meanwhile the besieged Athanasians had armed themselves to receive the renewed assault. Around the top of the hill heaps of stones and tiles were piled; the unarmed were furnished with iron bars, wrenched from doors,—with stakes, kitchen-knives,—anything they could find, fit to throw, strike or thrust.

The sun looked from between the clouds, while all the lanes, leading up the hill, were filled with the dark, boiling mass, which, now that the palatines and legionaries were advancing, hastened to renew the strife. The Athanasians had united in one of their war psalms, the same that Simon once heard from the chalk-pits among the olive hills. Men, women and children sang triumphantly.

“ ’Twas Zion’s King that stopped the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

“ At Thy rebuke, O Jacob’s God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terror of Thy rod!
Thy vengeance, who can tell? ”

The last tones of the psalm mingled with the war-cry of the stormers. The attack was made from all sides, and with numbers so overwhelming that a beholder must have expected every instant to see the little band of Athanasians trampled under foot. And yet for a moment, the advancing multitudes were checked by the murderous rain of stones which received them. But it was only a moment, for if the foremost hesitated, they had no other choice than to rush on again, or, casting themselves prostrate, to be trampled on by the resistless, onward-surging mass behind.

The circle which enclosed the besieged, grew ever narrower, like an island flooded by the rising sea.

The palatines, never flinching under the stone-rain, though it put many of their number out of the fight, had now pressed over every obstacle.

Resistance was hopeless. The Athanasians saw death and martyrdom before their eyes. Parents embraced their children, men their wives. Then some hastened against the assailants, to die fighting, among their fallen enemies. The rest remained among their dear ones, with them to die. Children hid their faces in their mother’s bosoms. A few clasped their hands in prayer; others scoffed at their enemies, crying out; “heretics, lying Christians!” An old man struck up a hymn on the martyr’s crown, and the blessedness of those who are called to witness around the throne of the Lamb.

The hand-to-hand combat, ending with the complete victory of the Homoiousians, was short, but bloody and

accompanied by the most hideous scenes. Many of the tall barbarians, who wore the palatine uniform, fell under the blows of pikes and iron bars, or died a more ignominious death from unarmed hands.

When the strife was done, murder began; and it continued as long as a spark of life could be found among the vanquished. Their bodies were mutilated and torn in pieces by the mob;—their heads cut off and stuck upon spears and poles, as victorious standards.

Then rang out over the throng, drunk with blood and victory, the cry:

“To Piræus!”

The cry was repeated by a thousand voices.

Singing and yelling, with their hideous trophies in the van, the multitude marched down the hill and took the road to Piræus.

Peter, who with the Homoiousian priests had taken up his head quarters in the cathedral, received news of the victory his flock had gained upon Colyttus, just as he was ordering two centuries of soldiers to march on Piræus and open the attack upon the main body of the heretics assembled there. The palatines now received orders to support this attack.

Though the tempest thus rolled off from the city proper, the streets were yet far from assuming their accustomed quiet aspect. They were filled with people, among whom were some of the more respectable families leaving the city for their country-seats, or taking their flight to the Acropolis, upon whose top not a few followers of the old religion were by noon assembled.

The situation of the heathen at such a time as this was alarming. They composed a neutrality alike hated or despised by both the contending Christian sects. The most trifling circumstance might turn against them the same madness which caused the Christians to rend one another.

While they now picked their way among the roving crowds and witnessed the bloody spectacles in which these were the actors, they must be deaf to the threatening cries which followed them, and meekly endure the insults they could not escape.

The cry: "to Piræus!" was sounded along, mean time, from quarter to quarter by those who bore home the Homiousians fallen upon Colyttus, and continually summoned all eager for the fray to hasten after the main force now on the march. Others continued to stroll about the streets, awaiting the ringing of the bells, which would announce the commencement of Divine service at the Cathedral. Upon the open square before it, had stood since dawn, a close-packed multitude, who had not in the warlike part of the tragedy forgotten the other and more edifying, and who preferred to miss the former rather than the latter. They would behold this, they would hear Peter, and above all they would see once more the holy Simon, murdered by heretics. His earthly remains were placed in the choir before the altar. The sick and halt wished to touch them, to regain their health; others expected that some miracle would be wrought, such as had happened with other martyrs in many places in Egypt and Asia; all hoped to obtain a relic of the saint;—a few hairs of his beard, a nail from his hand, or a bit of the bear's hide, which had covered his body in life.

While this crowd is waiting for the opening of the great church doors,—the others having been open all night, but guarded by soldiers, admitting none but the bishop's messengers,—the following scene takes place in the neighborhood of the Acarnanian gate.

Old Bathyllus, the olive-seller, while his wife Tabitha was gone from the cot to milk the goats, had taken his basket upon his arm and repaired to the town. The old man was to-day sunk in a kind of intoxication of soul at

the recollection of what he had passed through during the night. Athanasius had been under his roof. Alexandria's lawful bishop, the champion of down-trodden truth, the hero of the oppressed church, he who was persecuted by a world,—Athanasius had been a guest at his house, had eaten at his table, broken his bread, and drunk his wine. He had talked to Bathyllus as to an equal, and the two hoary heads had discovered that they were children of the same year. But what a difference in vigor! In spite of the grey locks and the wrinkled visage, Bathyllus fancied that he saw in his guest a youth, and he ascribed this to the power of God's spirit, which needed Athanasius for its great work and breathed into him life from life's fountain. They had by lamp-light conversed upon the state of the true church at Athens. Bathyllus had enumerated to him the men strongest in the faith; Tabitha the women; how they assembled in secret, to hear the undefiled word, how they lived together in concord and mutual tolerance. Athanasius had shown that he knew many of those named; he must then have a memory, embracing many hundred thousand friends, scattered among every city on earth. Then Athanasius had related what had happened to himself during the two days he had passed in the far-famed Athens. After his arrival in the city he had not rested, till he found himself upon Mars hill, on the very spot where the apostle Paul must have stood, when he spake to the people of Pericles of the unknown God; he had wandered through all the streets and lanes, and visited both heathen and Christians at their homes. He had among paintings, flowers and vases, sought out a beautiful philosopher and given her a hint of Nazarene philosophy. Despite all this he was in no wise tired. He knew that his brethren would meet in the chalk pits, and he wished to surprise them with his presence, speak to them and exhort them to steadfastness. When the time came, he repaired with Bathyllus

and Tabitha to the assembling brothers and sisters. The chalk pits lay, as we know, in the neighborhood of Bathyllus' dwelling. What had happened since seemed to Bathyllus like a dream. He had always felt himself wonderfully affected by these nightly meetings, forbidden, perilous and secret, but never so deeply as at this time. He recalled the dimly-lighted vault; the people, looking like shadows in the gloom; the psalms, sung with bated breath; the ripple of surprise which greeted the stranger, when he appeared on the speaker's place; the heavenly eloquence, which flowed from his lips and caused the ripple to die away, till at last astonishment and conjecture took voice in the whisper flying from mouth to mouth: "Athanasius!" He remembered also, that this scene suddenly changed; how men with sword and helmet burst in upon the congregation, how the lamps were put out and the consternation increased by the impenetrable darkness, how in the press a hand seized his arm, and drew him out of the vault, till he stood among his own olive trees under the open, star-spangled heaven, and there recognized the man who had so miraculously saved him, Athanasius.

It seemed to Bathyllus a dispensation of Providence, that Athanasius had appeared among the faithful in Athens just as the persecution broke loose. They needed to be comforted, strengthened, fired, to bear it. The arrest of his friends, the pillar-saint's death, the riot, raging in the city, all added their impressions to what already filled his soul. He walked in a dream, where transport, peace and fervor mingled with an undefined longing.

Coming a little inside the Acarnanian gate, he was met by a throng of men and women.

"It is Bathyllus. He comes as if he were called," cried a voice in the throng.

"It is he! It is he!"

The crowd gave a wild shout of joy at the sight of the old man.

"Olive-seller and poisoner!"

"It was he who gave Simon the poisoned food."

"No," cried a woman, "it was not he—he only prepared it—but it was Tabitha, his wife, who gave it to Simon. I saw it myself."

"Heard ye? Anastasia herself has seen it!"

"I saw it myself, I say," shrieked the same woman's voice.

"Death to the heretics! We should tear the poisoner in pieces!"

"Wait a bit, good folks," shouted a man. "Let us leave this business to the women! Let the women also do something to the honor of God and Homoiousian! He is a fitting opponent for them, this fellow."

"Good, good! Forward with the women. It will be a jolly comedy."

"One against one!" yelled a tattered fury, who earlier in the morning had taken an active part in the fight at Colyttus. "There is no need of more; but thumbs down, when he has got enough! Do you hear?"

"Yes, if we only see his finger in the air.* But take care yourself. Don't gape, for he may sling a poisoned olive down your throat."

This coarse joke was greeted with hideous salvos of laughter.

The fury, who had rolled up the sleeves of her tunic, to show her lean arms, which she had dyed in the blood of the heretics slain upon Colyttus, now stepped forward, and, kicking off her spike-studded wooden sandals, took one in her hand as a weapon.

"Look out!" shrieked she, approaching Bathyllus. "It is not you I am after, but your olives."

* It was the custom at the Roman amphitheatre for a vanquished gladiator to beg for the people's mercy with raised forefinger. If the spectators wished him to be spared, they held their thumbs down; if not, they held them up.

This play upon one of the worn-out jests of fighting gladiators, was rewarded with a new salvo.

Bathyllus had set down his basket at his feet. He stared with his dim eyes upon the crowd, which made a ring round him; his lips moved and gave way for the following words:

"Brothers in Christ! I am innocent of the crime of which you speak. Neither I nor my wife have poisoned Simon."

"You are not standing at the preacher's desk, now," cried the she-monster. "Look out! The first stroke is mine."

"Hold!" exclaimed a man, springing forward and seizing the fury's arm. "Let him speak! You say you have not poisoned the saint. Swear this by God!"

"By God the Almighty!"

"And by his begotten Son, of a *like* being with the Father."

"No, no; by the Son, who is of *the same*, eternal, divine being. I swear it by Him."

This expression, the very watch-word of the persecuted Christian party, roused a storm of frantic cries from the crowd.

"Do you hear that? Strike down the heretic! Strike him down, Monica!"

Monica, for so the fury was called, cast her heavy sandal through the air, with so good an aim, that it hit Bathyllus on the head. Blood dyed his grey locks and ran over his forehead.

He staggered toward the steps of the nearest house. A second blow felled him to the earth. In spite of Monica's protests, who wished to reserve the booty to herself, the crowd, who had now seen blood, rushed forward from all sides, to tear in pieces the fallen man, who, as he lay, had clasped his hands over his breast and with fainting consciousness was praying Stephen's prayer for his murderers.

While this was passing, a man, clad in the cloak of a Christian priest, approached with hasty step. He had heard the wild yells and knew that something terrible was impending. Now he stood by the side of the fallen, his voice rang over the tumult, and his arms repelled the most frantic. His sudden resolute appearance and the garb he wore, really succeeded in turning the eyes of the crowd from their victim to himself.

The mob looked at the new-comer and recognized a member of the Homoiousian priesthood, the rival of Peter in earnest eloquence. They recognized, spite of his pale face and starved features, Theodorus.

"I see what it is," said he, as he lifted the wounded man up on to the steps, and taking off his cloak, placed it under his head. "You seek to murder this man. What has he done?"

The momentary silence, which followed this question, was broken by a voice out of the throng,

"He has poisoned the holy Simon. He is a heretic and poisoner. He shall die!"

"Yes, yes!" growled the mob in chorus.

"Surely, you will not protect a heretic and poisoner," cried another voice. "That would be curious for an orthodox priest."

"We execute only justice here," said a fellow, stepping forward out of the crowd. "We have determined that he shall die. We wish no harm to you, but if you hinder us, then look out for yourself."

"Hinder you!" exclaimed Theodorus, placing himself before the wounded man to shield him from the crowding throng. "I do not wish to hinder you, since I only wish to administer justice. Far from it! I have always loved justice, and participate willingly in every act she enjoins. But justice requires order. No one should be condemned unheard. Where now is the judge?"

"Here, here," answered the mob. "Here we ourselves are the judges."

"Good. The judges are here, the accused is here. But where are the accusers and witnesses?"

"Here, here!"

"What say you? Ought judges to be also accusers and witnesses. Was it this you called justice? No, my friends, this is not justice; it is murder, and God's law says: "Thou shalt not kill."

"Bah, we have witnesses enough," exclaimed one of the men. "Where is Anastasia, who with her own eyes saw the poisoner's wife give Simon the deadly food? Step out, Anastasia! We will show that the people do not condemn unheard."

"Right, Artemon," said Theodorus to the speaker. "You will show that you and the others do not condemn unheard, this was what you said?"

"Yes."

"That you will not stain your hands with innocent blood?"

"Yes."

"That you are Christians and not wild beasts—is this so?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Step forward, Anastasia!" cried the crowd. "Forward with you! Convince the priest—"

"So that he may hush his talk," interrupted Monica in a shrill voice.

Anastasia, the widow from Dipylon, stepped hesitatingly forward.

"You are then the witness?" asked Theodorus, meeting sharply, Anastasia's gaze.

"Yes."

"What say you? Speak the truth, for on your word depends this poor man's life. Look at him and say, if you wish to have his blood upon your head!"

Bathyllus had opened his eyes. His consciousness began to return.

"And before you reply, one question further," continued Theodorus, on whose sunken cheeks a lively color had arisen. "Have you a child?"

"Yes, I have a son—"

"Whom you love? Do you not?"

"Yes, indeed."

"For whose happiness your mother's heart has at least sometime prayed to God?"

"Yes, I pray every evening for my child," answered Anastasia with trembling voice, which betrayed a sudden awakening of kinder feelings.

"Do you remember then, what the Eternal says: 'I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' Speak now, what have you seen, which entitles you to call this man a poisoner?"

"I have seen," replied Anastasia hesitating, "that his wife sometimes carried food to Simon."

"When did you see this last?"

"At sunset the day before Simon's death."

"And you saw also that the food was poisoned?"

"No, I could not see that."

"Is this all you have to say?"

Anastasia was silent.

"Does your conscience say that this testimony is sufficient to condemn the accused? Look on him! Regard the old man, who awaits life or death at your words! Think of your son and answer my question!"

Anastasia continued to be silent. She wavered, she fought with herself. But when from the crowd behind her she heard impatient, threatening cries, and feared that the blood-thirsty pack would rush forward and tear their victim in pieces,—when she saw the object of their murderous pas-

sions, with half unconscious look staring into her face, she could no longer withstand the impression of Theodorus' words and her own better nature.

"No, no, I cannot take his blood on my conscience. I believe that he is innocent—I can witness nothing against him—He is innocent—I believe it—here, friends, I believe him innocent—and no one shall take his life till they have taken mine."

So cried Anastasia. Her conscience and her womanly instinct were aroused. The madness, which had driven her to join the bloodthirsty throng, had vanished. She now saw everything with other, clearer eyes. She threw herself down by the side of the wounded man and clasped his hand.

Victory began to lean towards Theodorus' side. It was all important to make use of this moment to win it.

"Artemon," said he, "you who will not condemn any one unheard, who will not stain your conscience or hands with innocent blood; see, the witness embraces the hand of the accused, and will defend his life with her own. What do you say to this testimony?"

"I thought she had seen more," answered the fellow. "It is very probable that Bathyllus is innocent. I at least have not laid a finger on him."

Artemon was not the only one in the crowd upon whom after-thought and a more humane disposition began to produce an effect. But others there were, with whom the giddy madness of persecution drowned all thought, all feeling in thirst for blood; and still others, who were capable of at least this reasoning: "It is impossible that the sentence of death we have to-day executed, can be unjust; it is impossible, for it would be awful. We have been guilty of so many atrocities; we have murdered babes in their mother's arms; we have not spared the grey hairs of age. If conscience should ever ascribe all this to us—no, it would be

too much—we must have acted justly—and what we have done, has taken place in the name of the Lord, for the purity of religion,—and the unity of confession.”

It was these, who in Theodorus began to fear their own conscience. They wished to silence him; and if they themselves, after this degree of reflection began to be awakened, were no longer able to raise a hand against the wounded old man, there were others, who would not hesitate to strengthen the righteousness of their intentions with a new baptism of blood. Therefore they objected, as they crowded about Theodorus:

“But he is a heretic! That is enough to merit death. The law itself condemns heretics to death when they assemble for Divine worship. Fifty Athanasians this very day according to the law will die under the axe. The sharp regulator for himself, and we for ourselves. To-day the people dispense justice. We are all witnesses here. He is known by all as a stubborn heretic. He swore just now, that the Son is of the same being as the Father. That is enough! Get away priest! Look out for yourself, if you hinder us!”

“You have determined then, that he shall die?” exclaimed Theodorus in a voice trembling with emotion. “You who profess the name of Christ, have you no pity?”

“He is a heretic!”

“See, he has already bled under your hands! He is like one who lies by the way side, struck down by robbers. Christians, I speak not to you, I call upon God, that a Samaritan, a heathen might pass by! His eyes would moisten with tears; he would not ask if the unfortunate were a heretic, but would only see in him a brother needing help; he would bind up the wounds you have given, and bear the poor man on his shoulders to his house—”

“The priest talks you down with his nonsense, men,” interrupted Monica in a sharp tone. Hear ye? He asserts

that we are worse than heathens and Samaritans. Shall we bear this? He asserts that the blood you have on your hand there, Timothy, is innocent blood,—that the blood which spurted into your face, Alexis, is innocent blood,—that the blood, which has dyed these very arms, (Monica raised her arms aloft), is innocent blood. And yet it was on Colyttus, friends, that I dipped them in the dye-tub, on Colyttus, friends, where hundreds of orthodox were killed by the heretics! See ye, friends, see here (Monica pulled away the tunic from around her knotty neck), see ye, that I have blood upon my neck? See ye, the wound there? That is the mark from Colyttus, that is the mark of innocent, heretic teeth,—of a little, devilish, innocent heretic young one's teeth, who tried to bite my neck off, while in the name of God and Homoiousian I was dispatching his heretic of a mother. On Colyttus, friends, the innocent heretics have murdered your fathers and sons. On Colyttus the emperor's own soldiers fought against the innocent heretics, and bore away, after the fight was done, the innocent heretic heads on the emperor's own lances. The emperor must be a great malefactor, who persecutes the innocent; and ye must be simple villains, worse than Samaritans, heathens and dogs, or this priest is a false priest, a secret Athanasian, who deserves death. Are ye cowards, men? Shall old women go on before you? Is there no one who can drive the priest away? Away with him! Strike him down! strike him down! He denies the unity of confession, for he defends heretics! Unity of confession, friends, unity of confession, the one universal church, friends! Away with the priest. Strike down the false priest!"

The unity of confession! This expression for the most unhappy error known to history, found itself in the mouth of the fury as in all others. Her words had kindled the frenzy anew. The most frantic in the crowd rushed forward to cast themselves upon their victim. They caught

hold of Anastasia, who covered the old man with her body, and tried to tear her away. Others rushed against Theodorus, but powerful and resolute, he sprang time and again back to his post, warded off the blows directed against Bathyllus, and fought as if for his own life, alone against an overwhelming force of mad men, turned to wild beasts.

At this moment a horseman, clad as imperial courier, galloped along the street. He came from the Acarnanian gate. The people did not hear his shout to give room. He drove his horse into the mass; it reared, frightened by the tumult on all sides. The rider swore and dealt out blows to right and left with the hilt of his sword. Attention was directed to him. Theodorus availed himself of this moment. The door of the house, on whose steps this scene had taken place, was closed but not locked. It flew open at the pressure of his hand. Theodorus seized Bathyllus under the arms and drew him into the vestibule. Anastasia's passive resistance, and Artemon's dubious conduct, who, while he caught hold of Bathyllus, knocked down those standing nearest, facilitated this sudden act. When the rider had passed, the priest and the heretic were gone, and the door barred behind them.

The bells of the cathedral began ringing, calling to the worship of God. The mob, which otherwise had doubtless stormed the house, must now take their choice. The wildest, with Monica at their head, strove to burst open the door; but the great majority dispersed, hastening away that they might not be too late for church. One more fruitless attempt against the door, and with some curses the rest departed.

Divine service called together as many Homoiousians as the cathedral could hold. But this was only a paltry handful in comparison with the masses in motion. About the same time the scene just described took place in the vicinity of the Acarnanian gate, the regular troops supported by

a great multitude of the populace, had made an attack upon the Athanasians fortified in Piræus. This was so vigorously repulsed, that the commanding officer requested, in order to renew the assault with any prospect of success, to be reinforced with another century from the four that, drawn up under the tribune Pylades near the cathedral, had not yet taken part in the fight. Pylades dispatched the century as requested, but with orders not to recommence the attack. They were to confine themselves to surrounding the quarter occupied by the Athanasians, in order to prevent them from receiving reinforcements, which might put them in a position to assume the offensive. This watchful attitude was to be maintained till towards evening, when it was the bishop's intention to draw up the Homoiousian masses and arm them from the arsenals. He would then, followed by his priests, make a decisive assault in person, with the whole force of the orthodox, organized and massed.

On account of this order the pugnacious mob, which had streamed down from the city to Piræus, was dismissed. Appeased with the prospect of a fight in the evening, it marched back to the city, recruited by the rabble of Piræus, and bearing in the van its horrid trophies from Colytus. A dire sight was this host, as it rolled along between the half-fallen walls that unite Athens with its port. Psalms and ballads were screamed in turn, and high above this uproar rang out the never tiring cries: "Death to the heretics, the poisoners!"

But among these cries, others now began to be heard, raised at first by a few voices, then by many, and at last rivaling the former:

"Death to the heathen dogs, the idolaters!"

"Down with the enemy of christianity! Revenge on the arch-heathen! Chrysanteus has blasphemed Christ! Revenge on the arch-heathen!"

The events which occurred on the march to the city, indicated that new elements had joined themselves to those already in action. The multitude began to plunder. Merchants' booths, erected in the long porticoes on both sides of the way, were broken into and emptied by the defenders of the faith.

Piræan street, as we have said, opened on the market place. A dull, heavy sky lay to-day over that beautiful and memorable spot. Its colonnades and statues seemed to long for annihilation,—that annihilation, which is thought to be perfect, when the form becomes dust and the dust is scattered by the winds of heaven.

They were nothing more than ghosts of a time gone by, and possessed nothing in common with the human beings—the dark, troubled waves now rolling towards them.

The disciples of Zeno had assembled, as was their wont, in the portico of the Painting gallery. In the midst of the storms which howled through the world and shook its corner-stones; in the midst of the terrible conflict between the masses, who offered the good gifts God had given men, reason and will, on the altar of an idol, named Faith,—the baptized Moloch, called Confession,—to be drifted will-less, hither and thither by the awful passions of themselves and others;—in the midst of this, a few men and youths assembled about an old Stoic philosopher to listen to words on moral self-government, the will's mastery over earthly desires and earthly fear, the capacity of the human soul to be ennobled by its own power, and through virtue become a mirror of the peace and harmony of God's spirit.

It was these teachings, which wafted greatness through Paganism, which filled Plutarch's gallery of heroes with a wealth of sublime figures,—a wealth gathered from only two Mediterranean lands; yet so great, that the first thousand years of Christian culture, embracing many peoples, seem in comparison, but a single barren year.

While the Homoiousian mob surged by, the market echoed with many cries, among them these: "Death to the idolators,—the heathen,—the enemies of Christianity." A stone-rain dashed against the market-statues; here and there dark crowds crawled up the pedestals, and the next moment the statues they bore were crushed beneath strokes of clubs and iron bars; but strange enough, the heathen-men in the Painting gallery were not an object for this madness; the rabble were content with hurling insults at them. Their calmness could hardly have been mighty enough to make itself felt upon the fanatical horde, burning for pillage and murder; still there was among the rabble of that day, the Athenian rabble, a traditional respect, a coy regard for the iron men in Stoa. The mob poured into all the streets leading from the market. The strongest throng pressed into Tripod street, where Chrysanteus' house was situated.

A man, who had long paced up and down before the Odeum of Pericles, hurried away as the mob approached. He hastened to Pylades, and told him all he had seen and heard. Soon after the same man rode away on horseback through the Double-gate.

He was at least the tenth messenger who, during the forenoon, had been dispatched by Pylades to Lysis villa.

Pylades had commenced his course as the freed son of one of Annæus Domitius' slaves. After choosing the military profession, he had, under the auspices of Annæus, risen quite rapidly to the position he now filled. His character was suited to the times, and promised him a brilliant career. In the mean time he had united his fate with Annæus Domitius, till like a ripe apple it should drop from the tree that bore it. That ripe time had not yet come. Pylades entertained great expectations of Annæus Domitius' future, and almost boundless ones of his own. For the present he

was a tool, on whose temper and capacity the proconsul could rely.

The imperial courier, whose arrival at Athens we have witnessed, betook himself to Annæus Domitius' palace, but as quickly left it, accompanied by the proconsul's trusty waiting slave on horseback. He had arrived through the Acarnanian gate, and a few moments afterward left Athens through the Double portal.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TRAGEDY.—(*Continued.*)

NEED proves the friend. Charmides had stood the proof to which his friend the proconsul had subjected him. He, Charmides, had actually mounted the Cappadocian Achilles, and in the small hours of the night ridden out to Lysis' villa, to console the afflicted Annæus Domitius.

On his arrival the most profound silence hung over the villa. The tender genius of sleep waved there his poppy sceptre. The guests slumbered, each within his door, in the long aula's portico. Even the deeply afflicted man enjoyed the longed-for rest, as a waiting slave assured Charmides. It would have been atrocious to disturb him. Charmides allowed himself to be shown to the bed-chamber allotted him, where he also was quickly sunk in dreams. He dreamed of Rachel and Hermione, of bloody street-fights, of unlucky casts of the dice, of creditors and suicide.

When the morning star arose, the most lively activity prevailed in the kitchen department. About a couple of hours after, Charmides was awakened by the tones of sweet music. With this, chimed in from the next room the

voice of Praxinoa, scolding the slave who was dressing her hair. While Charmides was listening to these sounds and cursing his wretched dreams, slaves presented themselves, who bore him to the bath. Annæus Domitius had ordered for his guest. The bath was excellent, the water just right as to temperature, and mingled with exquisite perfumes, and the professors of shampooing were of that sort who could give to an old man's limbs the elasticity of youth. Charmides felt himself renewed under their hands, and capable of all possible epicurean exploits. From the bath he was carried to a room where artists of every kind awaited him,—artists of the razor, the comb and the toilet-pencil. He was silent, and calmly resigned himself to the blind powers of his fate. They executed their work admirably. The razor was plied by the lightest hand; the locks softened with ambrosia and arranged *à la* Phœbus Apollo; the toilet-pencil's strokes heightened the glance of the eye; and then Charmides was put into a tunic and sandals, and shown into the assembly room.

He was awaited here by the other guests, who had each undergone similar manipulations. They could not therefore be otherwise than fresh as the dawn. Consolation was already at work. Charmides heard before reaching the room laughter and glad voices.

A circle beginning so early in the morning, was something unusual and piquant. All present appeared in morning toilet, those of the ladies being distinguished by their transparency. The ladies were of two kinds, the real and the improvised. The real were Myro and Praxinoa; the improvised were two young Syrian slaves, whom the feminine tunic and their own locks arranged after the latest fashion, became excellently. During the conversation there was manifested between these different kinds of ladies not a trace of jealousy, but on the other hand many of strong sympathy and very intimate confidence. And if no dis-

cords from this source interrupted the gladness, whence should they come?

We know that the day was lowering, but had the morning sun shone with its brightest effulgence, it would have been hard for a single ray to pierce the thick tapestry which covered the windows of the hall, lighted by the festive gleam of lamps.

Neither was there any one in the company, Annæus Domitius possibly excepted, who, after two or three hours had flown, clearly recollected that it was broad day without. It was not only the lamps that deceived, but the lively treacherous wine, with which the flower-wreathed cups were diligently filled.

The conversation grew naturally more spirited, more sparkling. Charmides had opened it with a yawn, the last trace of a night passed in unpleasant dreams; Olympiodorus with a poetical effusion on the blush of dawn, especially that which shone upon the ladies' cheeks.

Annæus Domitius, bowed by the cares of State, was not ungrateful for the guests' endeavors to divert his thoughts. His mirth grew with the others. We will here remark, that among temperate people Annæus Domitius was proconsul, patrician and Roman; even his young bosom-friend, Charmides, remembered him as Annæus Domitius, the satyr, only when befogged with drink. But such an one there was, wanting only a fitting opportunity and suitable surrounding to cast off his mask and appear in all his giddiness. Under the courtier was concealed the natural man, which, when let loose, vented itself in the rawest, most absurd, most licentious jollity.

In the mean time the messengers, sent by Pylades to the villa, were received by a slave, and the cipher they brought, handed in to the proconsul, who read it, rubbed out the writing with his stylus, drank and joked, not a

trace of serious thought remaining upon his fat, shining, smiling face.

He drank, tasted goblets for Myro and Praxinoa, laughed, told love-stories and jested the more coarsely, the more wine and merriment affected the spirits of his guests.

The red, which colored his cheeks, spread gradually over his forehead and painted his bald crown with a warm cinabar hue. His head resembled a ripe, swollen grape. But this precursor to the faun's quick appearance did not betray itself, until the other members of the party began to assume a freedom in speech and deportment, for which, had they possessed the paltriest remnant of modesty, the lights should have been put out.

The music, executed by unseen artists, seemed to follow the inspirations of the spirit, animating the company. In the beginning, sweet and languishing, it grew ever livelier. Myro, Praxinoa and the Syrian slaves, who were dancers by profession, seized by the rhythm, sprang up and floated about each other in the dance, which united graceful motions of the bayadere with the bacchante's wild passion.

The young men, who reposing on their sofas watched the dance, could now no longer withstand the desire to join in it. By a secret known only to the proconsul and the unseen serving spirits of the feast, the music was dependent upon his will. It played up Calabis, the Hellenic Cancan, a dance in which Athenians seldom indulged, except on occasions like this. Annæus, throwing off the garland of roses, which had hitherto ornamented his bald pate, and donning an ivy wreath, joined with the rest. He balanced before Praxinoa. Silenus was complete. His powerful belly seemed, instead of being an incumbrance, to serve him as an inflated bladder serves the swimmer. He hopped on his heels, laid his hands over his paunch, snapped his fingers, was inexhaustible in burlesque movements, uniting

them with an agility, an assumed seriousness and an attempt at grace, whose *ensemble* provoked the wildest merriment, and melted the whole company in one ringing laugh, that caused the dance for a moment to stop. Annæus assumed a mien of comic anger, made as if he had been offended, threw himself upon a sofa, wiped his sweating crown, and confined himself after this to being a spectator.

During all this, his thoughts had only occasionally been absent from Athens, and the events there transpiring. The messages which Pylades forwarded, enabled him to follow step by step the development of events. The later it grew in the forenoon, the more difficult it became for him, in spite of wine and society, to control his impatience, rising to real uneasiness, and this although he knew that Pylades had planned all in the best possible manner.

Pylades' last letter contained the following quieting words :

“The bishop has approved my proposition to let our arms rest at Piræus until evening. The mob is thus at our disposal. Our men are mixed in the crowd, and cannot fail to march quickly back to the city. Chrysanteus is at his house, which he has opened for many Athanasians. This will be a new reason for what in all probability will happen.”

These words had, as we remarked, a quieting effect upon Annæus Domitius. But he still feared that the prepared blow would be dealt too late; and too late it would certainly be, when Peter, after divine service, had his hands empty and could send out his priests as self-appointed leaders of the multitude. These would undoubtedly ward off the danger from Chrysanteus' house and direct the madness of the mob to other quarters.

After the pleasures of the dance came those of the table. The archimagirus, or chief cook of the villa, had

developed a talent which conduced to hold the company's humor at the point it had reached. The very dice which were brought on with the dessert, were thrown off the board by the wanton conversation. The guests were served by chosen slave boys, whose long locks Olympiodorus preferred to the napkin, when between the courses he dried his hands, on which perfumed water had been poured. The conversation was not only wanton but godless. In vain Annæus Domitius, with an attempt at seriousness, reminded them that he was a catechumen, that they should spare his religious feelings and theological convictions; they laughed at the Christians' "three-headed God" equally with the gouty old Zeus. Their scoffs knew no bounds; and had Olympus still owned a thunderbolt, this wild blasphemy must have called it down upon their heads.

They mocked at the stupid faith in the soul's salvation, and praised the wise doctrine which bids us live, while we live. Nine sat at the table; they called for the tenth, the skeleton. And the skeleton, which was in readiness, because, when the guests so desired, he should never be lacking in a well-conducted and hospitable house,—the skeleton was brought in and given a place among the guests on one of the downy sofas at the table. They crowned him with garlands, placed a cup to his mouth and mocked him, because he could not drink.

During this scene the butler entered, whispered something in his master's ear, and withdrew.

Annæus Domitius arose, took a ladle and struck it heavily against the great bowl standing in the middle of the table among the profuse trifles of the dessert, until by means of the infernal ringing he at last succeeded in gaining the ear of the revelers.

He laid aside the ivy wreath, assumed an expression of gravity and said :

“Children, I just spoke a word upon theological convictions. The word was seriously spoken, too seriously to be other than an unnoticed stranger among the roguish, winged cupids, which flutter from your lips. I love gladness, my children, but forget not, that I am a catechumen. I myself am reminded of this by the entrance of this lean, calm, silent guest, whose fleshless brow you have crowned with the roses of the meadow; to whose mouth, which death had sealed but corruption re-opened, you have carried the foaming goblet. He is silent, yet speaks in a double tongue. To you, children of the world, he says: ‘sport, while time is yours, for ye shall sometime be as hollow-eyed, fleshless, cold and empty as I.’ To me his speech is another. Those empty cavernous eyes cast glances, which ask me: ‘What do you here?’ My children, this question, addressed to a catechumen, is upbraiding and threatening. It terrifies me not, but it compels me to depart. I respect gladness and acknowledge her royal rights. I acknowledge them even while she rages as a tyrant. I acknowledge them, but like Pœtus, leave the council-chamber till she again wields her scepter with a sobered hand. Rather than rebel, I depart. In doing so I appease alike my catechumenic feelings and my theological convictions. I go, but to return when the conversation, which now seems to me *male præcinctum*, ill-girdled, has arranged her tunic in more modest folds. It is in this way I solve the great problem which I have made the subject of a life’s investigation, how to combine the joys of life with a catechumen’s duties, how to observe the requirements enjoined by my faith,—the same faith, which his great and holy majesty, Constantius Augustus, my emperor and master, so warmly confesses, and which therefore ought to stand high above every cavil,—how I say, to combine these duties with the enjoyment of such charming society as your own.”

Annæus Domitius had finished. He emptied his goblet, and with a graceful gesture, withdrew.

"By Bacchus! a masterly pretext for going out and taking a vomitive!" exclaimed Charmides.

"That is the reason!" "Well guessed!" "Right!" cried the others.

"My dearest Myro," continued Charmides, "when he spoke of an ill-girdled tunic, he could not have had any reference to yours?"

"No, he referred to Praxinoa's," exclaimed Olympiodorus; "Praxinoa, you do not understand at all the art of arranging your tunic; I should like to teach you both the more and the less modest folds, so that hereafter you can distinguish between the two and thus avoid wounding either a catechumenic feeling or a theological conviction."

"Praxinoa," cried Charmides, "Do not take Olympiodorus as teacher. His art in arranging a tunic is probably no greater than in writing epigrams. Hang a tunic over our friend, the skeleton, and let him show the more and less modest folds upon him!"

"Pshaw, what a jest!" ejaculated Myro. "Palladius, give me the cup and let me wash it down in wine."

"Here! Your health, lady! Charmides, what is the time?"

"The time? Who talks about time here? Leave that word to mortals. It is unfitting us, immortal gods. We dwell in Olympus—

"The seat of gods; the regions mild of peace,
Full joy and calm eternity of ease.
There no rude winds presume to shake the skies,
No rains descend, no snowy vapors rise;
But on immortal thrones the blest repose;
The firmament with living splendor glows." *

"My friends," continued Charmides, stretching himself upon a sofa, "let us agree that we are gods and more blessed than gods. It is, after all, but a matter of agreement. Why then should we not make ourselves blessed and immortal!"

* *Odyssey*. Pope's translation.

“Agreed! A glass for our immortality!”

“In our capacity as gods we are by no means inquisitive, my friends. We might otherwise perhaps inquire, how does it look at this hour in Athens? But I presume that no one of us will fall so plump from Olympus down to the wretched earth. So then, let us drink to Athens. May it vanish from the earth!”

“And take our creditors with it!”

“Athens? What is Athens? Here is to the world! May it fall to atoms! May it vanish from under our feet!”

“Myro, here is an excellent place on the sofa at my side! Lie here, while the globe vanishes under our feet. Unfortunately, Myro, it is not precisely you, I wish in my bosom, as I now float in ether over an annihilated world. But this is of no consequence. Out with the lamps!”

“I inquire once more, what is the time,” stammered Palladius, tipsy as the rest, “for since I have become a god, I wish to be an orderly god, with good domestic rules and habits, and put out my lamp at midnight, never before and seldom after. What is the time, I say?”

“It is past midnight.”

“Well, out with the lamps! Where is Praxinoa?”

“No impertinent questions!” replied Olympiodorus. “But the skeleton will be found in his place, Palladius. The midnight hour is past. I am sleepy. Out with the lamps!”

“No, no, let us dance. Why has the music ceased? Play up Calabis, Calabis!”

“Who wants Calabis?”

“The skeleton.”

“Give me a fresh garland!”

“Take the skeleton’s.”

“Calabis! I will balance to my young Lyrian. Calabis!”

“Fill my goblet!”

“Take the skeleton’s!”

“Slaves, out with the lamps!”

“Slaves, play up Calabis!”

“Out with the lamps!”

“Calabis, Calabis!”

After these cries, and the conversation continually becoming more confused had been kept up in this manner for a while, Annæus Domitius returned to his guests. He had received in the aula an imperial courier. The letter he brought, the proconsul of Achaia now bore in his girdle. There lay at that moment in his face and whole being something which had not been visible there before, something the very opposite of the just vanished Silenus.

“My friends,” said he, “fate is stronger than my body-guard. My official duties call me to Athens, where a horrible tumult deluges the streets with blood—”

“Oh! let the Christians rend each other!” interrupted one of the guests.

“Each other? Yes, each other and you! The city resounds now with the cry: death to the idolaters!”

“Let them cry!”

“Let Athens burn!”

“Let them murder our creditors in peace! What matters it to you?”

“They cry also: death to the Jews, who crucified our God!”

“Death to the Jews! Death to the whole human race!”

“Out with the lamps!”

“Calabis, Calabis. Ye slaves!”

The only one in the company who lent the proconsul his ear, was Charmides. He sprang up from the sofa, exclaiming:

“A horse and mantle! I will go with you to town.”

“Friends,” called out Annæus above the din, “it is not

fitting for the proconsul of Achaia to let Athens burn, if he can quench the brand, even with his own blood. Athens the lordly, the memorable! Athens, nurse of science and art. Athens, pupil of the emperor's eye! My guests, I must leave you—come after me to the city—we will there continue the feast. There are but two toasts left to propose here. Up and seize your cups! Up, you addled, heedless, depraved youths! Up, every one who still loves the memory of our fathers! The cups, the cups! Here is to the old, eternally young gods!”

“Hear the catechumen! The *catechumen*!”

“Silence, there is no catechumen here!” cried Annæus Domitius. “The health of the gods!”

He emptied his glass. The drunken guests followed his example. Charmides regarded Annæus with astonishment. He knew him well, and immediately perceived from his conduct, his manner, the tone of his voice, that something extraordinary had happened or was impending.

“The last toast! The noblest of all!” cried Annæus, taking in his arms the huge bowl that stood in the middle of the table. “To the bottom, empty to the bottom for the master of the world, the emperor of Rome, Julianus Augustus!”

A death-like silence fell, broken at last by Charmides, who, seizing Annæus Domitius by the arm, whispered:

“Do you know what you are saying? Or what has happened?”

“Hush, hush! He is drunk. He is talking our heads off! Damnation! The slaves have heard his cry! We are lost!”

The guests had suddenly become sober. They whispered and cast terrified glances at each other.

“What?” exclaimed Annæus. “What means this silence? Do I stand among rebels? I swear by the name of Julian to lay all your heads at my feet, and that before

set of sun, if ye hesitate to drink the health of our lawful emperor, sanctissima majestas, dominus, Augustus Julianus Imperator, pontifex maximus, pater patriæ, restitutor orbis ! ”

He lifted the bowl to his lips, then flung it to the floor.

At the same moment the door opened and a voice said :

“ Your horse is ready.”

“ Here is your sword and rain-cloak.”

The waiting slaves fastened the sword to their master’s girdle and the mantle over his shoulders. He hastened out, mounted his Achilles and rode away.

He was met upon the road by the last messenger Pylades had despatched. The proconsul reined in his horse and glanced over the tablet. It contained the following words :

“ A multitude of people are approaching Tripod street as I write. They shout that Chrysanteus has blasphemed Christ.”

Annæus Domitius urged on his horse.

“ Damn Pylades ! Ten thousand lances in the mob ! If I should come too late to save Chrysanteus ! O, my Achilles, if you now had wings ! My accursed bulk ! Here goes ; I ride to the consulate or break my neck in the attempt.”

When Annæus Domitius rode into Tripod street, it was filled with people.

But these observed a silence, which astonished him. What does it mean ? Had he come too late ?

Up on the highest slope of the Acropolis stood a band of trembling spectators, Chrysanteus’ fellow-believers. Annæus cursed their cowardice ; they had perhaps, without stirring from the spot, seen Chrysanteus’ house stormed, himself and his daughter, loved by the heathen, rent in pieces by fanatical Christians. And yet a sudden attack of a resolute band, storming down from that height, would have crushed the crowded mass in the street below.

The proconsul had thrown back his capouch, that the throng might recognize him. When he had made his way for some distance through it, and approached the archon's house, where the press was strongest, he saw before the door a man on horseback, surrounded by soldiers, whose spears and helmets glittered over the multitude. The horseman was Pylades.

"Way for the proconsul of Achaia! What is the matter here? What means this crowd! Make way, in the emperor's name!" Annæus cried, raising above his head a tablet, whose sculptured and gilded frame proclaimed it to be an imperial decree or a government despatch.

"Live Annæus Domitius!" shrieked the multitude, for the proconsul was Homoiousian and had always striven for the good will of the mob.

"Live the proconsul of Achaia! Live Homoiousian!"

These cries were directly followed by others, raised farther on along the street:

"Out with the heretics! Death to the heathen!"

The silence of the mob on the proconsul's arrival, was only accidental. They had been listening to a priest, who had just ceased speaking and gone into Chrysanteus' house.

"Annæus Domitius!" muttered Pylades, when he discerned him at a distance. "He here? What means this?"

But when the tribune made out what the proconsul held in his hand, he was seized by a sudden, undefined foreboding.

He rode to meet him through the crowd, which in his immediate vicinity had become silent at the sight of the reverence-inspiring tablet, proclaiming the will of God's annointed, while at a distance the cry: "out with the heretics!" continued and grew stronger.

"Pylades," whispered the proconsul, seizing the tribune's arm, "what has happened? Am I too late? What have they done with Chrysanteus?"

"Illustrious and noble master, you come, on the other hand, too soon—"

"Go on, tell me, is he alive?"

"Our plan at the last moment has been delayed—"

"Delayed? What plan is delayed?"

"Ammianus Marcellinus hears the cry of the mob, comprehends its meaning, hastens to the church, by means of a deacon, informs Peter—"

"Damn your long circumlocution! I do not understand a word you say. Tell me, is he alive?"

"Peter orders me here to guard his house. I come, while the mob makes a show of storming it. A priest accompanies me, speaks to the people—succeeds in bringing about negotiations. The people in the beginning demand the surrender of all the heretics in the house. The negotiations are going on at this moment—and we are here to protect the archon's life to the last man—"

"Praised be my lucky stars! The noble Chrysanteus!"

"Ah!" mumbled Pylades, turning pale, "I begin to understand."

"The negotiations are concluded," continued Annæus Domitius, raising his voice. "What means this uproar, these cries, this gathering? What has happened during my absence? Is this a riot? Do people dare disturb the peace, violate the laws, set at naught the majesty of the emperor?"

"Illustrious and noble master!"—

"I made over, as was my duty, the disposition of the troops to the bishop of Athens. Has he made use of them to break the peace, instead of preserving it? Well, it is the proconsul of Achaia who, in the end, is answerable for the sanctity of the laws and the preservation of imperial authority. I resume my command! This crowd must disperse, or be scattered by force. Order shall be reëstablished with the assistance of the officers, the troops, and all good citizens. Where are the troops?"

“The greater part at Piræus—”

“What the devil are they doing at Piræus?—And the rest?”

“Drawn up at the cathedral—”

“What the devil are they doing at the cathedral? Not a single man is needed at the cathedral! Order hither at once the whole force posted there, silence the cries, remind the people of the riot-act, and chastise the refractory. Pylades,” continued Annæus Domitius in a low tone, “to-day you found your future—”

“Ah—I suppose then—”

“Silence!”

“I send instantly a centurion for reinforcements.”

“And I go to speak to the archon of Athens.”

The proconsul descended from his horse and flung the bridle to a soldier. At this moment the priest appeared. He seemed troubled. As soon as he caught sight of the proconsul, his countenance brightened, and he exclaimed:

“You come, as if sent by the angel of the Lord, noble master! As you hear, the orthodox require that the archon shall give up the heretics, who have found an asylum in his house. The answer he has given, is hard for me to carry back. He will give up the heretics, but only to a lawful, worldly authority, and after the people have departed—”

The proconsul broke him off shortly:

“Are you the negotiator between Chrysanteus and these people—”

“Yes; my most reverend father, the bishop has—”

“The negotiator between the archon of Athens and these rioters?”

“Between him and the orthodox, my illustrious master.”

“Between a lawful authority and a rebellious mob?” I swear by God and the emperor, that you shall hang on the first tree, as an instigator of the people and ringleader of

the uproar, if you do not instantly make off and take the pack with you."

During this conversation the cries continued: "out with the heretics! Live the proconsul! Death to the heathen!"

The priest stood thunder-struck, and his eyes followed Annæus as he took his way through the vestibule into the aula.

The aula by no means presented that aspect of confusion which might have been expected under the circumstances. Beneath the portico which sheltered them from the falling rain, a numerous company were assembled round Hermione; philosophers and rhetoricians belonging to the high school of Athens, most of the disciples in the Academy, the war tribune Ammianus Marcellinus, together with some of the most respectable citizens of Athens and their families.

The upper story of the house had been opened to the persecuted Christians, who had found an asylum with Chrysanteus. The maid and men-servants of the establishment gathered together in the ladies' court.

The arrival of Annæus Domitius created great and pleasant surprise; still more his manner. He clasped Chrysanteus, who advanced to meet him, heartily in his arms. He then greeted the company, hastened to Hermione and pressed her hand to his lips.

"And we, who thought you in Corinth!" exclaimed Chrysanteus.

"My noble friends, I should indeed have been there, had not a presage—I may well say an inspiration from the gods—called me back to Athens. I come at an unhappy, or rather, a happy moment. Our Athens, otherwise so calm, glad and beautiful, is, I find, in the hands of criminal intriguers, wild fanatics. But rest easy, my friends! Within an hour, order shall be restored. To you, Chry-

santeus, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for the free city you have opened to these citizens and subjects of the emperor, who otherwise would have fallen victims to theologic madness. The times are evil, the theological contagion goes like a pest through the world; but we do not vainly call on the divine powers for help in our need. My friends, I bring you information of great weight. It has pleased Providence to call hence his holy majesty, our emperor and master, Constantius Augustus, to the heaven of gods and Cæsars. Our country has received a new father. To-day the master of Rome and of the world is Julian."

A universal silence followed these words. Uttered a few hours before, no matter by whose lips, they would have been high treason and entailed death. They sounded bold, awful even now, from the lips of Annæus Domitius, among people, to whose innermost wish they instantly gave reality, and who might expect from them life and salvation—who, in the events they announced, saw more than their own fortune; a pledge for the peace of the Roman empire, the progress of humanity, the victory of truth. It was as if every individual heart in this assembly had felt with the heart of history the import of the change now accomplished. But when the first astonishment was over, they hastened, each in his own way, to give vent to the feelings words could not express. Chrysanteus and his daughter simply exchanged a look, a pressure of the hand; others embraced, and others, more jubilant, shouted aloud.

The proconsul said at last, turning towards Chrysanteus: "I require now your efficient coöperation in restoring order. You are archon of Athens for a purpose. Let us go to work at once. Your brothers in the faith are assembled upon the Acropolis?"

"Yes. Shall we arm them?"

"My idea, exactly."

"I will answer for their orderly and intelligent behavior."

They have wrongs to avenge, but they will leave vengeance to the gods and Julian."

"They will follow you, their leader—that is enough. It is a most excellent coincidence that there is a collection of arms in Pallas Athene's temple—"

"And that I have the key to the opisthodomē, where they are kept. I am at your disposal. Shall I hasten there?"

"We will go together. To-day I ought to be only your shadow, added the proconsul, hinting at the courtier's mockery of Julian, "for it is your very self who taught our emperor the art of war, in the gardens of the Academy. Your pupil does you honor. The woods of Germany, the kings of the Franks and the Alemanni, bear witness to this. Fear not," said he, turning to Hermione, who held her father's hand and listened to the cries without. "Fear not, my noble Hermione. We go to silence these yelling throats. Ammianus Marcellinus, accompany us to the Acropolis, before you resume command over the palatines!"

Annæus Domitius left the aula, in company with Chrysanteus and Ammianus Marcellinus.

Outside the door, the mob still crowded, cried and swayed. Their impatience increased. They thought the negotiation took up altogether too much time. The priest, who had hitherto conducted it, had assured them, in order to escape with a whole skin, that the proconsul had now taken the matter in hand; after this he smuggled himself off. Py-lades and his soldiers guarded the door, and the mob had not yet assumed a threatening attitude towards the armed force. Meanwhile, the mass was reinforced every moment by new bands, who roved the neighboring quarters, pillaging and shedding blood. One of these gangs, which had in vain sought entrance into the densely-packed cathedral, was led by the hideous Monica, the fury from Colyttus.

The sight of Chrysanteus at Annæus Domitius' side caused a momentary silence. All wondered what it could mean. During this time the proconsul exchanged a few words with Pylades. The soldiers opened a path for them across the street. The cry: "live the proconsul!" was mingled with: "death to the arch-heathen!" They had not many steps to go before reaching the slope of the Acropolis. On this side a steep flight of steps led up to its plateau. They reached this without danger, it only cost the proconsul a few drops of sweat.

Some moments after, the Homoiousians, who crowded Tripod street, heard a loud huzza from the Acropolis. The cry: "Julianus Augustus," raised by a thousand voices, men, women and children, fell with blighting weight upon the mass below. At the same moment the first columns of the legionaries, advancing from the cathedral, appeared at the end of the street. They took up its whole width. The mass of people were pressed backwards or up into the porticoes. Pylades formed his troops in a long line. Armed bands were seen charging down the slopes of the Acropolis. The indefatigable proconsul again appeared, mounted his Cappadocian Achilles, rode to the middle of the front, stretched out his hand with the imperial tablet, and addressed the soldiers:

"Romans! Our master and emperor, Constantius, has gone to his fathers. His only surviving relative, the eminent, renowned Julian, whom our comrades in arms, the Gallic legions, have proclaimed emperor, is the only lawful ruler of our empire, confirmed in his dignity by the unanimous approval of the Roman senate, people and legions. He stands to-day in New Rome, the city of Constantine, surrounded by all the legions of the West, and by a people intoxicated with joy. Comrades, let us join in the world's universal jubilation! Hail Julianus Augustus! Dominus Julianus Augustus!"

Pylades sprang off his horse and bent the knee. The centurions and soldiers followed his example. Swords and shields were raised on high. All along the line rang out the cry: "Dominus Julianus Augustus!"

The forces marching down the Acropolis shouted in triumph. Then came the Christians' turn. They needed only to collect themselves a little, get a clear comprehension of the situation, as it now presented itself, be sifted from the murderers and wildest champions of the faith who voluntarily crept away, when they, even they, with all their might, joined in the cry of hail. All government is of God, and the government bears not the sword in vain.

The thirst for heretic blood vanished at once. Lust for pillage and private hate, clad in the robe of orthodox theology, found it best to sneak off and hide itself, wherever it could. The throng, just now so frantic, was scattered like chaff before the wind. Some hastened home, locked themselves in their rooms and prayed God for the true faith, now threatened by a frightful future. Others—and these the most numerous—were immediately amazed at themselves and could not conceive how the little *i*, which separates Homoiousian from Homoeousian, could have appeared to them so great and important. To their eyes it had now shrunk to a scarcely perceptible dot; yes, on a closer inspection, one or two began to think that even the old religion and Christianity were by no means so different—that the chasm between them was not too broad for a man to have one foot on either side, and in this position await the future. But the greater portion trembled for the retribution. The blood of the murdered Athanasians cried from the ground; and whether their brethren in the faith or the imperial authorities were their avengers, the avenging would be terrible. The bloody trophies from Colyttus had fallen from the victors' hands and now lay scattered about the streets. Those who had dyed their hands in heretic

blood, now hastened to wash them carefully. As the news of Constantius' death and Julian's peaceful accession spread over the city, it swept away the roving Homoiousian bands; and the patrols of legionaries or armed citizens, that soon marched through all the streets, met with no opposition, no disorder.

As soon as Annæus Domitius had arranged for the posting of troops throughout the city, and ordered Ammianus Marcellinus to take command of the forces in Piræus and restore order there, he repaired, accompanied by Pylades at the head of a century of soldiers, to the cathedral.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TRAGEDY.—(*Continued.*)

THE Homoiousians congregated in the cathedral had no suspicion of the sudden change that had come over the city. Important events could occur, so abruptly, that what was just now the central point in the day's life, was the next moment outside its circle, and standing like an anachronism in the new situation. The cathedral had gathered in a mass of fanatical, devout or inquisitive Homoiousians, and the feelings which brought them hither, had by no means cooled under the temple vault. What they had seen and heard, what they still saw and heard had, on the contrary, lashed these emotions to a giddy height.

If one entered the chief portal of the church, he found himself in the nave, bounded by imposing pillars taken from antique temples, and united by arches rising towards a roof of three cupolas. Over the aisles were the women's galleries, opening out upon the nave by pillared arcades running between the columns. In the back ground arose

the choir with the altar. In front of this, beneath the central dome where the nave and the transept crossed each other, was a screen with two desks, one for the reader of the evangelists, the other for the preacher. A deep gloom filled the vast interior of the church, with the single exception of the choir, through whose lofty windows a mass of light fell upon the catafalque on which lay Simon stylites.

About the catafalque were placed censers, from which fragrant clouds curled slowly up towards the dome overhead.

The nave, galleries, pedestals, niches and projections on the arcades, swarmed with people. Only the choir and a spot near the screen were free from the press, being reserved to the priests for the performance of holy ceremonies.

Not far thence, just opposite the preacher's pulpit, were placed the heretics, doomed to death for worshipping God in secret. They stood in a little knot, men and women, old and young, rich citizens and poor slaves all together. Their arms were bound behind them, and soldiers stood around on guard.

This place had been selected for the heretics, because it was to them the preacher intended to direct his discourse, and in order that they should continually have before their eyes, him whom they were accused of having murdered.

Their execution was to take place at the conclusion of Divine service.

The eyes of the congregation were divided between this group and the corpse on the catafalque. When the clouds of incense separated and unveiled Simon's pallid face, it seemed to the orthodox as if his lips moved, to confirm the awful accusation against the heretics; as if his countenance distorted itself, to terrify the murderers. A miracle was expected. It was whispered that Peter would invoke Heaven that some such sign might be given for a testimony

to the truth of Homoiousion, and for the conversion of the heretics at the eleventh hour.

The hymns and prayers which opened Divine worship, were concluded. Clemens, the young reader, had with trembling voice recited to the multitude a Messianic chapter from Daniel, and a selection from the Evangelists. Then the bishop stepped up into the preacher's pulpit.

He spoke first of the doctrine of the atonement, as it was at that time received by both the great Christian parties. By our first parents' fall death and the devil had obtained power over the world. The human race had reverted to Satan and his angels, and worshipped them in the manifold forms of the heathen gods. God in his wisdom had foreseen this before the world was made, and in his mercy had appointed a Savior for mankind. God's intention was unknown to the devil. Christ descended to earth in the shape of a servant, submitted to death in order to reconcile God with a blood-offering, submitted to the devil in order to redeem with his righteous and sinless soul the sinful souls of men. But when he descended into hell, it was only to preach for the salvation of heathen souls. The devil found himself deceived, outwitted. He had sinned against a perfectly righteous soul, against God's own son. On account of this, Jesus obtained power over him, and was able to release all who were subject to him. So the devil was conquered, and the children of Adam saved.

From this the bishop passed on to a description of Christ's person. From the apostle Paul's epistles he extracted evidence to the incontrovertible truth of Homoiousian, to the further confirmation of which he did not hesitate to use an ingenious argument, for reason is a good gift when used only in the service of the prevailing doctrine, and not misused in the defence of other interpretations,—in which latter case it is to this day darkened, beguiled, an instrument of the devil.

Peter declared further, that the atonement thus brought about is open for all in the bosom of the orthodox church, and for him who through faith appropriates the righteousness of the son of God. The devil is no longer the absolute prince of this world, but he is still a mighty king, incessantly fighting against the Trinity incarnated in the church. And he battles with success. Holy writ clearly bears witness, that his kingdom towards the end of time shall again be the most powerful, when Christ will return, conquer it, judge the good and the evil, the orthodox and the heretics, and establish the kingdom of a thousand years.

In this contest the devil's especial weapon is the human reason. Into this he breathes a spirit of error, enticing men to stray without the potent magic circle of the church. Enticed from this, man falls to him. The different interpretations are his work. Heresy is of him. And Time must be near its consummation, for heresy is spreading with horrid speed over the earth, antichrist is already come. The Book of Creation testifies that the fallen sons of God, the evil spirits, approach the daughters of men. Antichrist is the son of the devil by an earthly woman. He goes about the world, is present at church councils, clothes himself in priestly garb, and calls himself with a Christian name, Athanasius.

The preacher was frequently interrupted at the commencement of his discourse, by tempestuous cries of applause and clapping of hands. But these manifestations gradually ceased, for Peter's voice became so penetrating, his eloquence so subduing, that he seemed to have borrowed the lightning's glare, and the gloom of the grave, for the picture he painted to the assembled multitude of antichrist's progress, and the confusion of the last days. The hearers trembled. A thousand pale, terrified faces were directed towards the speaker. His mouth was the focus for the

gaze of thousands. At the pauses he made, an awful silence reigned throughout the place, as in nature, after a thunder-clap; and the people in the gloom of nave and gallery, seemed turned to stone.

Clemens, who was near the speaker, had fallen on his knees. His tearful eyes were directed towards the fettered Athanasians, with looks which pitied their fall, and called upon them to return.

Peter now turned directly to the band of Athanasians. He exhorted them to foreswear the devil and the heretical errors inspired by him; he bade them reflect that their fate would soon be settled for eternity; that death awaited them outside the walls of the church. He seized the hour-glass, standing by his side, and reminded them that their sands would soon run out,—then it would be too late! He pointed to the distorted figure, lying before the altar, on the black-draped catafalque,—to him, whom they had murdered—and by his spirit, which now with all the angels, saints, and blood-witnesses, around the throne of the Lamb, was proclaiming the glory of God and the truth of Homoiousian, he conjured them to return to the only saving faith.

As he thus spoke, the manacled heretics muttered to each other: “Courage, courage! Be strong in the faith! Salvation draws nigh!”

“Don’t tremble, wife,” whispered a man to a woman at his side. “Look at him! At him by the corner pillar! No fear before his eyes! He shall witness our victory.”

By one of the corner pillars to the transept, stood a man whose eyes were continually fastened upon the prisoners. They recognized him as the strange preacher, who had appeared in the chalk-pit—Athanasius. When Peter spoke, it was not to him they listened. From Athanasius’ lips streamed words, unheard by all others, but not by them. They listened to Athanasius.

And when Peter exhorted them with loud voice, to de-

clare their conversion to Homoiousian, they answered with loud voice, a unanimous "No."

This "no" was followed by a suppressed murmur from the assembled multitude—a murmur of amazement and terror at their stubbornness.

After some moments' silence, Peter said in sorrowful and serious tones :

"The Lord will not permit that His faith be blasphemed. He holds the stars in His hand, heaven and earth are subject to Him, the powers of Nature are His servants. He is supreme over death as over life. With miracles has He testified to His truth before our fathers, and the power which awoke the widow's son in Nain, which raised Lazarus from the dead, and became a sign in the apostles' hands, streams imperishable, with the Holy Ghost, through His church.

"Believers in Christ, importune God with prayer for a miracle, that the souls of these transgressors may be rescued from the way of damnation! Pray, that I, His unworthy servant, may be the instrument through which His glory shall be revealed! Pray that he, the saint, whom these children of Bileam have slain, may himself bear witness to the truth in the presence of his murderers! Pray, as Elias, when he stretched himself three times over the dead child, and cried, 'Lord, let his soul return into his body!' Pray, like him, and our prayers will be answered as certainly as those of Elias."

He bowed down to pray, and the congregation with him. It was still as death in the church. Even the doomed prayed—prayed that the dead might raise himself, to bear witness to their innocence, and the truth of their persecuted doctrine.

When at last Peter arose, it was the signal for the whole assembly to lift up their heads. With averted face, and indescribable longing, they awaited the result.

The priests, clad in their ceremonial robes, gathered about Peter and marched towards the altar. They arrayed themselves around the catafalque. The oldest presbyter bore forward a cross, and erected it at the feet of the corpse. The bishop had stationed himself at its head.

From the gallery over the main entrance there arose from lips unseen, a solemn, slow-measured hymn.

Peter folded his arms upon his breast and seemed to pray. Then he laid one hand on the forehead, the other on the heart of the dead man, raised his eyes on high and spoke.

“Almighty God! To-day let thine Omnipotence reveal itself to the honor of Thy name, and to the testimony of Thy truth! Almighty God, let not our faith be brought to shame!”

“Amen, Amen!” chimed the congregation.

After these words, Peter bent over the corpse, and cried with a loud voice:

“In the name of the holy Trinity I conjure thy soul to vivify again this tabernacle it has left! In the name of the holy Trinity I conjure thy soul to speak again through this dumb mouth. In the name of Him who took away the sting of death and burst the gates of the grave, I conjure thee, O Simon—*AWAKE!*”

When Peter had pronounced these words, he drew back a few steps. The other priests divided themselves on either side to give a clear view to the beholders. The song from the gallery had died away. All awaited, with endless anxiety, what should take place.

Between the clouds curling from the censers, the motionless face of the dead was seen. On it the gaze of all was riveted. Each seemed to see whatever fancy cheated him with; now one, now another sign of returning life—a movement of the eyebrows, a twitching of the mouth beneath the long beard sweeping over his breast—but the next moment the illusion had vanished.

There he lay immovable, with stony features. Mighty Death defied the burning prayers of the faithful. Nature's destroying power will not give up its booty. It places the law it received from the beginning, against the power of prayer, and the God of Creation seems to hesitate.

Yet suddenly the countenance of the dead man is contorted in a manner which would have awakened the terror of the assembly, had not this violent play of the muscles infallibly betokened the answer to prayer, the return of life in those stiffened limbs, the awaited miracle to the confirmation of the faith and the truth. The lax skin of the face is now tightly drawn, now deepens its wrinkles; the eyes open with a glassy look, in which death and unconsciousness still reign, but are quickly lighted up as by a flame—the reflection of life relit. There spreads over the church, in spite of the copious fumes of incense, a smell of burnt flesh, a disgusting fetid smell, which all perceive and all ascribe to the breath of the fleeing death angel. Simon's arms move upon the covering of the bier; his head turns, he raises himself up, looks about, brings his hand to his eyes like one awaking from a dream, and his lips move.

But if he speaks, it is not heard, as the church resounds with the rejoicing cries of the congregation.

Peter steps forward and places his ear close to the mouth of him who had returned from the dead. In a moment he signals the priests, who seize the catafalque, lift it upon their shoulders and bear away Simon to a private room in the transept. Peter exhorts the congregation to thank and praise God. He sinks upon his knees and with a semblance of burning devotion, leads in prayer. Then arises a hymn of victory, a pæan of Christ's victory over death.

This ended, Peter proclaims what the resurrected man whispered in his ear: he had testified to the truth of Homiousian with a word, which could be heard once, but never more spoken again, borne from the throne of the Lamb by the spirit of a blood-witness returning to earth.

From the crowd of chained heretics sounded a voice which cried: "You lie. The Lord will punish you!"

Upon them the miracle had made an equally deep impression, as upon the Homoiousian multitude. But they attributed it to *their* prayers, and were convinced that Simon's lips had borne witness to the truth of *their* doctrine. They on their side applied to Peter all he had said about Athanasius, and esteemed it not strange that a heretic who distorted Moses and the prophets, should not hesitate to distort the utterances from the dead, who had arisen from the grave.

The reality of the miracle they did not doubt. They little knew the abyss of godlessness, into which religious charlatans could descend untrembling. For the faithful of that time, there were no eternal laws of reason, only a divine will. How then could they have mistrusted that, in this case, a sleeping draught had mocked death, and a red hot iron recalled life?

History, alas, is cognizant of all too many miracles of this sort within the Christian church. They have revealed themselves wherever hierarchical purposes wedded themselves with the dogma of a divine will, independent of the divine laws of reason. They have revealed themselves in Mormonism, that last monster, with which the unwise retention of Old Testament views has surprised the world and punished itself.

The adherents of Athanasius and the council of Nice, the chained and doomed ones, who were called heretics, did not allow themselves to be induced to desert their faith. For this they had prepared themselves to die. Such a death was surely followed by the martyr's crown, the best of all things worth striving for—that, for which many had voluntarily sought death, casting themselves with transport into its arms.

Peter, the representative of the doctrines recognized as

orthodox by worldly laws,—the expounder of the dominant church's rights and duties, had in vain, as it seems, employed the weapon of conviction. Violence remained. The heretics were to partake of the Lord's supper before their execution, and this must be administered for their soul's salvation, according to the Homoiousian ritual.

In prolonged and solemn tones, there resounded through the church the hymn, "Oh, Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." Peter and the eldest presbyter, stepped within the enclosure of the altar. The Host was consecrated. The holy table awaited its guests.

And these, some with their hands tied behind their backs, were brought forward by soldiers. They struggled, they sought to burst their bonds in order to defend themselves, and when these attempts proved unsuccessful, they cast themselves to the floor, and were dragged to the altar enclosure. Their despair gave itself vent in piercing cries, which mingled horribly with the soul-stirring hymn, "Oh, Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

Dragged forward to the altar, they were lifted up by the soldiers. Peter commanded them to kneel. They did not obey. The soldiers must bend their knees with force, and in this position press them down against the balustrade of the altar.

When Peter extended them the Host, it was met with compressed lips and clenched teeth. Personality sought this last means to guard its sacred precincts against external violence.

But against this means was found another, recently invented, and already industriously employed, latest by the patriarch Macedonius, in Constantinople.

An instrument was brought, by which the most tightly clenched mouths were opened, and the Host shot down into the throat.

The first one subjected to this violence, scarce felt his lips

freed from this hideous piece of mechanism, before he attempted to spit out the Host. But when he was unable to do this, he beat his head against the stone floor, and burst into wild cries.

During this spectacle, worthy of *hell*, not earth, there continually poured through the vault, the hymn of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!

An uneasy movement was now visible among the priests standing in the choir. In the midst of their group was seen a man, whose arrival surprised them, and who now, in spite of all their endeavors to restrain him, hastened forward to the altar. The man was Theodorus. His face was veiled with tears, but when he suddenly raised his voice, it sounded powerfully with anger and pain.

The communion ceased. Before Peter had bethought himself, words had flowed from Theodorus' lips, which ought to have awakened every conscience, and spoken to the reason of every one present. In the name of Jesus Christ, the founder of the religion of love, in the name of a doctrine destined to enclose with a common bond all human differences, which will sanctify man but not kill the holiest, the most inalienable in his being, he commanded Peter to loose the chains of the prisoners, he commanded the bishop and the congregation to cast themselves in the dust, and implore the mercy of God, whose wrath they had invoked upon themselves, or he, Theodorus, would arm himself with the spirit and power of Elias, to call down fire from Heaven on their heads.

While he sent forth these winged words, a rattle of arms was heard from the transept, into which the back entrance of the church opened; and before Peter had succeeded in giving the signal for seizing the audacious speaker, the eyes of the amazed congregation were fastened upon the helm-clad, spear-bearing throng, pressing into the choir and surrounding the altar.

At the head of the soldiers was seen the proconsul of Achaia.

Peter was extremely surprised at this sight. He broke off the business at the altar enclosure, and went to meet Annæus Domitius.

"You here, my son? What has occasioned your unexpected return?" asked Peter, turning pale, but not losing his self-command.

"I have been recalled by a dangerous tumult, which commenced here immediately after my departure. I ask you, Peter, who has instigated it?"

"I have no knowledge of any tumult, only of a judgment, which blood-thirsty heretics have called down upon their own heads. But *here* it is not meet for you to ask and me to answer. I wish to know what has caused you to present yourself here with all these. Something extraordinary must have occurred. My son, have you had news from Constantinople or Antioch?"

"Yes, my bishop! from both places. But this holy room seems to me to be hardly the place to discuss such matters."

"You are right. Tell me briefly your news!"

"It is of such import that it ought to be told, both to you and the whole congregation. If you on this account, will permit me to speak to your flock——"

"Here? No, my son. What are you thinking of? Whatever you have to impart to the congregation, must here be done through my mouth."

"Well, tell the congregation then, that the emperor, deploring the passions and theological differences of opinion which rend asunder the world, has determined to set a dam to the madness of parties; that he has proclaimed to the world universal freedom of religion, and commanded that every one, be he patriarch, bishop, presbyter or layman, who shall hereafter trespass upon any private person on account of theological or other reasons, shall be punished

as a common felon. Tell the congregation, that the emperor has forbidden, under severe penalties, the using of the word *heretic*, and that you must instantly loose the chains with which these unhappy people have been bound, because the proconsul of Achaia is here, to bind you should you do otherwise——”

“Hold,” interrupted Peter, “this speech sounds strangely in your mouth. An orthodox speaks not thus to his shepherd. Whatever has happened—and I fear the worst—within these walls I am bishop and you catechumen. Go, station yourself among the hearers. There is your place. Outside the door of the church you are proconsul of Achaia, but not here. Here your proper place would be behind the baptized. If the emperor has proclaimed freedom of religion, that emperor is no longer Constantius, but another. Freedom of religion, however, enjoins that no Divine worship be disturbed, no sanctuary violated. What you have to announce can be proclaimed after the close of Divine service. Then we shall see also, if the world has in reality so suddenly changed, that an officer can, unpunished, trample the laws under his feet, can assume command over imperial troops to which he is not entitled, and order prisoners to be loosed, whom he himself has tried, found guilty and condemned to death.”

“My Peter, you should bear in mind, that this is not the time for talk, but action,” exclaimed Annæus Domitius, and hastened with restoring hand to seize upon that chaos, into which all around him seemed dissolving.

The coming of the proconsul and the armed force, might have seemed the result of the prayers of Theodorus. He himself was convinced it was, and while the hands which had clutched him, to tear him away, dropped in the surprise of their owners at seeing the soldiers enter the choir, he himself stretched out his arm, and pointed to these as the proof that his prayers were heard, and that God had deter-

mined to set a bound to the horrid deeds done in His name. The greatest confusion arose among the assembled Homoioussians. Many stood still, struck with amazement; others pressed forward to hear what was transpiring—what the proconsul's arrival and strange behavior meant; others again stormed on towards Theodorus, who, with bold hands began to loose the prisoners. The legionaries, having received their instructions from the proconsul before entering, endeavored to hold back the multitude. There arose a conflict between them and the mass, which threatened to resolve itself into a bloody scene. The church echoed with confused cries.

It was at this moment that the proconsul of Achaia stepped forward to the middle of the choir and commanded silence.

The priests and the soldiers united their exertions, and the multitude's own curiosity supported his order.

After it became comparatively quiet in the church, Anæus Domitius pronounced the only incantation which was mighty enough to appease the storm, even for a moment.

He announced that the emperor Constantius had gone to his fathers, and that his kinsman, Cæsar Julian, had been proclaimed emperor and master of the Roman world by the senate, the people and the legionaries. He announced that the first words of the new emperor were, freedom of conscience; his first order, dispatched by a thousand couriers to the remotest corners of the Roman empire, that every subject, citizen or slave, who bore chains on account of his faith, should be set free; and that any one who dared hereafter, in the name of religion, to disturb the peace or violate personal security, should be cast into chains, and given up to justice as a comon felon.

These words were received first by the silence of amazement, then by a yell of anger rising from the more remote portions of the church, where it was impossible to detect the offender.

The yell was repeated and grew stronger, when the soldiers, at a signal from Annæus Domitius, loosed the Athanasian prisoners, who, as soon as they found themselves free, fell into each others' arms, praising God.

"Silence them," commanded Annæus, "or you are their accomplice. Is it in this way you hail the emperor?"

The bishop ascended into the pulpit, exhorted to silence, and referring to the unexpected tidings which had arrived, preached a sermon from the text: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's."

His words were eloquent as ever, and under the present circumstances, bold. He extolled the qualities of the late emperor, and his eminent services in behalf of the orthodox church. He lamented that this mighty sword had been stolen by death from the striving congregation, and hesitated not to predict, that the time which had now broken in upon them, must be a hard time, one which would put them to the test; but he exhorted his hearers to hold faithfully to the true word, and throughout all reverses put their faith in that God who had to-day so manifestly revealed himself to their earthly vision.

"What does he mean with this revelation?" the proconsul asked of the by-standers; and they hastened to relate, that the bishop had to-day raised up Simon, the saint from the dead.

Annæus Domitius wished to see him who had been dead and raised again.

Euphemius explained that Simon had just been carried to the bishop's palace.

This account immediately spread among the soldiers who followed the proconsul, and made a deep impression upon them. But Annæus, who doubted everything and doubted nothing according to his humor and the surroundings, was not open to the demonstrative power of a miracle. To-day

it only excited his curiosity. He determined to repair directly from the church to the bishop's palace, to see the resuscitated man. But then he would doubtless be entertained with a fuller account of the wonderful occurrence by his pious Eusebia, who now assumed the post of honor above in the gallery, and was assuredly very much surprised at the sudden appearance of her Annæus in the cathedral.

"Bah," said he to one of his centurions, "Apollonius of Tyana, and Simon Magus have also raised up the dead. It is an art, which now-a-days is cultivated with much success. To die in our time and not be raised again, is an unlucky accident, a bad throw of the dice, *caniculæ* and nothing else."

Meanwhile the man whom the Athanasians had seen by the corner pillar of the transept, and whose gaze had strengthened the courage of the condemned, had pressed forward through the crowd, separating him from the choir, and approached the proconsul. He instantly attracted Annæus Domitius' attention, by the silent but manifest homage which the Athanasians paid him.

The man exchanged a few words with the proconsul of Achaia, and when shortly after, at the side of Annæus Domitius, and surrounded by his fellow believers, he left the church, the name he had disclosed had flown through the ranks of the soldiers, told itself to the priests, and spread among the multitude, so that all eyes, even those of Peter, were fastened upon him, and a tumult of voices accompanied him pronouncing the name, *ATHANASIUS*.

CHAPTER XVI.

UNDER THE NEW EMPEROR.

ON the evening of the same day in which the events just described transpired, Chrysanteus received an auto-

graph letter from the emperor Julian, accompanied by a public proclamation to the people and council of Athens.

By means of notices posted on the temple doors and the statutes of ancestral heroes, the Athenians were called together on the following day, in public assembly, to hear the emperor's proclamation. Pnyx, the same hill where the Athenian people had assembled, in their golden era, to confer on war and peace, their internal politics, on rewards and punishments, on spectacles and feasts, again witnessed a popular gathering. Many thousand citizens were present, in holiday attire; Annæus Domitius, at the head of the imperial officers, repaired to the spot in solemn procession; incense was publicly offered to the powers of Heaven, by a sacrificial priest crowned with flowers and clad in purple; the oath of allegiance to the new emperor was administered, after which Chrysanteus mounted the bema of Demosthenes, and read the letter of Julian to the people and council of Athens.

This letter, a model of eloquence, worthy the great and talented leaders of the people in the days of the democracy, recounted the circumstances which compelled Julian to take up arms against Constantius. Julian submitted to the judgment of the Athenians, whether they could find in his actions or motives, anything ignoble or worthy of censure. We will not attempt to describe what transport was awakened by this humble reference, so calculated to flatter the vanity of the Athenians, since it was made by the ruler of the Roman world to the people of a provincial city, long since of no political importance. But to Julian it was a matter of vital import—that his actions should be approved by the better portion of the people; to him, indeed, who was Hellen in his nature and burning with the ancient Hellenic ideas, Athens was still the most important city in his dominions, for it was the city of glorious recollections, the bulwark of philosophy and the old religion.

After the imperial letter had been laid before the meeting, the proconsul of Achaia arose and read the new ruler's first edict, which arrived simultaneously with the news of his having been hailed emperor at Constantinople, and which proclaimed universal religious freedom, as the principle adopted by government and which the people ought to follow. Chrysanteus spoke next, and was followed by many other philosophers and rhetoricians, who ardently expressed their hopes for a new and happier age, which the accession of Julian presaged, exhorting the people to deserve this, and make it a reality by the same virtues that adorned their fathers.

After the festivities which should celebrate the change in the government, had been agreed upon, the assembly dissolved. Transport and jubilee were carried through the city by the gaily-clad throngs, trooping down from the Pnyx.

The edict upon the free exercise of religion contained, however, one point which must have seemed, at least to the fanatical among the Christians, like a restraint; it forbade the use of the words heretic and idolater, and ordered that whoever dared to use violence of any kind whatsoever, against those who differed with them in opinion, should be punished as a common felon. The followers of the old religion were allowed, or rather ordered to open all their temples; and the oppressive restrictions and taxes, to which they were subjected by the tyrannical zeal of Constantius and the greed of his favorites, were declared repealed. All bishops and priests exiled or deposed by Constantius, received permission to return, and with the consent of their congregations, reassume their office.

A few days after, Chrysanteus and his daughter repaired to Constantinople, at the invitation of Julian. The proconsul of Achaia accompanied them. The same day they arrived at new Rome, the emperor reviewed the eastern le-

gions, which had been gathered there. The great majority of these soldiers were Christians. It was with their arms Constantius had intended to annihilate the last attempt of the old religion to save itself. Now the Athenian guests of Julian had an opportunity of witnessing a singular spectacle. Julian had ascended a magnificent throne, surrounded by the ancient insignia of Rome and the republic. Near the throne stood two altars consecrated to the gods, on which the sacrificial flames were lighted. The soldiers were ordered to throw a few grains of incense upon these altars as they filed by, if it were consonant with their convictions. Most did this; only a few held back, though this offering was equivalent to a public avowal of the old religion. The Gallic legions had already forsworn the flag of the cross, and raised their old banners, on which were inscribed: *The Roman Senate and People*. The imperial officers followed *en masse* the example of the legions. It was a scene which, on the one hand must have delighted the intelligent friends of the old religion, but on the other must have filled them with despair for human nature, and disgust at the vileness of their time. Christendom seemed to be willing to yield without a struggle. It was as if the human race had worn a mask that they suddenly cast away. Those firm in the faith retired into solitude, and the sun shone upon a teeming multitude in which all, who held fast to the belief of their fathers from religious conviction, or from consideration for threatened culture, for the right of human reason and for the shadow of the old freedom of the republic connected with it, were swallowed up in the mass of fortune seekers, who embraced the prevailing religion of the time, only to win the emperor's favor and for their own advantage.

But this wholesale defection,—what was it other than the fruit of the misguided, though perhaps well-meant, zeal, or the lust for power, which bought proselytes for the

Christian name by means of temporal advantage, office and money. Instead of being a spiritual communion destined gradually to pervade and control humanity by the power of the living spirit within it, the Christian congregation became *one church*, who,—while the spirit of Christianity independently of her and in spite of her, propagated its inner life in a few unnoticed, humble hearts,—exalted herself to judge soul and conscience, usurped dignities and privileges, forced her dogmas into the formulas of councils, greedily sucked up all scepticism found among the people, only to work it over and amplify it, purchased the approbation of worldly tyrants, by teaching that imperial sovereignty and a people's slavery are of God, sought to quench the light of reason, and persecuted all who differed from her in belief, with a fury surpassing everything before imagined of human nature.

The defection of the legions was not the only spectacle humiliating to the Christian church, that Chrysanteus and Hermione witnessed in Constantinople. Julian had invited to his palace the principal leaders of the different Christian parties who were to be found in the capital and its neighborhood, in order to persuade them to unite, or at least to induce them to live in peace and reconciliation with one another. The assembly was numerous, and consisted of priests of the lately dominant Homoiousian party, Homoiousian priests lately persecuted with fire and sword even while they quarrelled among themselves, Novatians and the other confessions. Had it been Julian's secret intention to divert himself and his guests with a sight of the depravity and hatred of the Christian priests, he would have been perfectly successful. Neither the presence of imperial majesty, nor shame for unseemly conduct before the eyes of heathen philosophers, were powerful enough to keep the peace. The members of the meeting insulted one another with the coarsest abuse, and accused one another of the most hideous crimes. Julian cried many times in vain :

“Hear me, ye Christian priests! Our enemies, the barbarians of Germany, the Franks and the Alemanni have heard me!”

Julian and Chrysanteus held confidential meetings daily, in which they discussed the best manner of reforming the old religion, of bringing it into harmony with the necessities of the time, and clearly developing those principles by which both hoped to improve the human race. They were both convinced that these principles were already found in their faith, and that they were sufficient for human happiness. Julian, who at his accession had refused to receive the title *dominus* or sovereign, and who already began to surround power with all the symbols of former freedom, dreamed of the restoration of the Roman republic, and hoped, by the proper education of the rising generation, to be able to bring about within the Roman world, what Moses with the forty years of wandering sought to bring about in Israel,—the crowding out of the slavish spirit by a fresh, free and noble popular conscience. Chrysanteus shared his zeal. For the accomplishment of this object, they concerted plans whose boldness and comprehensive scope, ought to have robbed them of every prospect for realization, had they not relied on the assistance of Heaven, the purity of their designs, and the unheard of power reposed in the hands of a Roman emperor. Julian was only thirty years old, full of strong wisdom, genius and enthusiasm. What could not Chrysanteus expect of him?

They both rejected, from principle and from wisdom, the use of violent means. The events, in the midst of which they lived, had taught Julian that the sword is equally impotent in uprooting either error or truth. He wished also perhaps to show the world an example of mildness and humanity, practised by the followers of the old religion, by the side of the horrid atrocities of which the Christians had been guilty during their day of power.

Julian had determined to select for all the provinces of the Roman empire, representatives of his authority who, by reforming religion and educating youth, should further the great object he had in view. He chose, with the advice of Chrysanteus, those priests and philosophers who seemed best fitted for these places. Chrysanteus was ordered to work in Achaia, and he joyfully received this mark of confidence. Returning to Athens he carried with him an imperial edict, which was sent simultaneously to the other provinces of the empire. In this edict, Julian explained in the first place his reformatory plans respecting the priesthood of the old religion. He commanded, that in every city the priests should be chosen from among those citizens who had especially distinguished themselves for wisdom and humanity, without regard to their wealth or social position. Their holy office demanded both physical and spiritual purity, and when they left the temple to resume the customary avocations of life, they should strive as virtuous citizens to set a good example to their fellow men. The studies of the priest ought to accord with his calling. If he feels himself drawn towards the principles of the Epicureans or the sceptics, he should resign his office, or study all the more diligently the philosophy of Pythagoras, Plato and the Stoics, for these teach that the world is ruled by a Providence, the fountain of every timely blessing, and prepare the soul of man for a future state of rewards and punishments. The edict also decreed that priests found unworthy their calling, should be instantly removed.

In the same edict Julian further declared that he wished to deprive the Christians of the honor they had acquired as the exclusive organizers of mercy and benevolence on a large scale. Especially he reminded the Athenians, that their fathers were the first who established public hospitals and asylums for the poor, and he exhorted them to revive the custom in accordance with the necessities of the time.

Finally he ordered that the allegorical interpretations which philosophers had made of the old traditions of the gods, should be collected and used as a general text book in the instruction of youth, and that the initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries should be offered free of expense to poor citizens and slaves.

Julian appropriated large sums for the rebuilding of fallen temples and the erection of new ones, in the Grecian cities. He decreed also that the Christians at their own expense, should rebuild the temples they had destroyed or injured.

The Jews, who under the former government were deprived of their privileges and persecuted in many ways, were not only included in the decree for universal religious freedom, but Julian took them especially under his care, gave them permission to return to Jerusalem, and determined, with money from the Roman treasury, to build anew the temple of Solomon in all its former magnificence.

After he had regulated the administration of the empire, and secured its peace from the intestine hate of religious parties, he left Constantinople, to march in battle array against the ancient enemy of the Roman empire, Persia, who, during his predecessors' rule, had ravaged and laid waste the Roman boundaries.

On their return from Constantinople, Chrysanteus and his daughter had visited the old oracle-temple at Delphi. It was Julian's intention that this temple should recover its ancient splendor and the Pythian oracle-service be re-established; he had confided the execution of the plan to Chrysanteus. Winter had now robbed of its crown the grove, sacred to Apollo, and packed drifts in the valley. Chrysanteus and Hermione found the temple desolate. Its last priest, the old Herakleon, once the host of Chrysanteus and his daughter, was dead, and his maid-servant had

moved into the neighboring city. When Chrysanteus and Hermione left the temple—the latter lost in the recollections of the night she once had passed there,—they observed a man, who slowly ascended one of the steep walls of the valley and vanished behind a cliff. He bore a helmet on his head, and a sword at his side, but otherwise, in spite of the severe cold, was covered only by a skin around his waist. Arrived at the city, Chrysanteus learned that the robber band, which nestled in the defiles of Parnassus, still continued their ravages in the vicinity,—the man they had seen was doubtless one of them.

The inhabitants of the city believed that these disturbers of the peace belonged to a Christian sect, called Donatists, against whom Constantius had ordered a regular war of extermination, and who, through many years of persecution, had at last reached an extreme degree of wildness. Fleeing from their burned villages to the desert or to nearly inaccessible mountain passes, they had there organized themselves into robber bands, which disturbed the African provinces and certain tracts on the other side of the Mediterranean, whither scattered detachments had succeeded in escaping.

In regard to the Donatists who harassed the country about Delphi, they had in the beginning comprised only an inconsiderable number, but had gradually been recruited by fugitive slaves and soldiers, together with evil-doers of every kind. Nor was this all. Among the solitary herdsmen and farmers in the Parnassian valleys, they had gained over to their religious tenets, many proselytes, and these with their families had not hesitated to leave peace and poverty in their cots, to share the wild life of their fellow believers.

Chrysanteus determined to hunt up the Donatist dwellers on Parnassus. The citizens endeavored to dissuade him from this rash undertaking, but he remained firm in his decision. Hermione wished to accompany him, and he

gave his consent. They set out, escorted by guides who knew the mountain, and equipped with everything that could assist them in their expedition. It was not long before they were waylaid by some shabbily-clad, but well-armed men, who, astonished at their boldness, and above all at the sight of the young girl, approached, not to plunder but to ask their errand.

Chrysanteus told them what they had not as yet learned, that emperor Constantius was dead, and the power passed into the hands of Julian, a man attached to none of the Christian beliefs, but to the old religion; also that he, Chrysanteus, sought the Donatists in the emperor's name, to give them information of the universal religious toleration proclaimed in every province of the Roman empire. The armed men listened doubtingly to his words, but fulfilled his desire to be shown to their head-quarters, where he could speak to the assembled banditti.

The Donatists had chosen their stronghold in an almost inaccessible cleft in the mountain, whose shivered sides shielded them against the storm, and offered natural abodes, which they had improved, as far as they could, with piled up trunks of trees. In these wretched hovels, scarce sheltered from the cold and snow of winter, dwelt about two hundred human beings, among them a few women and children. The arrival of the little caravan excited great astonishment, and gathered the people about it. The half naked men, the women and children covered with rags, all bore the stamp of wildness and the coarsest renunciation. The only articles they possessed in profusion, were weapons, and these of every possible kind, from the spike studded club—the fearful favorite weapon of all the Donatists, to which they themselves had given the name "*Gideon or the Israelite*"—to the helmets, spears, swords and shields, they had brought home as trophies from slain legionaries.

Chrysanteus repeated that he had come in the new em-

peror's name, to proclaim to them pardon for all their transgressions against the laws, as well as protection for their persons and religious convictions, in case they were willing to return into the bosom of society. To assist this return, he promised that the government would cede to them a sufficient tract of country in the most southern portion of Attica, where according to the emperor's orders, homesteads had already been granted to their brothers, the Novatians, who possessed the same faith but a more peaceable disposition.

Until the preparations for their removal were completed, Chrysanteus promised that they should be furnished, at the expense of the province, with everything they needed to support life and to repair their needy dwellings, on condition that they would give their solemn pledge to disturb the country no more by plundering incursions.

After a long conference between the Donatist priests and elders, they announced that they had listened to the emperor's message and thankfully received it. Still they did not wish to give any binding promise, until they had learned for themselves what sort of a transformation the world outside their mountain had undergone. For this purpose one of their elders offered to follow Chrysanteus, that he might afterwards rejoin his own, and relate to them his experience. Chrysanteus consented and returned to Delphi, accompanied by the ambassador of the Donatists, a tattered, long-bearded, wild-looking old man.

The news of this successful conference was received by the inhabitants of Delphi with every expression of joy, for the Donatists had been a severe scourge to them. The messenger shortly went back to his mountain, to confirm the truth of Chrysanteus' report. Before the latter departed for Athens, he had agreed with the authorities of Delphi that they should furnish provisions and other necessities to the Donatists, and three of their elders followed him to Athens, to take part personally in the preparation of their new abode.

Chrysanteus and his daughter were welcomed by the populace of Athens with jubilee and festivities. Annæus Domitius, after receiving many proofs of the emperor's favor—though it must be confessed the consulship was not one of them—hastened back to Athens, and had, in a general assembly, offered, and without opposition carried through, a proposition to erect a statue to the friend and teacher of the emperor, the first citizen of Athens.

Chrysanteus called the people together, and informed them of the emperor's reformatory designs. The delighted citizens promised to coöperate with all their power in the realization of the great common object. The priesthood of the old religion was purified, and the most distinguished citizens competed for the vacant places; the sacrificial service was established with renewed pomp, schools were organized for the children of all classes, eleemosynary societies were instituted, the great majority strove to return to a simpler and stricter mode of life, even the youth seemed to be inspired with a more moral spirit; with a few exceptions, they renounced their luxurious and boisterous pleasures, and hastened to the hardening sports of the gymnasium and the halls of the philosophers. Everything seemed to indicate that a new and better time had come.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE YEAR AFTERWARDS.

“ALEXANDER,” said Charmides to his young valet, “I am going away shortly and may not return very soon. In fact, I do not know when. So if Baruk, the Jew, come here to-morrow, to carry you away, break open this letter and show it to him.”

Alexander looked up in astonishment, for his master had not mentioned a word about any journey during the day, neither had any preparations been made. But greater than his astonishment was his terror at the unexpected prospect of being carried away by Baruk. What could this mean? Had his master, who had hitherto shown himself so kind towards Alexander, and pleased with his services, now suddenly grown weary of him, and sold him to Baruk, the rich slave-dealer, who with his vessels exported slaves to all quarters of the globe, even to the barbarians, among whom as was believed, their fate was to be slaughtered upon the altars of blood-thirsty gods?

"You look sad, my boy. Don't be afraid! Give me a glass of wine, and then go to sleep!"

"Master," asked Alexander with faint voice, "have you sold me to Baruk?"

"How can you hit upon such an idea? Well then, to put you at rest, you may know that the letter I just handed you, is your letter of freedom. You are free, my boy, free as the bird in the air. You are a slave no longer. Do you understand?"

Alexander's countenance lighted up instantly.

"Free? Oh, what do you say? Can this be my letter of freedom," he exclaimed, turning and gazing at it. "Is it possible?"

"It is altogether certain."

Alexander fell upon his knees before Charmides, seized his hand and kissed it.

"Good," said Charmides, drawing back his hand, "But you forget the wine. Hurry!"

"Free!" repeated the slave boy with delight. "But how have I deserved this goodness? Oh, master, how can I repay you—"

"The wine! Hasten!" cried Charmides.

It was hard for Alexander to restrain the outburst of his

gratitude. But at a renewed signal from Charmides, he ran out, immediately returning with a full cup in his hand.

Charmides emptied it.

Alexander asked hesitatingly: "May I not accompany you upon your journey?"

"No, it is unnecessary. I don't need you."

"But where are you going?"

"No prying! Go away!"

"But although I am free, you will certainly permit me to remain in your house and be your servant?" Alexander made bold to say, his affection and fear of being separated from his master mirroring themselves in his countenance.

"Don't bother me with your questions! Yet," continued Charmides, noticing Alexander's mournful look, "wait, I will tell you something. Circumstances compel our separation, my friend. To-morrow Baruk is the owner of this villa. I leave Athens to-night, and perhaps you will never again see your master. It was on this account I gave you your freedom. It is now your own problem, how you shall use this freedom to get on in the world. Follow your nature and grasp fortune whenever you can. This is my advice,—easy to give, harder, at least the latter part of it, to follow. But it contains the art of living, Alexander. I have noticed that you are eager to learn, that you hang over my books, that there is the logician if not the philosopher in you. Go to-morrow to Chrysanteus' house. Ask to speak with his daughter Hermione. Tell her that you have been Charmides' waiting slave, but that you now lack both fetters and bread. You can write. Beg Hermione to procure you a place among her father's copyists. Your face is a letter of recommendation to such people as Chrysanteus and Hermione; they will not refuse your request, but rather be pleased at it. Chrysanteus will place some work before you, which, while you copy it, can initiate you into his science, if you think, as you write. He

will so arrange it that you can cultivate your soul by the same work with which you earn your bread. And if he sees that you have improved this opportunity, from a copyist he will make you his disciple, lead you to the Academia and give you a place among patricians and the sons of Roman senators. Then your fortune will be made, Alexander. You will be, what emperor Julian is, a disciple of Chrysanteus. You will be a foster-brother with the emperor, my boy, and you will be a philosopher, full of clouds and ideas, of mists and conceptions. I have nothing more to say to you now, except that you bring my mantle, and light a lamp in the library. Fie, Alexander, no tears! You are ugly when you cry. Leave me!"

Soon after Alexander had withdrawn, Charmides went into the little library, near his bed chamber. His face was pale, and bore the impress of dire determination. After he had found the roll for which he sought, he removed the lamp to the sofa, threw himself upon it, opened the book, but forgot to read, and sank into his thoughts.

"Yet, I must write her—only a few lines—to justify myself—free me from any further thought of her."

He arose, cast aside the book and seated himself to write:

"Charmides to Rachel: greeting for the last time. I took the step to which my duty to you prompted me, and from which we both hoped a closer knitting of the bond that united us. You know, without doubt, that I did this in vain. When I to-day asked your father for your hand, he was at first dumb with rage and amazement. 'You, the heathen! you, the frivolous, dissolute, beggared Charmides!' This was his answer. It needed no amplification; the look with which he accompanied it was sufficient. Alas, my Rachel, your father was entirely right. Between us is a wall which cannot be surmounted. May fate be ever kind to you! As for me, I have been wise enough to make

myself *blasé*, at the same time as beggared. What care I that I have not a coin to purchase a pleasure, when I would not accept all the pleasures of the world as a present? Life is to me a squeezed orange, whose peel I cast away. I go to a land where man can be troubled neither with joy nor pain, fear nor hope, probably not even with thought. But if one *can* think there and recall the past, then the divine peace I enjoy will be mingled with a thought of thee."

"Good," thought Charmides. "Now this affair is dispatched. What could I have done for the poor girl more than I have? Have I not, just to make her happy with a blissful illusion, feigned for her a passion which long since died out? It was an unlucky hour when I was dazzled by her dark eyes. She has given me more trouble than all other women together. Her tenderness, her jealousy, her fear for the future, her unhappy susceptibility, which assumed a thousand forms to torment one—all this have I borne with a patience unexampled.

"She loves me! At this moment it does me good to reflect upon it. Even Alexander's tears pleased me. I am then really loved by two people! My departure will occasion pain in two beings! A consolation for human nature!

"To vanish from the world and leave behind a void instead of regrets, that is in truth a disagreeable thought. The empty nothing before me and behind, separated only by a hideous death spasm! No, no, at least something behind me!

"I once hoped to win, with Rachel, a goodly share of her father's possessions. What had then happened? I should have journeyed to Baiæ, to restore my spirits with the salt of the sea. I should again have begun to enjoy—a little while, and more from habit than youthful desire—then

have reverted to the physician and besought him to render immortal a wretched existence.

“Epicurus’ doctrine is the most contemptible the brain of man ever produced. I despise the cowardly idea of enjoying moderately that you may enjoy long. They seek pleasure, but mingle it with the continual fear of excess and its results—and therefore they find not what they seek. They mix the wine of the gods with the meanest dregs of human nature, cowardice. Such a mixture was loathsome to me. I sought unmingled enjoyment, and went my way without looking to right or left.

“The second act of life is glorious. The first is not worth mentioning, the third tiresome, the fourth base. I have always detested old age. The author’s genius betrays itself in supposing that the fifth and last act can be inserted in the play wherever one wishes.”

These reflections carried Charmides’ thoughts back to the book he had opened. It was a contemplation of death. Grecian literature was very rich in such books. Grounds of consolation against death formed an important division of morals for the philosophers of certain schools.

As becomes a traveller, Charmides would familiarize himself a little with the land whither he had determined to direct his course.

The author first advanced the question, whether it be better for the happiness of mankind carefully to shun every thought of death, or to accustom themselves to it in time, in order not to be seized with terror and lose balance of soul when the inevitable approaches. He called death by the mildest pet names—“a light, dreamless slumber, the brother of sleep, a returning to the bosom of mother Earth, an arrangement of good Nature herself for the dissolution of our body and the mingling of its component parts with the friendly elements”—and wondered that many should refuse to reflect upon it. “The peace they

hope thus to win is threatened every moment, for Nature opens graves by the thousand to our eyes; innumerable beings, with life and feeling, perish every moment. What terrible anguish must seize him who, even in a state of health, with unweakened nerves, had not learned to endure the thought of death, when he at last is attacked by sickness, when this sickness increases, when the physician doubts, when the physician finally gives him up! Only cowardly and thoughtless persons could therefore choose a course so unreliable and dangerous for the preservation of their peace. Yet," the author admitted, that "even for the noblest and bravest nations of the earth, the Greeks and the Romans, death was a word of terror, forbidden by the law to be named at sacrificial celebrations and other festive assemblies, and banished by conventionality from private social circles."

"This," continued the author, "shows how deeply antipathy to death is rooted in human nature. This antipathy must be overcome, or the soul's peace and clearness will be disturbed by the commonest occurrences." On this account the author agreed with all Grecian philosophers, that a man who loved his peace ought, as soon as possible, to accustom himself to the thought of death, and investigate what death really is. He referred to Epicurus who, during a painful sickness, and when near the close of life, wrote to a friend, that the joy of his soul outweighed the pangs of his body, and that his last days were also his happiest. From the faith of the immortality of the soul and the joys of a future life, many derive a courage which cannot be cast down. The author, however, deemed it unworthy the wise man to derive strength from anything which might possibly be an error. One should find strength within himself. "Is it not," he asked, "sufficiently consoling, to have lived, and in your life to have accomplished something useful, and with this calm reflection of the past

to wed the happy conception of being united with the earth, to nourish and foster all the good and beautiful, and of still being useful after death, by means of the dissolution of the body, to those of your kind whom you, in life, have loved?"

The author went on to enumerate and describe many of those instances which could make man, in spite of his implanted terror of death, indifferent to it; yes, hostile towards his own life. Among these he did not forget the voluptuaries, who emptied the cup of pleasure to its dregs. The last he described in this category were those who, from this very fear of death, rushed into its arms, and preferred annihilation itself to being tormented with the thought of it.

This delineation was given with a skill and force, which might well have caused the hair to stand on end upon the reader's head, and placed him among the number of those described.

The author was very copious on the subject of annihilation. His observations coincided with Plutarch's idea, that the fear of death in most people arises not so much from the thought of the bodily suffering which accompanies the death struggle, nor from the terrors of Tartarus or hell, and the representations of eternal torment, as from this very thought of *annihilation*. "May my hands and feet be paralyzed, may ulcers cover my body, may my agony cause my teeth to grind and gnash, if only life remain I am content, though I hung nailed to the cross," says Mæcenas. And many think as he. The human soul, like all nature, abhors a vacuum. Man can become reconciled to, yes, even strive after a condition of changelessness, of unbroken rest, inaccessible to sorrow and joy, hope and fear; but even such a condition is not annihilation. It assumes the form of a sweet, dreamless sleep, that in its depths possesses the possibility of awakening, and under whose benumbed ex-

terior lies a feeling of pleasant repose. But where every possibility of change is taken away, together with *that* which should not be capable of changing—where no *condition* at all is given—there fancy dives into a boundless void, groping in vain in the eternal darkness for a few atoms, to form an image of the incomprehensible, where yawns annihilation.”

Charmides tossed the book from him and arose. His inner life had been like a piece of mechanism, driven by outward impulses; he was enervated, ruined, helpless,—this was all he knew of himself, and he would not live, because the future awaiting him, was devoid of everything save need and contempt. To sink to the dregs of society, after having shone in its highest circles, and been a star among the pleasure-seeking youth; to dodge about in a tattered mantle, an object of ridicule and pity to the very persons on whom he had squandered his estate; to wander, followed by disdain, towards premature infirmities and a despicable old age—this his fancy had painted in appalling colors. He could escape this fate by a voluntary death. This he had long anticipated as the end of his career; it entered into his philosophy, and he had found no difficulty in reconciling himself to the thought of it; it had, on the contrary, appeared a fitting scene in the last act of life's comedy, heightening the effect of the whole. To go out in the meridian of his brilliancy, to leave the world while he yet dazzled it and seemed enviable and happy, to tear himself from pleasure's bosom and hasten to the grave's, while still youthful, handsome, fresh, an object for woman's tenderness, this would be indeed the only death befitting a Charmides!

Farther than this he had not reflected upon death. He regarded it as a necessity, and would use even this necessity in a manner flattering to his pride. Yet when the hour of his ruin approached, and his temporal weal threatened, like

a leaning tower, to topple over upon him, he had from day to day postponed his decision. But now the last day had come. If he survived this, he would also have survived himself, and, his death, if put off a few hours more, would be full as despicable, as if it awaited him at the close of a long career of contempt and misery.

For this reason he had deliberately determined that the present night should be his last.

But at the moment, when he threw down the book, he felt what he had never before experienced—doubt, yes, terror. Humanity's dread of annihilation, described with such power and psychological correctness in the unknown author's work, had suddenly seized Charmides also.

He paced the floor, vainly fighting against the shudder which crept over his limbs. Then he left the room, threw on his mantle, and hastened out to collect his thoughts in the open air.

He was at this moment the most wretched of beings. He saw in self-murder his only salvation, and yet at the last hour was terrified by his savior.

Thoughts dark and confused rolled through his brain. He was not in a condition to control or arrange them, in order to reflect calmly upon his situation, and reason against the instinct of self-preservation.

In this condition he wandered on without seeing whither he went, till on nearing the city he found the double-gate before him, and heard from the street Ceramicus the murmur of numerous promenaders, enjoying the clearness of the cool, starry night.

He stopped, for in his present temper he preferred neither to see nor to be seen of men. Close behind him lay the cemetery. He turned and walked thither.

At the entrance, he was checked a moment by two persons coming in the opposite direction. As he passed by, one of them laid a hand upon his arm and spoke his name.

Disagreeably surprised, Charmides halted, regarded the man, and recognized Peter, the Homoiousian bishop.

"Clemens," said he to the youth who accompanied him, "go on before me to the city. I will be home soon after you."

The bishop and the reader came from the pillar-field, after having carried Simon, the saint, his evening meal. Since his resurrection, Simon had again mounted the pillar, and now lived his customary life; if possible, an object of still more attraction and admiration than before.

"What can you have to tell me?" asked Charmides, impatiently.

"Much," answered Peter, "if you have but time to hear me."

"That is just what I have not—"

"Well, much can be said in a few minutes. "Whither are you going? I can accompany you, and on the way impart to you what I have to say."

"Will you not postpone this conversation till another time?"

"No, it might then be too late—"

"You are right there. Well, it is a matter of indifference to me where we go."

"Let us take the first place, then, where we can talk undisturbed. There are many such around us."

They seated themselves upon a bench, shaded by cypresses.

"And now, what is it you have to tell me?" asked Charmides.

"Something, which will doubtless seem to you strange and presumptuous," Peter replied. "We are scarcely acquainted with each other, and yet you must hear, that I wish to mix myself in matters that seem to concern me not at all, and you very intimately—"

"Very well. Only let me hear what it is."

“My friend, I have dreamed of you many nights; last night in particular, the dream was so vivid, that I have felt all day an uncontrollable desire to speak with you. I should have sought you out, had I not met you here. What do you believe, in general, about dreams?”

“I have no wish to philosophise this evening, Peter. But to be brief, they are with me inspirations from the stomach,—with you, probably, from Heaven. What did you dream?”

“I have dreamed three nights in succession, that you stood on the brink of an abyss, and that I saved you from falling into it.”

“And was this all you wished to tell me?”

“No, I wish also to say to you, that I am a believer in certain kinds of dreams. There are some that in themselves bear irrefutable evidence of their truth. I am at this moment convinced that Providence has selected me as the humble instrument to save you from some misfortune.”

Charmides grew attentive. Peter's words made a strong impression upon him. The latter continued:

“I have asked myself, what is this misfortune which threatens Charmides? and how can I be enabled to save him? There is so much which separates us from each other, which denies me his confidence. Our paths hitherto have never met; my view of life is altogether different from his, a heaven-wide difference lies between our experience of the world. He would not understand me, were I to speak to him from the depths of my heart; perhaps he would not even listen to me. When I asked what the misfortune could be, with which Charmides was threatened, I received no other answer than this: his misfortune is the very thing he regards as his fortune, and you will in vain seek to change an opinion that is grounded, as it were, in his blood, his youth, the gifts and prerogatives with which nature has furnished him, and which invite him to pleasure,

dissipation, and the intoxication of his senses. You can avail nothing now; time alone can accomplish anything. The day will come, however, when he shall put back with loathing the cup of pleasure, though it be extended to him by the loveliest hand. Then he shall voluntarily think on his ways. You can as yet effect nothing. But the dream returned. You were ready to cast yourself into the abyss. You did not walk with closed eyes upon its brink; your eyes were open, you saw all; your face was dark and gloomy, as it is now, and yet, when I seized your arm, you stopped willingly, and I was able, without difficulty, to lead you out of danger. Such was my last dream.

"I, who believe in dreams," continued Peter, "because our holy books give me grounds for so doing, and because long experience supports such a belief, felt myself convinced of the truth of this one, both on account of the immediate presence and your own knowledge of the danger that threatens you, as well as the fact that I really can save you, and that you will readily confer upon me the confidence necessary for this purpose. Am I mistaken?"

"Probably."

"I do not believe it. At this very moment you are unhappy, Charmides—"

"Nonsense!"

"And you need a helper. The time has come, when the cup of pleasure disgusts you—"

"You are right there—"

"See then, a beginning to the confidence I seek to win. I scarcely need to know more, for in this you have said, that you stand at a turning point in your life, that you will begin another course, worthier the noble gifts Providence has vouchsafed you, and which, if rightly used, will gain you a future of happiness and honor."

"You make me laugh—"

"You doubt such a future, yet feel a loathing for the life you have hitherto led. But this is despair!"

“What then?”

“You, who have the follies of youth behind, and the best of life before you! Is your health broken? Your young nature will regain it. Is your fortune squandered? You will acquire a new one. Or has your despair a deeper root? Charmides, there is an infallible medicine, just as there is a disease, of the soul, which leads to the real health, the true life. Oh, would that your evil were of this kind! I should take your hand and lead you to the true physician. Perhaps it is even so—and I should congratulate myself upon it—although you have not looked within, into your own bosom. Perhaps your self-examination is clouded by thoughts of earthly things, by fear for your temporal welfare. This fear must be driven away. Until this is done, you will not hear me, and I wonder not at it, for preaching to a drowning man is madness. First, draw him out of the deep; preach afterwards. So then, if your fortune is squandered, if you fear creditors, poverty and contempt, give me your confidence. I may possibly be able to help you.”

“You?”

“Yes, I!”

“Suppose you have guessed rightly, could you avert a blow, awaiting me with the rising sun?”

“I do not deem it impossible.”

“I know that you are an extraordinary man, an Apollonius of Tyana among the Christians, that you have raised from the dead and performed other wonderful things. I am therefore almost tempted to rely upon your talents even in this case—”

“Ah! compare not what should not be compared. Let us cling to the subject! Suppose that Baruk is your creditor, that you need assistance—”

“Peter, how know you that?” exclaimed Charmides.

“I know more, much more. Suppose, as I said, that you

need assistance from him. You can calmly go home, lie down and sleep. I give you my word, that Baruk shall have patience."

"Peter, are you in earnest? Can you perform what you promise?"

"I can perform more than I promise. All depends upon you, and the confidence you grant me."

"But what is your intention? What are your motives?—But I leave all questioning aside. They may be whatever they like. My condition is desperate, I acknowledge, and, if you can save me as I wish to be saved—"

"So that all shall be done in silence, so that your pride shall not be wounded—"

"Call it arrogance or pride—the word makes no difference—then I lay my fate in your hands, and you may do with me what you will; though I cannot possibly conceive what sort of interest you can entertain for me, or how I can manifest my gratitude in repayment."

"I desire nothing but your confidence. With this confidence, I shall attain the rest, and what I wish is your own happiness. To begin with; will you call upon me tomorrow after dusk, when I have returned from my work? You have seen me, perhaps, dragging stone for Aphrodite's temple. This is now my daily occupation, and I share with joy the labors of my oppressed brethren. When Israel was mighty, we pulled down the altars of idols; now we must rebuild them, but, as we hope, only to destroy some day this work of our own hands. You will not now seek me in the Episcopal palace, which is turned into a poor house, but in a hut upon Scambonidæ. Whoever you ask, will show you to my unpretending dwelling. We will tomorrow, then, confer more fully upon the means of arranging your temporal affairs."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PETER AND BARUK.

A MANDATE had gone forth from the emperor Julian, that the Christians should rebuild, at their own expense, the temples they had thrown down, during the previous reign.

At Athens this order produced severe results, for not only Peter, but his predecessor in the Episcopal chair, had zealously destroyed the altars of the old gods; in this they were supported by the imperial power, which either legalized such actions, or let them remain unpunished.

With the death of Constantius, the rich streams had also dried up that had flowed from the state treasury into the money boxes of orthodox bishops.

The Christians at Athens were indeed many, but the great mass of them belonged to the poorer class of people, and were moreover divided into two parties, of which the one persecuted during the reign of Constantius was the larger. This party had, through their bishop—for they also were now permitted to have a bishop—complained to Chrysanteus and the proconsul of Achaia, that they were made to suffer for offences of which they were innocent. They had not torn down any temples; why should they be punished for the deeds their opponents, the Homoiousians had committed?

Their complaint had been found just, and they had therefore been freed from participation in the erection of the temples. The whole burden had thus fallen upon the Homoiousians, whose ranks were moreover thinned by numerous defections.

The rigor with which Chrysanteus watched over and hastened on the work, made the burden doubly oppressive.

During this time of suffering and difficulty for the Homoiousian communion, Peter had shown himself worthy the place to which the congregation had elevated him. He had, without a murmur, left the Episcopal palace, an edifice belonging to the city of Athens, and removed, with Clemens, into a little house in Scambonidæ. He bore an untiring share in the work, arranged the daily division of labor between the members of his congregation, and was always ready himself to take the place of any, who by sickness or other circumstances, were prevented from completing their part. He was seen every day, in the midst of working men, women and children, dragging stone to the temple of Aphrodite. The priests under him were aroused by and followed his example.

The morning after his conversation with Charmides, Peter called on Baruk.

The old Israelite had recently made preparations on a grand scale for a journey to Jerusalem. Ever since the time of the emperor Hadrian, the Jews had been forbidden to dwell in, or visit their former capital. Even its sacred name was blotted out and replaced by a Roman appellation. Now all was changed: Julian had not only repealed this interdiction, but like a second Cyrus, had exhorted the Jews to return to their father land. Upon the holy mount Moriah he had determined to erect a temple, which should be a new centre for the worshippers of Jehovah, rivaling that of Solomon and Herod the Great in extent and magnificence.

A universal transport had seized the Jews. The rebuilding of the temple, and the gathering of regenerate Israel around its holy walls, had never ceased, during their oppression and ignominy, to be their hope and aim. Now, this seemed to approach realization. To the great sums, which Julian appropriated from the public means to this undertaking, was added the voluntary assistance of the Jews.

The rich contributed a portion of their fortune, the poor hastened to offer their mite. From Gaul, Britain, Africa and the isles of the Mediterranean, the Jews streamed to Palestine, few of them intending to settle there, but all wishing to take part in the project. This enthusiasm was not least at Athens. Letters from Jerusalem to the synagogue in Athens, recounted that the ground walls were already laid; that old men, women and children, took part in the work, that it was carried on with hymns and jubilee; that many of the rich, who rivalled the poorest in assiduity and zeal, used spades and crowbars of silver, and did not deem mantles of purple too good for bearing away the rubbish. There was among the Christians a general conviction that the temple of Jerusalem would never again arise, because the doom of destruction had been pronounced upon the Mosaic law. Perhaps the secret motive of Julian, when he so zealously embraced the thought of rebuilding the temple, was no other than that of bringing this conviction to shame, and by his imperial power producing a speaking witness against the reliability of the prophecies, on which the Christians founded their faith. The Jews, who for a long time had been treated with arrogance and contempt, received even from this point of view, new reasons to put forth all their power for the speedy accomplishment of the great undertaking.

Old Baruk did not feel that he had done his utmost in giving a considerable sum of money towards the rebuilding of the temple. He, even he, wished directly to have a hand in it; he could at least carry up one stone, and he praised the God of his fathers, that he had lived to the time which, at last, should behold the fulfilment of the hope of Israel. He was now equipping two ships, to carry him and a number of his fellow-believers, Rabbi Jonas included, to the Holy Land. When he now conversed with Rabbi Jonas, the latter entertained him no longer with

Plato and Philo ; their words and thoughts ran only upon the temple, their journey, and the fair prospect for the future of Israel.

During many years, Baruk had employed a portion of his leisure in the pious occupation of copying the holy books of the law. What care had he not bestowed upon every letter ! How neatly they must be turned, and how exactly like the letters in the original, which lay before him ! There might be,—and according to what Rabbi Jonas assured him, there really was—a secret meaning in the arbitrary deviation from the usual form, or in the extraordinary size, certain of the innumerable letters possessed in the primitive book. On this account it was important that the copy should resemble it with the most scrupulous exactitude. It was thus a tiresome work, but all the more meritorious, when it should at last be finished. And finished, it now was, to the no small joy of the pious merchant. They were complete, all the rolls, and wound around golden rods, whose ends were decked with jewels of immense value. He had first intended them for the synagogue at Athens ; but now a more ambitious thought had arisen in his bosom. He would present them to the new temple, and he only feared, that the humble station of their copyist among scribes, would render him unworthy such an honor.

It was, however, by no means Baruk's intention to remain a long time at Jerusalem, still less to settle there. He would only see again the city of David, make his prayer upon Moriah, witness the activity at the building of the temple and carry up his block ; then he would return with a handful of the holy earth, on which his head would rest when he should be gathered to his fathers. His wife, the aged Esther, was too feeble to undertake a voyage over the sea ; she and Rachel were, therefore, to remain at home and await his return, when he would tell them all he had seen and heard, as exactly and completely, as if they had seen it with their own eyes.

Baruk had charged Esther to watch Rachel's conduct closely, during his absence; which was all the more necessary, as rabbi Jonas, her betrothed, was to accompany the expedition.

In the midst of these preparations, Baruk had been surprised by the request of Charmides for his daughter's hand. The old man, who knew his debtor's boundless levity, at first received the proposition as an untimely joke, and repelled it with great dignity; but when Charmides, to give force to his words, added that the passion was reciprocal, that Rachel loved him, Baruk was not only wroth, but amazed and terrified.

He required some moments to collect himself.

He then, however, despatched Charmides' courtship in words apparently calm, but full of the deepest scorn, and referring to his business relations with the lover, declared, that as he required the sums he had lent him for his projected journey, he should immediately proceed to collect the loans now due, and if necessary, use all the power he, as creditor, possessed over his debtor.

Charmides, who would not leave the field conquered, hereupon answered with a declaration, which caused the blood in Baruk's veins to turn to ice, and the next moment, when Charmides had departed, to seethe like lava.

Baruk awaited, in painful suspense, an opportunity for examining his daughter alone upon her relations to the young heathen. He would not, with a premature exposure of an unexplained affair, give old Esther anxiety, and cause a scene in the house.

When at last this opportunity presented itself, the trembling girl fell at her father's feet, and confessed that she loved Charmides. Baruk, contending with his terror at this discovery, cautiously sought to ascertain how her acquaintance with the giddy youth had arisen, and how far it had developed itself. He strove to win Rachel's confi-

dence, and made a great effort to seem calm, but Rachel heard how his voice trembled—she dared not confess all.

She had “often seen Charmides, and also exchanged a few words with him, when he came to the house to see Baruk.” She had moreover “often met him on her way to the synagogue.” She admitted that she had answered his glances and greetings, and that finally she had many times spoken with him from the balcony. Charmides had appeared on pleasant moon-lit evenings, with a cithara, and played and talked in a way that captivated Rachel’s heart. He had at last declared that he loved her, and could not live without her love. She had then comforted him by saying that she also loved him.

This was all Rachel dared to admit. She did this, stammering, blushing, and often hiding her face in her hands and fearing to meet her father’s eyes. She, herself, had no clear conception of the terrible secret she concealed, but her maidenly instinct refused to allow a word of it to pass her lips, and she felt a foreboding that its discovery would crush her father’s heart.

A weight fell from Baruk’s breast. He lifted up his daughter, declaring that he would forget her false step, if she would be very careful hereafter, and remember what was due herself, her parents, her betrothed, the religion of her fathers, and her own good name. These duties were holy; if she transgressed them, she would bring her father’s gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. He entreated her to arm herself with this thought; as she would thus easily conquer the passion, which had arisen in her breast, for a youth who was not only a heathen, but a prodigal, a vile, ruined and heartless person.

Baruk hoped that these reasons would be sufficient, and comforted himself likewise with his paternal authority. Rachel had come near falling into an abyss, but fortunately her honor, so thought the old man, was still unspotted.

Thus nothing was yet lost. The thoughtless seducer had beguiled her with his handsome looks, his plausible words, but Rachel's passion for him could not, as yet, have any deeper roots. It would soon pass away, when she saw that an insurmountable wall stood between her and him.

In the meantime, this discovery threatened to break up Baruk's plans of travel, and mingled itself unpleasantly with his transport for Jerusalem, and the building of the temple. Dare he journey and leave Rachel alone under the unreliable guardianship of the feeble Esther?

In the midst of these reflections, the morning after Charmides' call, he was surprised at seeing Peter, the Christian bishop, step over his threshold. Baruk had many times stood before his bar, and with extreme humility in word and manner, spoken for his right against tricky Christian debtors, who, hoping for a more favorable decision, had appealed from worldly tribunals to the shepherd of their souls. Peter, on such occasions, administered justice, for which Baruk felt himself all the more thankful, as this, at the court of Christian bishops, was not the rule, when the creditor was a Jew.

Now, humility both in word and manner had vanished, and Baruk stood courteously, but very erect, before the Christian priest, whose jurisdiction was abolished, whose power was broken.

The bishop desired a private conversation. The broker granted it. Peter began to speak of Charmides. Baruk was aware that Peter entertained an interest in this person and his economy; why, he knew not, though he had never ceased beating his brains upon it. He was not surprised, therefore, when he heard that Peter's visit had reference to him.

"I know," said Peter, "that you are about to take severe measures to collect your demands against the thoughtless youth—"

“Exactly.”

“I am not surprised at this. It is your right, and most people in your position would do the same. It must be admitted also, that Charmides is one, who, least of all, deserves forbearance, if forbearance is ever found in a creditor’s dictionary.”

“It certainly is not found in mine,” replied Baruk. “The word charity is there, but I never conduct business as a charity, nor charity as a business.”

“Right. I perceive that a merchant must distinguish between two such dissimilar matters. Neither was it my intention to call upon your charity on Charmides’ account. He would moreover be too proud to receive it, although severity, employed by you at this moment, must ruin his whole future.”

“That is bad, but I now fully intend to be severe—as severe as possible.”

“I see the matter from the same judicious point that you do,” continued Peter, “but the difference is, that I see somewhat farther than you.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, that if you execute your intention against Charmides, you cannot recover anything near the amount you have loaned him—”

“I know all that,” interrupted Baruk, with a shrug; “the fact has caused me a sleepless night, but now I shall resign myself to my fate.”

“And prevent him from making you whole in the future.”

“You amuse me. When would he ever be able to do this? You talk of his future, as of something grand and brilliant. “I would not give an obolus for it. Let everybody pray the Almighty to preserve them from such a future! One does not need to be a soothsayer to see whither it leads.”

"But if you are mistaken? If Charmides is destined to be the richest man in Athens?"

"He is to have an inheritance, then, you mean? I have procured definite information of his family, and his prospects in that direction. Alas, they, not even they, are worth as much as an obolus. He has inherited once for all. Fate will pour no more water into that sieve."

"It is not a question of inheritance, but of marriage."

"Of marriage!" exclaimed Baruk, amazed. "Of marriage and a rich portion? Is it this you mean?"

"Just so."

"Ahem—it would probably then be with *my* money as a marriage portion, that he will pay his debts to me, thought Baruk."

"My bishop," he added aloud and in a thoughtful tone, "who then may the rich heiress be, to whom he is paying court?"

"He is not yet paying court to any one, as far as I know," Peter answered.

"Then I know more than you," thought Baruk. "But," said he aloud, "I do not understand you. Charmides, you say, is not making love to any one, and yet you hold up to me the prospect of his forming a rich matrimonial alliance."

"He will within a year marry the daughter of the richest man in Athens."

"The daughter of the richest man in Athens!" repeated Baruk, astonished. "You must then mean Chrysanteus and his daughter Hermione?"

"Yes."

"How do you know this?"

"I can only repeat what I have said."

"It must be by means of divination that you have been enabled to look thus into the future," said Baruk, seriously, for he was convinced that the Christian bishop, who could

bring the dead to life, held the most confidential relations with evil, demoniac spirits. Baruk shared the superstition of his countrymen, which at that time was, if possible, greater than the superstition of Christians and heathen.

"At present," continued Baruk, "your prophecy bears all the signs of improbability. I know that Charmides and Hermione have been betrothed, but his giddy habits of life have broken this engagement. Rumor long ago proclaimed that Chrysanteus had forbidden him his house, and to this is added what I have lately heard, that Chrysanteus wishes to have him banished from Athens, because he sets so evil an example to youth."

"All this is outweighed by one single fact: Hermione loves him."

"Is this really so? Well do I know that young women allow themselves to be deceived by a handsome exterior, still, I thought that Hermione formed an exception to her sex—"

"You must remember that Hermione and Charmides grew up together, that they were destined for each other from their earliest youth. Remember also, that Hermione, since the engagement was broken, has repelled all advances from other quarters. Does not this indicate that she loves him yet, although he has shown himself unworthy of her. And if this will not convince you, I will tell you in confidence, that very recently her own lips have not denied the unconquered passion of her heart."

"That is really something. Upon nearer inspection, it seems to be indeed probable. But her father will never consent—"

"Her father will consent to everything she wishes. The greatest difficulty lies with Charmides himself. Everything depends upon his future conduct, for only by a reformed life can he hope to regain Hermione's respect."

"Right. But here we run against an impossibility."

“No, no impossibility at all, only an apparent difficulty. You know the nature of youth. They must sow their wild oats. The more infatuated they have been, the more complete is often their change to a discreet life.

“This does sometimes happen, to be sure. But—Char-
mides discreet? It appears to me impossible!”

“I know him better. I pledge you, that such a change shall take place, if you do not render it impossible. The threads of his fate lie in the hands of us two. He has kept on his way to the abyss of destruction, and stands now on its brink. What he hitherto would not see, yawns now, at his feet, and he sees it. If he has not already returned, you are the cause, for you stand behind him, the sovereign of the moment, and it is you who will push him over, or open the way of return. If you crush his pride, he is lost. All suspect that he is ruined, but excepting you, himself, and me, no one knows it; for he has until this day understood how to conceal his condition under his way of life, which would induce one to believe that the riches of India were at his disposal. Beneath all this he is filled with remorse, and ready for any desperate measure whatever. If you ruin him, you know not the result; if you leave the way open to him, he will, with the experience he has so dearly bought, hasten to take possession of a future, standing ready to receive him, offering him peace, and with peace every object of his ambition. If, after having gained a new fortune, he should backslide, neither of us need be concerned. It is enough for me that Hermione will be his wife—that is my object—and it ought to be enough for you, that he will pay you to the last obolus. It is you alone, who can place him in a position to do this. Only leave him in peace, and within six months he will be betrothed for the second time to the daughter of the rich Chrysanteus, and within a year be her husband, and the heir to all his property.”

Baruk had listened attentively to Peter's arguments. Although the old broker, ever since the scene of yesterday between himself and Charmides, and the discovery of his relations to Rachel, felt toward him a bitter hatred, so that he was ready to rejoice at his inability to pay, giving him, —Baruk—an opportunity of wreaking his revenge, yet he was inclined to see the matter from another point. He must take his choice; on the one side he would lose a considerable sum by a prodigal son of the despicable Gojim, and bear the vexation of an unlucky affair; on the other he would receive the entire capital loaned, together with the accruing interest—thirty to forty-five per cent. It was a great temptation for him to retrieve a speculation considered hopeless, and change the expected severe losses into brilliant gains by his wisdom, foresight and patience; and this all the more, because it had been his pride to set to the young merchants of his race, an example of circumspection, foresight, and the talent of making use of circumstances, which hitherto had always given success to his followers. His younger colleagues were already certain that he would lose upon Charmides; he could now probably show them that he had seen further than they—that even in respect to Charmides, he knew what he was about, when they thought he was acting in the blindest and most thoughtless manner.

But Baruk had another, and at present more eloquent reason for giving his consent to Peter's request. He thought Charmides was in a position to take whatever desperate step suggested itself. His fear for his daughter's safety was so strong, that, when the bishop crossed his threshold, he was debating whether he should dare to leave Athens, and undertake his long wished-for journey to Jerusalem. If this were now true that Peter told him—and he had no reason for doubting it—a way was found, and help had come in the right moment, as if from Heaven. Charmides would, without doubt, cease to set his hooks for Rachel,

as soon as he got a hint of the far greater and more accessible fortune, awaiting him in another direction. Baruk's innocent little lamb would be shielded from the attack of the voracious wolf, while the latter, in the guise of a contrite and repentant sinner, went to seize other prey. That would be excellent, indeed.

And if Rachel's passion were really deeper than a mere passing fancy, she would conquer it, at any rate, when her air-castle fell, when she found that Charmides' avowals of love were but empty words; and that he, immediately after his courtship of her, directed his plans towards Hermione. Her eyes would at least be opened when the news reached her ear, that the same Charmides whom she loved, was betrothed to Hermione.

On these grounds it was not long before Baruk made up his mind. He gave Peter a definite promise not to trouble Charmides, for at least half a year. He even asserted that he was not unwilling to advance Charmides a loan or two, if this should be necessary, as soon as there began to appear sure signs of the prosecution of the matter Peter had described.

Upon the evening of the same day, Peter sat after his day's work, in his cottage, on Scambonidæ, within a chamber whose furniture was of the simplest kind, and which was lighted by a lamp of the common potter's ware. The only things that recalled the Episcopal palace, were the books and the image of Christ; but even this was robbed of its precious stones. Peter shared his humble dwelling with his foster son, the young Clemens. They had just partaken of their frugal evening meal, prepared for them by their hostess, a pious widow of the Homoiousian persuasion. Peter, reclining upon a sofa near the lamp, was opening his Tertullian. Clemens was throwing on his cloak, in readiness to leave.

"Greet my son Euphemius," said Peter, "and do not

be tempted to occupy yourself too long to-night with the copy of St. John's Revelations. You have worked to-day upon the heathen temple, and must be weary, Clemens.

"Oh no; I am not weary, but I am filled with bitter thoughts, my father. It is awful that we Christians should erect a temple to heathen idols. We are building a house for evil powers, for devils!"

"The emperor commands it, Clemens. We must."

"No, we must obey God rather than man. We ought to refuse to do this, and let the emperor kill us rather than comply."

"My son, we submit, because our superior wills it, and we are enabled to do this, because we are convinced of final victory. The buildings we erect, will not become idolatrous temples, but churches."

"Ah, you are right," said Clemens, his face lighting up. "If we only retain this hope, we can work under blessings instead of curses. It is indeed true; this will sometime, when we have a Christian emperor, become a church. And this may happen very soon, if what Euphemius told me is true, that many of our faith surround the apostate Julian, only awaiting a favorable opportunity to send him into the pit."

"Did Euphemius say this?"

"Yes."

"Such words are very indiscreet. I shall warn Euphemius against speaking thus. You ought not to listen to words like these, still less repeat them."

"But would it be wrong to kill an apostate, who persecutes us and wishes to root out the Christian church from the earth?"

"Clemens, I have observed that lately you often ask questions with which you should never occupy your mind. Take heed, for if man once begins to question, he seldom stops, before he has called in question the Most High."

“God save me from this!”

“God save you from idle, rambling thoughts! You have your duties to think of, and the books I place in your hands. They answer all the questions, which are necessary and permitted. Guard your soul, and go not beyond this! Have you met Theodorus, recently?”

“Yes, father, almost daily. He seems to seek me, and follow my steps.”

“Well?”

“I avoid him.”

“You should not listen to what he says.”

“I have told him so.”

“You did wrong, even in this, for I have forbidden you to answer him at all.”

“Pardon me, father. I only told him that I neither would nor could listen to him, and I bade him leave me, hereafter, in peace.”

“In Theodorus, my son, you see an example of where pride and inquisitiveness lead. He despised my counsel, relied upon his reason, and read the Holy Scriptures not with a humble spirit, not with reference to the opinions of the fathers of the church and the inspired interpretations of the councils, but with confidence in his own wisdom. And the result was his soul’s ruin. His delusions are more terrible than those of the Athanasians themselves. He denies the right of councils to give rules for the understanding of the Scriptures; he denies the priesthood of the church instituted by Christ, he talks, like many heretics before him, of a universal Christian priesthood, and added to all this he flatters the heathen, because they are powerful, associates with philosophers, and visits daily at Chrysanteus’ house.”

“I have forgotten to tell you, father, what happened to me to-day while at work,” said Clemens. “Chrysanteus was present, as his wont—”

"Yes, he enjoys the sight of our labors," said Peter. "May we allow him this short enjoyment!"

"He was present, the hated one, accompanied to-day by his daughter. But she looks so good, mild and serious, my father!"

"You looked at her closely, then?"

"No," answered Clemens, blushing. "You have commanded me to turn my gaze away from young women, and I did so."

"Well?"

"But she came herself to me and spoke to me—"

A shadow of inquietude passed over Peter's face at these words. He laid aside the roll and raised himself up.

"Were you standing near her?" he exclaimed.

"No, the place where I was working was quite far from the street, where she stood, but she passed between my brothers on to me, and laid her hand upon my shoulder, when I turned away, pretending I had not noticed her presence."

"Ah, you have again broken my commands! Have I not told you, Clemens, that you must keep your face covered with the cloak, when you are out?"

"But father, I was busy at work!"

"It is true. I forgot it."

"The sun stood high in the heavens, for it was midday, and we were all faint with working in the severe heat. I wore only my short working tunic, when this happened, yet I was bathed in perspiration, for I had exerted myself greatly, to set the brethren an example of obedience to the superintendent of the work."

"You were right, Clemens. But what would Hermione with you? What did she say to you?"

"She asked me my name,—how old I was,—"

"Ah!"

"Where I was born, and who were my parents—"

"And you? What did you answer?"

"I answered that my name was Clemens, and that bishop Peter was my father; and when she called me *boy*, I informed her that I was a *priest*."

"Go on!"

"She laughed at this; but I told her seriously, that she ought to be converted and think on her soul's welfare. Then I turned away and walked from her."

"Was this all?"

"Yes."

"God be praised!" thought Peter. This ought to teach me to be more cautious in future. I shall no longer permit Clemens to take part in the work. "My son," he added aloud, "You will remain with Euphemius to-night. But do not occupy yourself too long copying, you need to sleep and regain strength."

Clemens wished the bishop good-night, and departed.

While walking down Scambonidæ, he passed a female figure, that turned and accosted him with trembling voice.

"I see from your cloak, that you are a Christian priest. Do you belong to the Homoiousian faith? Pardon me for detaining you with this question!"

Clemens stopped. He saw before him a pretty young girl, dressed as a slave of some opulent house.

"I recognize you now," said the girl, who seemed much disturbed. "You are the reader, Clemens. How fortunate that I met you! My intention was to seek the bishop, but I have doubtingly walked this street many times, and always turned about at his door. I dared not go in, neither dared I go home, till I had spoken with him or you. How happy that I have met you."

"What do you wish of me?"

"Oh, I am very unhappy," complained the young slave girl. I have a strict mistress, and I happened this evening, while she was away, to break her costliest toilet-casket.

She punishes me severely for the least oversight—and she prized this toilet-casket so highly. I did not dare to await her return, but hastened away, and am afraid to go back unless you will accompany me home, and persuade her to pardon me. Oh, do not deny me this, most pious brother! My mistress is so strict, yes, she is furious, when angry; but otherwise she is good, and God-fearing, and zealous for the true faith; and if you, who are a priest, would accompany me home, I am sure she would pardon me, at your request.”

The girl seized his hand. Clemens drew it back terrified. He had never before been so near a woman. But he felt pity for the poor slave, and deemed it his duty to grant her request.

“Is the dwelling of your mistress far off?” he asked.

“No, good brother.”

“Well, I will follow you.”

“I am eternally thankful to you for your goodness.”

The girl led Clemens across the street Ceramicus, and into a lane, when she stopped before the rear entrance of the proconsul’s palace.

The gate opened directly upon the ladies’ court. They entered, without any porter’s showing himself. The slave bade Clemens wait a moment, and vanished through a door in the portico. She returned immediately, and conducted Clemens through a corridor. Pointing to a door at the end of this, she whispered: “There! enter! My mistress is at home.”

Clemens opened the door, and found himself in a boudoir glittering with gold and filled with perfumes. Upon a sofa reposed a lady, clad in a light dress of lace. Apparently surprised at the visit, she raised herself up and regarded him with astonished looks.

Clemens recognized the wife of Annæus Domitius, the beautiful Eusebia, and the courage, with which his errand

had armed him, was instantly succeeded by confusion. He stood bashful and timid before the beautiful woman, who, with the greatest amazement in her tones asked him :

“Is it you, young reader? What can have brought you here at this late hour?”

CHAPTER XIX.

THEODORUS.

CHRYSANTEUS owned a villa near the port of Piræus, where Hermione often passed the pleasant days of summer.

The house was situated upon a hill which, on one side overlooked the sea and the lively harbor; on the other, a fruitful dale bordered by vineyards and olive groves. The southern slope of the hill was terraced, adorned with all the art of the gardener, and shaded by ancient trees.

Hermione was sitting, one evening, in an arbor on the terrace. Her friends Ismene and Berenice had just left her, and she had repaired to this spot, where she enjoyed passing her moments of solitude; it had been the favorite resort of her mother, Elpinice, and reminded her of childish sports with her foster-brother—of the happiest days of her first and only love. She had brought with her, Plato's *Phædo*, but the power of memory and the evening's peaceful beauty filled her thoughts, so that she forgot to open the book.

The sea glittered in the splendor of the sinking sun. Two ships glided down the harbor, and with swelling sail steered away. They were the two pilgrims to Jerusalem, which Baruk had equipped. The hum of bustling activity at Piræus, toned by the distance, mingled with the song of birds in the tree tops, and the notes of a flute rising from the valley.

When the sun's disc neared the horizon, Hermione's solitude was broken by the arrival of a man, wearing a cloak, similar to those of the Christian priests. The confidence with which he approached Chrysanteus' daughter, and took a seat at her side in the arbor, showed he was no stranger here.

"Welcome, Theodorus," said she, pleasantly surprised.

"I thought I should find you here, and directed my steps hither, before seeking you in the house. The pleasant evening and the desire for a discussion with you, have enticed me from the city. I have news of your father. He was upon the Pnyx, where the people are assembled to vote for a new archon. There was a hot contest just then, and perhaps at this very moment victory is gained."

"Do you doubt, then, my father's reëlection?" asked Hermione.

"He has a powerful ally in the emperor's favor; it is likely, on this account, he will conquer."

"What say you? Does he need the emperor's favor for such a victory? I know that my father has latterly made many enemies among the Athenians; but the great majority must certainly be attached to him."

"I am not sure of this, willingly as I would believe it."

"But such ingratitude would be impossible, exclaimed Hermione! He gives up everything for them. If they only knew what anxiety he has undergone for their sake, how warmly he desires their prosperity, how he lives only for the great cause, which Julian and the noblest men of the time wish vindicated, oh, they could but love him! Have you noticed, Theodorus, that my father's hair is turning white? It is not with age, but with care and anxious thought. My poor, dear father!"

"Yes, if this deserves hate, what is it then, that deserves thanks and love?" said Theodorus. But you must not construe my words in their worst sense, Hermione. With

his knowledge of the times and human nature, Chrysanteus must have prepared himself, from the beginning, for the opposition he now encounters. The period of rapture could not be long. It is very well to paint the ideal, and place it before the eyes of men; all will be transported by it, for all recognize with greater or less clearness, the original of their own humanity; but to seek to realize this ideal, Hermione, to seize with a powerful and unsparing hand upon realities, to transform them to something truer and more beautiful, *this* calls forth a desperate resistance from all the powers of sloth, custom and iniquity. Then arises a strife, which ends not till the champions of the ideal conquer or fall. The last is the most common, Hermione; yes, it lies in the nature of things, and the order of God, that so it shall be. For the champion of the Ideal, even he, is but human, full of faults and mistakes; and with the truths for which he fights, mingle errors which authorize opposition. What if Julian and Chrysanteus should be wrong in many things? What if they should wish to recall a time which is, and ought to be, dead; a time which, by its very distance, deceives their eyes with a splendor that in reality it never owned? What if their exertions should *oppose* instead of *promote* the true weal of humanity?"

"Such a thought cannot be entertained," exclaimed Hermione, "for reason and truth have always been and shall ever be, essentially the same."

"Certainly. No time has been devoid of reason or truth. But you, and I, are both convinced of the revelation of a God in the course of the world, and the fate of the human race. In what, then, should this revelation consist, if not in this, that His majesty and perfection, under various forms, stand forth ever clearer to the beings shaped in His image? You will recall the past. It would be fruitless, Hermione. You will revive faith and respect for the old gods. It is impossible that such a desperate project can be

successful. It is desperate, for it bears an untruth within itself. Ah! in this lies your weakness. Why should you mix this fallen world of the gods, in your fight for the improvement of the times, the right of reason and civil freedom? What has Zeus, the faithless husband, to do with the times or reason,—he, the jealous one, who chained Prometheus to the cliff, because, with the gift of fire, he became the benefactor of mankind? What have the deified tyrants, to whom you have given place in Olympus, what have they to do with the spirit of freedom and the worth of man. These culpable, vicious gods, do they deserve incense and altars? Are they the gods in whom man can place his hope in life and death? It is true you wish to wash away these unclean, deformed features. You condemn, as blasphemers, the poets, who have slandered them. But after you have obliterated these features, what remains of their individuality? Nothing. They become only impersonal powers, springing from the one, eternal God.”

“So we, ourselves, regard them,” replied Hermione. “Our philosophers say, that the worship of many gods arose through the weakness of men, who divided the attributes of perfection among many.”

“Why, then, do you deny *that God* who has permitted himself to be manifest to the reasoning of your philosophers? Because He is incomprehensible to the multitude, do you answer? Yes, He is in truth incomprehensible, if He, as many of your philosophers have imagined, be only an inscrutable unity, void of all faculties,—a being who does not care for the fate of men; but if He is a good, all-wise and living Providence, He is not only comprehensible to the most simple, but the very One, for whom the most ignorant heart has longed, in all time.

“You, educated heathen, are proud aristocrats; you speak of one religion for chosen spirits—the wise and reflecting;

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tion
of another, for the great multitude. You would keep the kernel for yourselves, and cast the shell to the mass of men. Against this conception the same mass has itself protested, and the protest is Christianity. You would not break down the altars, you would not disturb the faith of the simple, and rob them of their illusions, which, as you thought, made them happy. There are also those among you, who, for reasons of state and good order, would retain the old skepticism, without which, they fancied, every thing would fall together in ruin. As if a lie were the strong bond that held together the world? Then was proclaimed from the lowest order of the people, from fisher-huts and workshops, the same incomprehensible truths, which you have confiscated to your own account. This doubtless surprised the wise. It was a revelation, and as democratic, Hermione, as free in its aims, as it were possible to be. It proclaimed *one* God for all, *one* wisdom for all. It proclaimed that the high and the low, the emperor and the slave, are brothers, children of the same Father, participators in the same heritage. Away with Roman, Greek, and barbarian! We are all *men*. Away with master and slave! We are all formed for freedom, for the true freedom, which is ever, with God's assistance, in a victorious fight against our tyrannical evil passions! Away with the highest and most insurmountable of all division walls which have been raised between men—the wall between the righteous and the lost! None is so righteous before God, that he is not a sinner; none so fallen that he cannot be raised up! Away with self-complacency as well as with despair! The pride of the self-complacent shall be humbled, and the faith of the humble shall be exalted, for there is greater joy in Heaven over one redeemed sinner, than over all the righteous within the girdle of the ocean. This, Hermione, is the doctrine of Christianity; these, the truths proclaimed by Jesus of Nazareth. Tell me, do you find no difference between Him, and

Apollonius, the wonder-worker? Apollonius raised the dead, and performed miracles, similar to those of Jesus; but what were these to the Nazarene's greatest miracle; his life and teachings? Have your Cæsars, whom you have raised to gods, a greater right to that name than the Nazarene? You are horrified at our words, when we say that God was in Christ, and atoned for the world; and yet your own reason has made manifest to you the necessity of God's incarnation; and your myths, among which are many entitled to be called prophecies, indicate and presage this. Do not your mysteries speak of a God, Dionysus Zagreus, the beloved son of the highest God, who descended to earth, contended with evil powers, led a painful earthly life, and through his death, from which he arose, became the Savior of the human race? Who is this Dionysus Zagreus, if not a dream, which your fathers dreamed of the coming Christ? The throngs which made their pilgrimages to Eleusis,—do you think they were moved only by the desire for a higher knowledge in divine things? No, they knew very well that initiation into the mysteries, changed no one to a deep philosopher. They hastened thither, that they might find salvation for their souls. In our own days, also, since Julian has again opened the temple of mysteries, many newly initiated have been amazed at hearing, in darkness and secret, the same doctrines proclaimed, which Christianity preaches in the light of day, only simpler and purer. And many have returned from Eleusis, longing to change the Dionysus of a dream, for the real. Prometheus nailed to the cliff, sings of the fall of the old gods, and the higher order of the world. Your old myths, clearly declare in many places their own insufficiency, and prophecy, like the holy books of the Jews, the coming Messiah. The New-Platonic philosophers teach also God's incarnation, from the stand-point of philosophy. Even they, speak of *the Word*, by which everything is made; even they, speak

of faith, hope and charity, as the ground work of Religion. But when they also teach that God's thoughts are things and realities, is it not, then, a wrong conclusion, to regard God's incarnation only as a philosophical thought, not as a reality, incarnate in a man? Ah! a philosophical thought is not sufficient to bring back peace and blessedness to a soul in despair.

"Think, Hermione, of a murderer, who awakes in horror from the intoxication of anger, and sees the bloody offering at his feet. He has committed a crime for which nothing can atone. His anguish, his despair, his head, even if willingly laid under the sword of the law, cannot bring back life to the slain. Think, what is yet more horrible, of a murderer of souls, a seducer, who, placed as guardian of a promising and well disposed child, contaminates its nature, develops its evil propensities, casts it into the mire of sensuality, and finally sees his ward perish therein. Think of him, awakened to the consciousness of the awful nature of his deed. Then follows an anguish which no philosopher's thought can avert from despair and eternal ruin. Do not such need the full certainty of a personal Savior, who, even for their sake, that their sins also might be forgiven, has borne God's wrath, and the condemnation of the law? The step, Hermione, which leads from your religion to mine, is thus only the step from mere thought, to the living reality,—from truth veiled, to the *unveiled* and manifest."

The conversation continued long in this strain. It was not the first time Theodorus had spoken with Hermione on Christianity. He had for a long time employed every opportunity which offered itself; and these were many, for Theodorus, though Christian and priest, had been an almost daily guest at Chrysanteus' house. There had arisen between them a friendship which, founded upon natural respect, could not be disturbed by their different religious views. These had not hindered Theodorus from offering

himself as an assistant to Chrysanteus, when the latter, in accordance with the designs of the emperor, began to organize poor-houses, hospitals, and other charitable institutions in Athens and the other cities of Achaia. Theodorus did not seem to inquire after the opinion of his fellow-believers in this respect; he became the arch heathen's most zealous assistant in everything he deemed good and useful, and bore calmly the accusations of heresy and apostacy which the Christians generally brought against him. He visited the newly established schools, and hesitated not to be present in the lecture rooms of the philosophers, where, however, he became to many, a troublesome guest; for he did not confine himself to hearing, but took, in his turn, the speaker's stand, for the defense of the Christian faith; astonishing his cultivated listeners with the example of a Christian priest who calmly listened to the thoughts of his opponents, and warmly, but peaceably, advanced his own. He often repaired even to the Academy, to dispute publicly with Chrysanteus and his disciples. If he were conquered one day—for he found his master in dialectics—he returned the next, with new arguments; his presence always produced a lively conversation and exchange of thought, he was missed at last whenever he remained away, and the young academicians began to regard him as a member of their circle, a Christian Platonist.

If, with all this, he made no proselytes, he yet compelled respect for Christianity, and scattered, perhaps, many seeds, which would spring up in the future.

In the gardens of the Academy, as well as in his private conversations with Hermione, he strove, directly opposite to the usual representations of the Christians, to show that the old and the new religion, did not stand as enemies towards each other; not as the kingdom of the devil and darkness against that of God and light; but that the new stood as a later development to the old, as manhood to

youth, as fulfilment to prophecy. He gave the old culture due honor, and admitted the right of reason, all the more willingly, because, according to his view, the unity of God and the necessity of atonement were revealed in this also. But, side by side with the philosophy of reason, he spoke of the philosophy of religious feeling and religious necessity; he gave the latter precedence, and in doubtful interpretations the deciding vote, because they rest upon the uncontaminated instinct, which reaches the truth more quickly and surely, than all processes of reason.

He bade the young philosophers study the holy records of Christianity, and they would find, that while these declare clearly and distinctly the principles on which alone man can build a temple worthy the Lord, yet in all other respects, they leave free scope for intellectual activity, and spur man on to investigation in Divine things, instead of binding him with fetters.

He spoke of all this now to Hermione, and taking from under his cloak a roll, he placed it in her hand. It was the book of John, the Evangelist. With earnest entreaties he exacted from her the promise, not to pre-judge the book, nor cast it aside, but to read and prove it. They would then converse more fully on its contents.

When Hermione objected that the tree must be judged by its fruits; and that the experience of the latest times had shown, in a terrible manner, that the leaders of Christianity strove to extend the most unheard of spiritual and worldly slavery, and that the civil relations of Christians, far from showing a picture of love and toleration, was one surpassing the wild beasts in hate, fury and blood-thirstiness: to this Theodorus answered, that these deplorable phenomena flowed from an entirely different fountain than Christianity—that priesthood, church-councils, parties and dogmas, had nothing in common with Christianity, but on the contrary, were its greatest and most dangerous ene-

mies. Error had arisen, because it was sought to apply the strict definitions of philosophy, to religion. But out of the bloody and horrible strife which had arisen, a clearer insight into this error would sometime come. Theodorus called the contests of parties, with their deplorable results for Christianity, the pangs of delivery; he bade Hermione only to read the Scriptures, and she would clearly see that the teachings of Jesus are not the root of the Christians' faults, and the misery of the world, but the source of joy and blessedness.

When Hermione reproached the Christians for their contempt of man's susceptibility of the Beautiful, and the madness with which they destroyed works of art, Theodorus answered, that since the susceptibility of the Beautiful had been implanted in man by the Creator, it must dwell there, and some time or other be recognized even by the Christians. "Does not Thucydides relate," said he, "that the Athenians once, on the approach of a mighty enemy, threw down their pillars and statues, to use them as fortifications; yet no one reproached them with barbarism. The Christians cannot hate art, but only the accidental forms in which she now reveals herself to them. "Hermione," continued Theodorus, and pointed to the setting sun, which painted sea and heaven with purple, "Nature, in the midst of which we live, is but a reflection of God's beauty. Wherever we turn our eyes, we are surrounded by it. Man is sunk in a sea of beauty, and he must shut his eyes if he would not see it, receive it, and be overpowered by its influence. Do you think then, that beauty is anything changeable? that the mirror which the soul holds up to nature, can ever grow old and be broken? No, the mirror is the soul itself; the susceptibility of the Beautiful is unchangeable, and were all that art has hitherto produced, destroyed, from this destruction a new and higher beauty would arise."

When they had finished their conversation, it was already dusk. Since it was uncertain what time Chrysanteus would return from the city, Theodorus could not await his arrival; he wished Hermione good-night, and took the road to Piræus, impatient to hear the result of the election.

The news of the people's decision, had already flown over the harbor city.

"Citizen," said Theodorus to the first acquaintance he met in the street, "You were present at the meeting of the people?"

"Yes."

"Who is the new archon?"

"Chrysanteus is re-elected," the man answered, moodily.

"Ah! that is a result I scarcely expected."

"Neither did I."

"Whom did you vote for, my friend?"

"For Chrysanteus."

"And yet you belong to the opposition, if I am not mistaken."

"You are mistaken. I count myself among his adherents, though I have much to remark against him. He conducts himself as tyrant and sovereign over the free people of Athens. He oppresses us with burdens unheard of till this time. We citizens must maintain all the sick and poor in the city. We must support schools not only for our own children, but for those of our slaves. Was such a thing ever heard of? It is an injustice that cries to Heaven, Theodorus, and I wonder that we do not flee to some desert, rather than endure it."

"And in spite of those complaints about Chrysanteus, you gave him your vote to-day, you say."

"Yes, he received the votes of nearly all present, but for all that, I do not say that the election was legal."

"What do you mean?"

"Just as we were proceeding to secret voting, Charmides—

"Charmides, was he present?" exclaimed Theodorus in surprise.

"Yes, for the first time, and probably only to amuse himself and instigate disturbance. Enough. He rose, spoke to the people, and proposed public voting instead of secret."

"Well!"

"Chrysanteus' little knot shouted assent. The others were silent. One naturally accepted their silence as consent. The public voting commenced. You can easily imagine the result."

"No. Why should not public voting have the same result as secret?"

The citizen smiled compassionately at this simple question.

"You must know," said he, "that no one will openly break with Chrysanteus, for he is rich and powerful, and has the emperor to back him. With secret voting, Chrysanteus would not have had a half hundred among a thousand; now, he had not ten in a thousand against him. Such is the world, my friend."

"Well, consider yourself fortunate that this has happened. Chrysanteus is your noblest and best citizen. The statue, which you, a year ago, erected to him, bears the inscription, "To the first citizen of Athens." If he deserved that name then, he deserves it a thousand fold now."

"Ah! Flatterer!" said the citizen, with a shrug, after which he exchanged greetings with Theodorus, and continued on his way.

About an hour after Theodorus had left the villa, Chrysanteus arrived from the city. Hermione heard, with joy, that the election had resulted most brilliantly in his favor. Theodorus' fears had thus not proved true; the Athenians had not shown themselves ungrateful. But on Chrysanteus' forehead lay a trace of gloom and pain. He thought the result of the election might have depended on

the proposition which Charmides advanced, that the voting should be public. He had latterly experienced many proofs of the citizens' indifference; had often met, at least a passive resistance; had begun to notice that he stood almost alone, and that the work for which he strove had no firm foundation in the minds of the people. But he would not despair of his object. His hopes rested on the rising generation, destined to grow up under the institutions Julian had modelled, under the influence of the spirit which emanated from him; and, as if anticipating that the career of Julian would not be long, Chrysanteus grudged every moment, and worked with feverish impatience for the object he had in view. It was on this account he did not wish to let the power pass from his hands; as a private citizen he could do much, but not the same as now.

When he sat beside his loved Hermione, the gloomy cloud first vanished from his forehead as she played on her cithara, and sang the song which Elpinice had loved best. At supper time, Ochus, the young slave, son of the porter, arrived with a letter. It was from Ammianus Marcellinus, who now followed Julian, in the war against the Persians. Chrysanteus read, and Hermione listened with beaming eyes, to the narration Ammianus gave of Julian's successes; they rivalled Alexander's, if they did not surpass them. The military glory of Rome's most brilliant days had returned; Julian's example had changed every Roman soldier to a hero. The Persians had lost battle after battle. They had, at last, called the rivers to their help, broken their dams, and let the water overflow the extensive plain, on which the legions were advancing. But even this obstacle was overcome by the perseverance of the soldiers, filled with their leader's spirit. He marched on foot at the head of his legions, encouraged the despondent, and took part with his own hand in the works by which the design of the Persians was brought to naught. The

masses of water had been led back within their banks, and whole forests cut down for laying roads. The army approached nearer and nearer the Persian capital. Perisabor, well fortified and furnished with a large garrison, was the second Persian city that had been stormed and taken. After Perisabor, it was Maogamalcha's turn. This was the strongest fortress of Persia, situated only two miles from the capital; it was defended, Ammianus wrote, by sixteen towers, deep ditches and double walls, and had always been deemed impregnable. But Julian had a mine dug under the walls of the city, and while the principal portion of his army advanced in a general assault against the outer works, while the besieging towers were rolled forward and the catapults hurled their blocks of stone, a chosen few had, by means of the subterranean way, entered the city, whose garrison, at this unexpected appearance, laid down their arms or took to flight. Now the Roman army stood in the immediate vicinity of the capital.

The joy with which the letter of Ammianus filled Chrysanteus and his daughter, was mingled with anxiety and gloomy forebodings, when the writer at last described the temerity with which Julian exposed his own person: he seemed, in this respect, also, to have taken Alexander as his model. At Perisabor, Julian had led the storming party against one of the gates of the fortress; while the soldiers were endeavoring to burst this, the enemy had directed from the battlements of the wall, a rain of spears and stones against the purple-clad leader.

At Maogamalcha, two Persians had darted out of an ambush, to cut him down. Julian warded off their desperate blows with his shield, killed one with his own hand and put the other to flight, before the Roman soldiers, who were working close by, could hasten to his assistance. Ammianus cited many similar instances, and complained that scarcely a day passed, without the emperor exposing himself to dangers, from which he was saved only by a miracle.

When Hermione went to her chamber, her maid, Alcmene, was waiting to assist her in unrobing; but the rising moon shone so invitingly into the little room between the creeping vines outside her window, and the night winds brought in such sweet perfumes, that, listening to Alcmene's description of the beauty of the night, she gave way to her desire to pass an hour in the open air, before retiring to rest. Alcmene fastened a cloak about her mistress and prepared to accompany her, but Hermione said she wished to be alone. Followed by the waiting-maid's eyes, she directed her way to her lonely chosen spot.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MEETING.

WHEN Hermione found herself alone, she fell upon her knees, and with eyes uplifted towards the star-strewn heavens, prayed that the wisdom and omnipotence which had formed these innumerable lights, and led them in their paths, might preserve the life of Julian from the perils of war, and grant him a long, happy and blessed reign, as the emperor and father of the Roman world.

The calm beauty of the night, the glistening vault of heaven, the quiet expanse of the sea, the groves sighing with the light breath of summer, caused the praying girl to feel the presence of the Most High around her, and in her own soul.

In the bosom of this nature so filled with beauty, so gloriously arrayed by its great Architect, could there be a sphere for blind, lawless powers; did not the same love and foreseeing wisdom care also for the life and death of the

human race? The blissful feelings which, with the prayer, pervaded Hermione, answered this question with a happy and peaceful conviction. The fate of our race is directed by God; the true and the good shall finally conquer untruth and evil; then the highest lot to which a mortal can be chosen, is a place among the champions of the good cause; his strife is never fruitless, he wins even as he falls, and he conquers even through his death.

It was Julian's image around which Hermione assembled these thoughts. But it gave way, without her knowing how, to another, which suddenly stood before her spiritual vision. It was a comely man, in whose countenance beamed an unearthly mildness and purity, whose eyes, fastened upon Hermione's soul, seemed, in their look, to have gathered and humanized the incomprehensible love of the Most High. He bore, like Apollo, a wreath about His brow—a wreath not of laurels, but of thorns, and drops of blood trickled down His white forehead. He extended His hands—they also were bleeding from deep wounds, but He smiled and said: "Behold, I, too, have conquered, through my death."

How arose this vision in her fancy? She recognized the Nazarene, of whom Theodorus had spoken with such sincere delight, and for whom he had already succeeded in giving her not only the respect she must feel for a great Theurgist, —a mortal loved by Heaven, but a higher feeling, in whose warmth she presaged and feared a dawning love.

She feared it, for the Christian name was hateful to her. From childhood she had learned, and by her own experience of the world, had been compelled, to unite with this name, the image of the ugly, the low, the furious, and the stupid. The two emperors who had hitherto borne the Christian name, had been malicious, crafty tyrants, whose wrath was kindled against their own family, as well as their subjects. The Christian priests inveighed against reason

and freedom : the Christian life seemed to her a vibration between a wild devotion to lust and vices, and an equally unbridled devotion to the mortification of the flesh, by an execrable self-torment. In both views, the hideous stood forth in all its abomination, coupling itself among the great multitude, with love for filth and rags. The doctrine of nature's fall was, to her, a lie, when she looked upon nature's beauty. The representation of an utterly ruined human nature, seemed to her alike unworthy and dangerous ; and she regarded, as a fruit of this doctrine, the coarse discords and the lack of self-control in a life running to extremes and given up to fanaticism and every passion, of which the Christian church and its members displayed so many instances,—striking contrasts to the calm, harmonious forms Grecian philosophy had produced, and of which Julian was so noble an example.

But that Christ, of whom Theodorus had preached to Hermione, was entirely different from the spirit which manifested itself in the Christians' lives, contemplations and civil strifes. He was the most beautiful and most perfect being in human form. His teachings were the simplest and yet the sublimest the lips of man had ever spoken. His being the God-man, seemed also to Hermione a necessity of reason ; and the tidings he proclaimed, the mission he, with his death, completed, the highest proof of Divine wisdom and love.

What then should she believe, what should she do ? The intercourse with Theodorus had implanted doubt in her soul. She felt it deeply at this moment, after the transport of prayer had vanished. She leaned her forehead upon her hand, and thought of her father, of his grey locks, of the strife where he fought in the front rank. Could Chrysanteus' daughter desert him ? This question terrified her as she put it to herself. Should she then shun contact with Theodorus ? No, that would bear the acknowledge-

ment, that she was the weaker; that would be a crime against truth, which bade her listen to every reason, and lay to heart those that could not be contradicted. But she determined to be better armed for her defense the next time. The truth would arise all the more clearly, then, from the contest of opposite ideas. Hermione would listen to her father's lectures, and arm herself with all the reasons the fertile emperor had laid down in his newly completed work against the Christian faith. These reasons she would then incorporate into her own temple of thought. This would restore to that temple its balance, and enable her to listen fearlessly to the Christian youth, for whom she felt a warm, sisterly affection.

These thoughts were succeeded by others. Hermione was never alone without there arising recollections of brother and lover, both of whom she had lost, but both of whom she hoped to find again in another life.

How surprised and perplexed she had been at first, when she discovered among the Christians, working upon Aphrodite's temple, a youth whose countenance so resembled Elpinice's, her mother, and the picture her fancy had shaped of Philip! After she had more closely regarded the young priest, this likeness vanished in some degree, and with it an illusion, transporting yet painful. She could not forget the young reader, and if her last conversation with Theodorus had not taken the direction it did, she would have inquired of him the chief circumstances of young Clemens' life.

Chysanteus had, that evening, told her that Charmides took part in the assembly and voted for him. This surprised her. What could it mean? She knew that Charmides and his giddy friends reviled the exertions of Chrysanteus, as they scorned everything which lay without the circle of their own wild, voluptuous life. Could it be possible that Charmides had changed? Ah! after this supposi-

tion had presented itself, she would not give it up, however improbable it might be.

The sound of an approaching step reached Hermione, and interrupted her reflections when they were upon the point of relapsing into mournful fancies. She thought it was Alcmene, and rose to meet her.

But at the same moment there appeared before the entrance of the arbor, a manly form, wrapped in a dark mantle. The moonlight fell upon his pale, but handsome face. Hermione recognized Charmides.

She was confused at the unexpected appearance of the object of her thoughts. He also seemed surprised. A moment's silence followed, which was broken by Charmides, in a tone both serious and respectful.

"Be not afraid, Hermione. An accident has brought me hither, and I did not dream of such a meeting, at so late an hour. I should otherwise have kept myself far away. But since fate has decreed that we should meet—may I dare approach you? May I entreat you to remain, and hear a few words from Charmides' lips?"

There lay not only in his tones, but in his countenance, an expression which Hermione had believed forever departed, and which reminded her of the former Charmides. The rose of health had withered upon his cheek, and his look was gloomy; but in spite of this, he resembled at that moment, himself, such as he was when Chrysanteus yet called him his beloved pupil. He seemed the same, but arisen from a long sickness.

Hermione conquered her surprise, and said mildly:

"I will hear you, Charmides," and when, after these words, silence again ensued, and he seemed to doubt what he should do or say, Hermione added, seating herself, and motioning him to a place near by: "your arrival surprised me at first, for I did not expect it, and it is now so long since we saw each other. The beautiful night, though far

advanced, has tempted me to pass an hour in the open air, and the same night has tempted you to direct your steps to a lovely view of the moon-lit sea, recalling many remembrances of your childhood. Is it not so?"

"I do not know whether the night be beautiful or not," said Charmides, seating himself opposite Hermione, and throwing back his mantle. "I have no eye for nature. I see that the moon shines. I find the night silent, and the neighborhood calm, that is all; but the recollections of childhood—you spoke of them. That, perhaps, brought me here! I know not myself, but I do know that these recollections have begun to rule and torment me. Let me speak freely of myself, Hermione! Conceal your repugnance, and hear what I have to say. I shall then leave you, and avoid your presence.

"I will ask you: have they a right to torment me, these recollections of my childhood, of your father's goodness, and of your own love? Have I missed my destination, and squandered my happiness? Have I been ungrateful to your father? Have I caused you any pain? You see what it is I ask myself. Hear now, also, the answers I make to such questions, hitherto, alas! in vain. Your father educated me to love wisdom and beauty. He implanted in me a desire for both. I would be wise, know God, myself, and the world; I would conform my mode of life to his own model, and I was happy in imagining that I could do this. But I learned at last, that I was not formed to dive in the bottomless sea of philosophy; if truth lies hidden there, she, at least, could not be brought up by me. It was an unpleasant discovery, which greatly chilled my zeal, and damped my hopes. I should have been a pitiful Platonic philosopher, but I would be something whole and complete. Chrysanteus taught me to love the beautiful. Alas! it was only with thy features, Hermione, I could imagine anything beautiful. I loved thee, and in an

unhappy hour, confessed it. Thy answering love made me happy for a short time,—the only happy time of my life. But it was not long before I perceived that we were not made for each other. I saw more and more, that you were my superior, not only in heart, but in intelligence. My love mingled itself with admiration, my admiration with humility. I am selfish and proud; but were I neither, were I the humblest among mortals, I should, nevertheless, not wish to possess a wife who excelled me in every thing, and in whose eyes I owned nothing which could give me precedence or compel her respect. The feeling of your superiority, made me unhappy, Hermione, without cooling my love. What I then still possessed, and what gave me worth in my own eyes, was the moral ideal, which your father's teachings had revealed to me, and the desire to realize this in my own life. This ideal is still present before me, but the desire to realize it vanished, when I saw that for me it was inaccessible; and if, in boyhood, I loved it for its own sake, I paid homage to it as an ardent youth, only for your sake, Hermione, that I might be without spot or blemish in your sight. But after my will had once given way, in contact with temptations, what remained to me? To appease my ambition by playing a rôle in politics? Ah! Hermione, it is necessary for this, that there should be politics. To be a despot myself would perhaps have pleased me, but to be a despot's tool, for this, I felt no desire. But there lay open to me another path, strewn with roses, and easy to walk in. Here, I could attain a certain perfection, and outshine my companions. Of this I was soon enough convinced, by a closer acquaintance with the world. I have now followed this path to its end. It terminates in a desert. An endless distance divides us from each other, Hermione. The pain I have caused you, ought long since to have been forgotten. You can, therefore, calmly weigh what I have

now laid before you from my inner life. You find I seek to justify myself, and lay a part of my burden upon the shoulders of fate. If I am wrong in this, your judgment must be very severe. Yet, however much your reason may condemn, I turn to your heart, Hermione, for from your heart, your foster brother hopes forgiveness and forgetfulness."

"If you need my forgiveness," she answered, "we are no longer separated by an endless distance. I grant it willingly."

"You say this in so cold a tone, Hermione, that your pardon chills my heart, instead of warming it."

"What do you wish more than forgiveness and forgetfulness?" she asked, with forced composure.

"No," exclaimed Charmides, eagerly, "I ought to wish nothing or all. I ought to require, that you loved me in spite of all I have done to quench your love, that you renounced your superiority of soul and became the weak woman, who could not withdraw her heart from the most unworthy of mankind, after she had once learned to love him. There are such women, Hermione, but not for me. Where shall I find her, who will take my hand and follow me, wherever I go, to happiness or destruction, to opulence or misery, to blessedness or eternal torment?"

His words bore witness to the strife which rent him. His face betrayed this, also, to Hermione. She looked at him and was filled with pity. Those pale features were indelibly stamped upon her soul. He was unhappy; he reproached himself and would change his course, if only a helping hand were extended to him by the one he loved. And in the conflict between his pride and despair, he had expressed a wish, audacious certainly, but betraying that in the depths of his being, his first love still remained.

She felt herself deeply moved. Should she repel him? She would then have acted in accordance with the dic-

tates of a womanly pride, here, if ever, justified; but she would also have denied her own heart, which felt love, tenderness, pity and joy, at the possibility that Charmides' anguish and strife with himself were the way to his regeneration.

She answered him with a calm, deep voice:

"Pray the gods for such a wife, Charmides."

"I will not pray for the impossible," returned he, gloomily. "They could not send her to me."

"Only make yourself worthy their gifts, and she shall not be wanting. God sees that you are unhappy, Charmides, and He, who is the heart of the world, will give you what your own heart requires."

"Do you believe it?" asked he, with yielding voice. "Do you believe that any regeneration, any hope is still found for me?"

He hid his face in his hands. Whatever might have been his calculations, at that moment he was sincere, and gave way to the overpowering feelings that sprang from his better nature. It was in reality, the consciousness of inferiority and unworthiness, which had separated him from Hermione, after he had once yielded to the lust of pleasure, and the seduction of his blood. He had then stifled the love of his youth in wild orgies, but he had never conquered it. It rose up with new strength, after Peter, by hinting that Hermione did not forget him, had foiled the attempt of his pride to deny even to himself the existence of a passion, which was unanswered and hopeless. And now, his flame suddenly flared up with full force in Hermione's society, of which he had so long been deprived, and at the sight of her calm and beautiful face.

He felt a tender hand clasp his own, and remove it from his forehead.

He looked up. Hermione stood before him, and her eyes shone with a moist gleam.

He gazed deeply into them. He strove to convince himself that what he saw, was not a vision. When she slowly drew back her hand he made haste to take it again, and she allowed it to remain in his.

"Charmides," she said mildly, "praised be the gods! I have found you again."

"Hermione!"

Charmides' eyes glistened with an honest tear, but the sweet smile which rested upon the girl's face, was reflected by his own. A silence prevailed, which neither would break. They looked at each other, and felt at that moment only the long painful separation, and the happy, unexpected reunion.

"My dear foster-brother," said Hermione at last, with the loveliest smile, "you must now forget your sorrow and again be happy."

"Ah! my sorrow! Say my error, Hermione!"

"And you will, with glad reliance, pray the gods for the wife your heart desires, who renounces everything to follow thee, in happiness and misery, to greatness or insignificance. I will also pray the gods for this gift, the best of all, for my regained Charmides."

"Oh, do this, Hermione! The gods will surely hear you, my noble Hermione."

"I will speak to my father of this meeting—"

"Alas, your father hates me, Hermione, and he has reason to—"

"No, I will show that he does not hate you. I will tell him of our meeting, and it will not be long before he seeks you out, and brings you back to the nest whence you flew."

"When can I see you again?"

"Soon, and henceforward, often, my Charmides."

"To-morrow, perhaps?"

"I cannot say. I will speak with my father. Next time we will meet openly, before his face."

"Do not let it be too long, Hermione, for now I need your companionship. If your father refuse, what will then happen? shall we be again separated? It may be that he will banish me from your presence, that he will not even hear the name of Charmides mentioned."

"Rest easy, my foster-brother, he will not do so."

"But if he does," repeated Charmides, perplexed, "how shall I again be able to see you? I have so much to tell you—and it is so hard for me to leave you, when I am uncertain if it be not forever."

The anxiety which manifested itself in these words, and the tone in which they were uttered, was pleasing to Hermione. They expressed so plainly, love, and the fear of losing her."

"We shall, in any event, see each other again," she said. "This is my chosen spot, and sunset my chosen hour. So you know where to seek me. Look, Charmides, how high the moon has risen in the heavens, while we have conversed together! Poor Alcmene, who awaits me, must be very sleepy. Perhaps she is already searching for me. Good-night, my Charmides. Mark this evening with a white stone, and dream to-night, the dreams of childhood!"

Charmides pressed her hand to his breast. They exchanged one more eloquent, but indescribable glance. He loosed her hand slowly, turned and went away. Hermione watched him disappear behind the shadow of the trees. Then she left the arbor and directed her steps toward the villa, her bosom swelling with blissful emotions, and her joyful eyes raised thankfully to the starry cupola of the matchless temple in which reconciliation with her lover had now been celebrated.

Alcmene faithfully awaited her mistress in the chamber. The young maid seemed to be half asleep beside the lamp, with her arms resting upon the table, when Hermione

entered. But when she raised her eyes, she regarded the face of her mistress with a stolen, searching glance, and had no difficulty in discovering the radiance resting there.

"He has been successful then," thought she. "It was just as I told the bishop."

During her unrobing, Hermione conversed more joyfully, and in a more confidential manner than usual.

"But tell me, Alcmene," she said, "why do you let good Ochus sigh in vain? Do you think I have not noticed this? You are not so indifferent to him as you pretend, Alcmene."

"How you talk, my lady!" said the maiden, blushing as she loosed the diadem from Hermione's locks.

"Ochus is a good youth, Alcmene. My father and I value him highly."

"I think Ochus is only joking with me," responded the waiting maid. "It wont do to believe every word such people say. They would often make fools of us if we did."

"Oh, you simple girl. Don't you see that you pain Ochus with your affected indifference? Fie upon such hypocrisy, Alcmene. But you are far from being so simple as you seem. Or do you wish me to tell Ochus that Alcmene is pleased with his tenderness, to be sure, but cannot answer it?"

"No, not for all the world, my mistress!"

Hermione smiled, and spoke of the pleasant farm, down in the valley, which Chrysanteus had selected for Ochus and his father Medes, the old porter, who, after so many years of voluntary service, would doubtless take pleasure in opening and shutting his own door, and sunning himself upon his own threshold.

Alcmene talked, as waiting-maids are wont, of her mistress' luxuriant locks, which it was delightful to arrange, and of her beauty, which to-night was more fascinating than ever.

Hermione listened this time with patience, yes, apparently with satisfaction, to the girl's flattering expressions.

"I am thinking about Eusebia," said Alcmene, "and wondering at her blindness. She wishes to be more beautiful than you, Hermione, and she is jealous of you, I know."

"How can you know this?"

"I talk often with her chief waiting-maid. Eusebia always wants to know how you were dressed, when last you appeared on Ceramicus. And when this has been told her, she exclaims: "What a taste these Athenians have!" Yet she imitates your head-dress and every fold in your *chiton*. It vexes her that she was not able to introduce the Roman fashions into Athens. Dear me, I can't help laughing when I think of the first days she passed in our city. She caused sensation enough, when she came, with her enormous head-dress and her flowered silk *chiton*, leaning upon two slave girls, with a slave leading the way, who cried out: "here is an uneven stone in your path,"—"here the street goes up,"—"here it goes down,"—as if she herself had been blind, and could not see a step before her.

"I remember it all, Alcmene."

"It was nothing but pride in her, my lady."

"No it was not this. Eusebia was habituated to the Roman customs. The ladies do so at Rome."

"But it is so ugly and ridiculous!"

"I do not deny that. Only custom can reconcile us to such observances."

"But was it not pride, when Ismene bowed to her on the street, and Eusebia did not herself answer this greeting, but let her slave do it?"

"Even this is customary at Rome."

"Ismene thought this so funny, that she could not refrain from turning toward Berenice and laughing—for Ismene laughs so easily, you know. But Eusebia saw this, and could never afterwards bear her."

"I have heard so."

"But do you know why Eusebia laid away her flowered silks? When the school-boys saw her on the street, they used to point at her and cry to each other: Look, spring has already come."

"The Athenian school-boys take after their fathers in naughtiness.—Well, I do not need you any longer. Go to rest, now, my sleepy girl."

"I wish you pleasant dreams, my lady."

"I wish you the same."

Alcmene put the night lamp in its place, and withdrew. Hermione was soon afterward transported to the happy kingdom of dreams.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SKEPTIC.

"WHAT kind of a philosopher am I? Was it this you asked, my ancient and honorable porter? I belong to the most profound of all schools. I am a doubter—more, you need not know. And as I doubt if this cup, here, is sufficient to quench my thirst, so I doubt also, if you, my dear Ochus—Ochus is that your name?—would have any objections to refilling it—your health, my friend!—Chrysanteus' wine is good. Behold the empty cup, Ochus. Hasten, young Ganymede, and fill it once more to the brim. It is not every day you have the honor to see a philosopher the confidential member of your respectable circle. The roast fowl is good, my dear cook, but I doubt if you can serve a crane as well as the cook of my excellent friend and disciple, the antiquarian. Don't be wounded at my remark, most worthy cook. I do not advance it with certainty, for I take especial

care never to say anything with certainty. I only doubt, do you understand?"

He who thus spoke, was a disciple of Iphicrates, the same who once visited Peter, as a seeker after grace, but at the unexpected meeting with Chrysanteus, suddenly recollected that he had gone wrong, and really intended to call upon the antiquarian, a neighbor of the bishop.

This young man, known by the name of Cimon, now wore a coarse mantle of a philosophic cut, and having for a year shunned the barber, was now ornamented with a very respectable philosophic beard. These signs indicated that he had chosen his party, and exchanged his speculations upon the condition of a catechumen and the rite of baptism, for speculations in the science of sciences. He had now given himself up to philosophy.

Nature and friendship had both assisted the good Cimon's advance in philosophy—nature, which, as just mentioned, had given him a beard; and friendship, which, incorporated in the person of the antiquary, had lent him the coarse, but whole mantle. You must not suppose, however, it was only beard and mantle that made Cimon a philosopher; he was at home, even in logic. It was, indeed, in a moment of sheer amazement at his readiness in making the most extraordinary deductions, that the antiquary had been roused to such a pitch of liberality in respect to Cimon's raiment. The mantle and the beard were but the outward symbols he assumed, in order to win that respect and recognition to which his inner self laid claim.

Cimon was, however, modest or jealous enough about his wisdom, not to appear in the public halls of learning; he did not associate with his brothers in science, either because he despised them, or because they would not recognize him. But if the halls of learning were deprived of his light, he was all the more diligent in presenting himself at the dining-halls of well-to-do mechanics who maintained a fair

table, and drank tolerable wines. With such hosts, he by no means placed his light under a bushel. He astonished them by his profound conversation, his syllogisms and deductions; and if they were inaccessible to logic, he nevertheless compelled their respect by speaking of his lofty birth, and his intimate friendship with the emperor Julian. The emperor, he assured them, was a friend of philosophers in general, but of the philosopher Cimon, in particular. The emperor had offered him a palace in Constantinople, and a hundred thousand pieces of gold; but Cimon had refused the gift, because he loved poverty from principle, and would not desert his good friends in Athens.

Cimon's intercourse was not, however, entirely confined to the circle of substantial mechanics. Raised above all prejudice, he condescended, on the one hand, (that is, when he was very hungry), even to slaves, especially cooks in opulent houses; on the other hand, it was by no means rare to see him the guest of young epicureans, yes, even of the proconsul, Annæus Domitius, at his private suppers, when no better parasite was at hand, on whom the company might vent their jests and coarse buffoonery.

On such occasions Cimon gave evidence of a true philosopher's strength of soul. The jokes of which he was the object, never disturbed his equanimity, still less his appetite.

He loved not only promenades in the teeming porticos and colonnades of the city, but also excursions into the open country. With the harbor city as his objective, he had to-day undertaken a pleasure trip in the neighborhood of Chrysanteus' charming villa, when, surprised by a sudden shower, he took shelter under its roof. He would, without doubt, have preferred to brave the inclement weather beneath the open sky, had he not been sure, that both Chrysanteus and Hermione were absent. They had gone to the city, where Chrysanteus was to hold a public dis-

course upon religion. He and his disciples had agreed to introduce in the culture of the old faith, the same custom which had done, and still does, such important service for the doctrines of Christianity—public preaching.

Cimon received from the servants of the villa, the friendly welcome he had reckoned upon. The philosophical mantle made its appropriate impression upon old Medes and the other servants. Cimon inquired for Chrysanteus, and was told what he already knew, that he was, at present, in the city. His wish to gain a shelter against the storm, and his suggestion that a philosopher, travelling on foot, might need something wherewith to refresh himself, were both received with favor. A table was quickly spread under one of the colonnades, and the confidential manner in which the guest treated all in his presence, his loquacity, and the good disposition he displayed, especially after he had emptied the glass several times, had collected around him quite a number of slaves of both sexes.

It drew towards evening. The heavens were covered with clouds, hounded on by blasts from the sea, and the rain continued to fall in torrents.

"There are, then, philosophers," old Medes asked, inquisitively, "who call themselves skeptics?"

"Certainly, they are the most profound of all philosophers," answered Cimon, biting into a piece of fowl.

"Then my master, Chrysanteus, must belong to that school," said the old man, "since they are the wisest."

"No," Cimon explained, "your master is truly very wise, very profound, very far advanced in science; but he does not belong to our school."

"So! But upon what do you doubt in particular?"

"We doubt everything, even to doubting that we doubt at all."

"By Zeus, that is odd!" remarked Medes.

"My friend, it sounds oddly to your unphilosophical ear!"

said Cimon, looking towards Ochus, who was approaching with the cup, "but in fact, it is very natural, and the only position worthy the truly wise. I will endeavor to make you comprehend this, though in so doing, I must sacrifice profundity to perspicuity. Do you understand, for example, that you could not see, if you had no eyes?"

"Yes," answered Medes, "I know that well enough, for my sight is a little dim with years."

"And that you could not hear, if you had no ears?"

"Yes, I understand that also."

"And that you could not smell, taste or feel, if you had no organs of smelling, tasting or feeling?"

"I comprehend that, too. I know very well that I have organs of feeling,—that I do, for I have the gout in my left leg!"

"Well, you ought also to perceive that it is the five senses,—sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch, which exclusively inform us that there is a world around us?"

"Hem! yes."

"But if the senses often deceive us, ought we not to doubt their testimony?"

"What do you mean?"

"Does it not often happen that we see incorrectly?"

"Yes, indeed. When one's eyes are dim like mine, so—"

"Were you as keen-eyed as the eagle, it would be just the same, my old man. The eyes lie incessantly. They make us believe there is such a thing as space. They would have us fancy there is rest and motion, and different degrees of velocity. This is also a lie. For if we consult the deductions of reason, we should arrive at the conviction that Achilles himself, quick of foot as he was, could never have caught up with the slow-creeping tortoise, after it had once got the start of him."

"Ahem! that is very curious," remarked Medes. "No joking now, with my ignorance, philosopher."

"No, by Zeus and Pallas Athene! I'm not joking," declared Cimon, as he began to cut into a pie. "The reason contradicts what the senses testify. Were I now to assert that the senses are liars, another can with equal right assert that, on the contrary, it is the deductions of reason which are false—"

"Yes, I would rather believe that," declared Medes, "for if I and my son Ochus should run a race, I am sure Ochus would beat me, and I am fully satisfied that I sometimes rest, and sometimes stir about, my philosopher."

"Don't interrupt me," said Cimon. "I will make this matter still plainer to you. You must, at all events, admit that we often see incorrectly, hear incorrectly, and so forth."

"Yes, I will admit that."

"The senses, therefore, give unreliable testimony, though they may sometimes be correct."

"Yes."

"When you now admit that the senses are unreliable, and on the other side assert, that the deductions of reason are more unreliable, I would like to ask you, what it is then, which is reliable?"

"Hem! that I don't know."

"Well, then you must also admit, that we must doubt everything, since the unreliable senses, and the unreliable reason, are our only sources of knowledge."

"But I can't doubt that I've got the gout in my left leg," insisted Medes. "I feel that, by Zeus, at every change in the weather. Ask Ochus, if my gout didn't prophesy there would be rain to-day."

"What is the gout, my friend?" asked Cimon.

"The gout! it is something that shoots in my left leg, so that sometimes I am ready to cry out like a child."

"What is it then, that shoots?"

"What is it that shoots? I don't know."

“Well, should we not doubt that which we do not know, when, according to what I have just shown, we must doubt even that which we think we do know?”

“Hem, my philosopher—but my gout remains, at any rate, whether I doubt or not.”

“You said the gout was in your left leg, did you not?”

“Yes, can you give me a remedy for it?”

“The best of all remedies, my friend, for I will teach you to doubt its existence. How do you know you have legs, my friend?”

“Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, my philosopher! But I can’t help laughing at you. How could I walk if I did not have legs?”

“I indicated just now, that all motion is only apparent. The existence of your legs is thus by no means proved, because you fancy that you walk. But should you reply, I see my legs, and I feel them. To this I answer, by reminding you again, that sight and feeling, like the other senses, give unreliable testimony; and again, you do not see that these legs are *yours*, you see only a pair of legs, which seem to be everywhere, you fancy yourself to be; you do not feel that these legs are *yours*,—feeling only gives you to understand that there exists a pair of legs,—they may be yours or not. You must therefore prove, in the first place, that there really is a certain pair of legs which you call yours; and secondly, that these legs are yours in reality. For the first proposition, you possess no other testimony than the unreliable senses; but even if we in this case accept them, you have in the latter proposition no other testimony than that of an inrooted, and possibly entirely false fancy. But should we accept this also, it remains for you to prove the existence of a right and a left—for it was in your left leg, you said you had the gout. You must give me an exact definition of the conception of right and another of the conception of left. Should you

succeed in doing this, it is still necessary to show that these conceptions have any foundation in reality. But this cannot be done, as it cannot be proved that there is a plurality of things. The contemplative Parmenides taught, that all is one, and this one eternal, immortal, unchangeable and illimitable. He arrived at this conviction by thinking: but as thought is also uncertain, it is very possible there is a plurality, and from this point of view we may suppose that there is a right and a left; that you have legs, Medes, that these legs are two, the one a right and the other a left leg. But this is, and will remain only a supposition, an uncertain and doubtful notion, you would do best to lay entirely aside; since, though unreasonable and founded upon nothing, it disturbs, troubles and torments you with a fancied feeling of a something or a nothing, which you call the gout. Your health, my friend!"

The speculative Cimon emptied the cup Ochus had placed before him, and then assayed a fresh attack upon the remains of the palatable pie.

"Hem, that is beyond my comprehension," muttered Medes. "This is a funny philosopher. But," said he aloud, "if you doubt that I have the gout in my leg, you must also doubt that you are at this moment eating a pie, and it will be a matter of indifference to you if I take it away from under your nose."

Old Medes took the plate, containing the pie, from the table, and was not a little elated at this style of contradiction, when he saw how surprised Cimon was, and what greedy eyes he sent after the dish.

"My friend," said Cimon after a moment's silence, "I doubt certainly, whether I was eating pie, before you thus interrupted me; but there is a great difference between doubting and denying. I by no means deny it. And if indeed it was but a fancy, still it was an agreeable fancy, by which I allow myself to be cheated, with the greatest

pleasure. I beg you on this account, Medes, reflect if you are acting properly in depriving your master's friend of a delicious error, to which, as a guest in Chrysanteus' house, he has a holy right."

This reasoning induced Medes again to set the pie before the skeptical Cimon, who hastened, with renewed zeal, to plunge into his delightful illusion.

Now Ochus joined in the conversation to support his father.

"My good philosopher," said he, "suppose I run my head against the wall so that I feel my skull cracking, would that also be a fancy?"

"Certainly," answered Cimon, "you run a fancied head against a fancied something, which you call a wall, and experience through this fancy, a painful feeling which, in its turn, is nothing else than a fancy."

"By Bacchus, it would be very strange, if it is as you say. But if I strike my head so hard against the wall—that I die?"

"Don't do it," said Cimon, "for you would be acting wrongly towards yourself. I have only wished to show you, my Ochus, with all I have said, that we must doubt everything, but deny nothing. It is possible, although uncertain, that you really have a head, and that there is something that may be called a wall, and that you can execute a motion by means of which you may strike the one against the other. All this is possible, and then commences a condition called death, which, whether fancied or real, is yet shunned by every sensible man."

Medes, who thought that the philosopher had again begun to talk comprehensibly, asked if Cimon also dreaded death.

"Yes, old man, that ought not to surprise you. All living things dread annihilation."

"Annihilation? Why do you speak of annihilation?"

we are not annihilated by death?" replied Medes, and fastened his dim eyes, with an expression of terror, upon the wise Cimon's lips.

"If we leave the philosophical stand-point and place ourselves upon the common point of view, which allows us to assume that there is something which is called life, and something which is called death, I must tell you, my friend, that death, according to my conviction and that of most wise men, is nothing else than complete annihilation."

Cimon had now finished his supper and stretched himself comfortably upon his sofa, in the centre of the slaves, who listened to the conversation.

Those who, in the beginning, laughed and were amused at his curious notions, now that the conversation received a more serious turn, and entered upon a question which interested them all, began to gather closer about him, to hear attentively what his wisdom might reveal.

The rain continued to fall, and the darkness increased. One of the slaves hastened to light a lamp, and placed it in the shelter of a pillar, under the portico in which the group was assembled.

"My friends," said Cimon, "the soul resembles that lamp, whose flame is blown about by the wind. If the wind does not put it out, it will go out of itself, when its oil has been consumed. You, old Medes," added Cimon, "do not seem to have much oil left in your lamp."

This remark affected Medes very unpleasantly. The old man was far from being tired of life.

"Oh," he answered, "you have not measured my oil. And as to my age, I am not yet seventy. I may see many young men fall into the grave before me."

"It is at least certain that in the grave you will forget your gout," said Cimon.

"Thank you, but I had rather keep my gout and my life!"

"I thought, at your age one would be weary of life."

"Pshaw! the more one gets the more he wants; and the less one has left, all the dearer is the little he still owns. You ought to know that,—you who are a philosopher."

"You may be right, Medes, but tell me, why are you afraid to die? do you fear the three-headed dog?"

"One porter ought to be polite to another. I am not afraid of Cerberus."

"Or do you dread the voyage over the Stygian river? It is said old Charon's boat has got to be very rotten and leaky."

"Oh, the shades he ferries over are not troubled with flesh. His boat is good enough for such cargoes; and then, after one has died up here in this world, he won't drown down there."

"Well said!" remarked Cimon. "But you, Ochus, what do you say about death, and the nether world?"

"I? I am young, and don't need to think about such things. It is horrid enough, down there, under ground, I dare say. I don't long to go there."

"I am not surprised at it. What must await slaves, when the lot which falls to heroes and demi-gods in the nether realms, is so wretched? Do you remember what the shade of Achilles said to Ulysses?"

"No, what did it say?"

"Homer gives it as follows:

"Talk not of ruling in this dolorous gloom,
Nor think vain words (he cried) can ease my doom,
Rather I choose laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead." *

"Think now," continued Cimon, "of such a pitiful condition, unchangeable and eternal, not even ameliorated by

* *Odyssey*, Pope's Translation.

the change from waking to sleeping, and you must admit that immortality is nothing to long for,—better expect annihilation.”

“Annihilation? No, I had rather be the shade of a slave, in the nether world, than be annihilated,” said Medes. “Ugh! it is horrible to think about annihilation.”

“Yes, especially in the evening, when it is dark and stormy,” added one of the hearers.

“Well,” said Medes, “I have spoken more than once with my master about death. He does not say that man is annihilated, and he does not describe the nether world as hideous. Pious and honest souls come to a place more beautiful than earth, to enjoy a happier life than this. You must pardon me, my philosopher, if I believe my master rather than you.”

Cimon smiled compassionately, and shook his head.

“He says this to comfort you, my old man, and alleviate your fear of death, which now cannot be far away. Chrysanteus is a noble man, and I cannot possibly ascribe to him other than noble motives. Entirely different is the case with many of his school, and with the politicians, who also wish to keep up the faith in the world of shadows, because it is a powerful curb upon the ignorant masses. But do you believe that Chrysanteus, himself, is certain of what he says in this respect? Certainly not, my friend. The gates of death open inwards, and turn easily upon their hinges, for the incomer: but outwards, they open not, and no shade has ever returned from Hades to earth. Chrysanteus, therefore, cannot have received from such an one, the supposition with which he seeks to calm you, neither has he received it from philosophy, for as you hear, there are many philosophers who have drunk to the very dregs of wisdom’s fountain, and only been strengthened in their doubts of immortality. Opposed to

this are the old tales spun together in the past, telling of a Hades, and of the soul's condition there, of Cerberus and Charon, of Lethe, where one drinks forgetfulness, of the three judges who severely scrutinize the earthly life of the deceased, and much more, which must appear ridiculous to any sensible man. Plato speaks also, of the dwellings of the dead, one of which is exceedingly glorious; but this could not be for such as you, Medes, but only for us philosophers, who have made ourselves worthy of it, by a life devoted to investigating the mysteries of things. But all this is only guess-work, improbable suppositions. There is no certainty at all."

"No certainty at all, do you say?"

"None at all, worthy Medes."

"Nowhere any certainty?"

"Nowhere."

"I shall speak to Hermione," said Medes. "She ought to have found a certainty, somewhere."

"Bah! then go to the Christians," said Cimon.

"To the Christians? Wherefore to them?"

"Because they are the only persons who are perfectly certain of the truth of the most absurd things."

"Could they also give us a certainty of immortality and another life?" asked Medes, not noticing Cimon's irony.

"That is a small affair for them," answered Cimon.

"Verily," thought Medes to himself, "it might be worth while to hear what they have to say—for be annihilated, that I will not."

The old slave shuddered, and stared first at the flying clouds, then at the lamp flickering behind the pillar.

Cimon, who found that his words were making an impression, continued the conversation with pleasure, all the more, as the rain still prevented him from setting out for the city.

He began now to speak of the gods, whose existence, to

the terror of his hearers, he positively denied. The world, he explained, had arisen out of a primeval chaos, by the accidental union of atoms. Countless numbers of these naturally fell together, before chance arranged such a beautiful and fitting dwelling place. He took a comparison from the dice to illustrate this, and said :

“ If I wrote down twenty casts of the dice in order, and then took up the dice to throw them until the same casts in the same order occurred, I should probably need a longer time for this, than ten generations of men. The world-building chance which played dice with the atoms, has had an unlimited time to solve a still more difficult problem, but when you think that his play has gone on through eternity, you will not wonder that even this combination of the dice which is called the world, should at last occur. Do you understand me, my friends? Do you believe the gods steer the clouds which are drifting in the heavens, that they have a bridle upon the wind now blowing from the sea, and can, when they wish, restrain its course? Do you believe that gods are necessary, to cause the mist to rise from earth and sea, to collect itself together into clouds, and to fall again as rain? Nature follows its own blind laws; the gods are entirely unnecessary, and I—am thirsty and cold. It is very chilly, this evening. Ochus, your master’s wine is good and warming. Bring me one cup more, to give me strength on my journey. I must return to town, notwithstanding this accursed rain, which falls in spite of Olympus and man.”

After Cimon had got what he desired, he wrapped himself in his mantle, expressed thanks for the hospitality shown him, and departed; promising to come again, when he had an opportunity, and further initiate them into the mysteries of his philosophy.

With most of those who heard him, and especially with old Medes, he left a gloomy, restless state of mind.

Hitherto it had never occurred to Medes to doubt the existence of the gods, and the immortality of the soul. He loved life, but had not feared to think of death, which would convey him to a better land, where he might see again his wife, and his dearest friends. He had, at farthest, entertained but little anxiety for the three-mouthed Cerberus, the surly Charon, and the inexorable judge, Rhadamanthus; an anxiety which rendered him desirous of postponing this necessary journey as long as possible. Could, now, all this be a fable? Should he never again see the departed ones he loved? Could it be that his white beard was not the sign of ripening for a coming life, but the premonitor of complete annihilation, a going out like the lamp, when the oil has been consumed? The thought distressed him.

Had the sun been shining in heaven, and nature shown her glad face while Cimon spoke, his words would not, perhaps, have made such an impression as now, when they were supported by the darkness, the sombre host of driving clouds, and the mournful pattering of the rain. Medes longed for Hermione's arrival, for he wished to tell her his doubts, hoping that she, the philosopher's daughter, would dissipate them with a few words. He longed to approach her calm being, to come under the influence, not only of her words, but of her eyes, which seemed, themselves, a proof of immortality.

He carried his wish into effect the same evening. Hermione was ready to go to rest, when the old porter knocked at the door of her sleeping apartment and requested admission, since he had something of importance to ask her, which he could not postpone till the morrow.

Hermione permitted him to enter. The old slave assumed a confidential place beside his mistress, and took her hand. He had trotted Hermione on his knee when she was a little one, and was accustomed to be treated by her not

only with friendship, but with that respect to which a silver-white beard, faithfulness, and an honest life, have a natural claim.

“My good mistress,” said Medes, “I praise the gods, that I can now speak with you. I should otherwise have had a sleepless night.”

“What is it that troubles you, my old friend?”

“I have, this evening, begun to doubt, and that about things I do not understand.”

“Well?” said Hermione, smiling.

“Ah! my mistress, this is a very serious matter. I want to know if there are gods, and if the soul dies like the body, or if it survives after death.”

“How? do you doubt this?”

“Certainly not. I have never doubted it—before now, this evening—”

“And why this evening?”

Medes recounted the visit which Cimon had made at the villa, and the conversation they had held, adding that he had felt troubled in spirit, ever since, and that his errand now was to seek peace from Hermione.

“He was convinced that she, who received so much of her father’s wisdom, would surely be able to drive away the doubts Cimon had raised.

“Don’t be uneasy, Medes,” said Hermione, gladly, “Let me hear the profound Cimon’s arguments, and I promise you I will refute them.”

“His arguments? Yes, yes—do you know, my mistress, if he had any, I have entirely forgotten them now. But he pointed to the lamp and said, as it goes out, so the soul is extinguished. And as to the gods, he denied them, and said that the world came about like a lucky throw of the dice. Can you contradict such assertions?”

“That is not difficult, Medes, if you will only keep attentive, so as to understand what I say—”

"That is not necessary, my good Hermione. If you only say you can contradict Cimon, I shall believe your words more than my own understanding. The soul, then, is not extinguished like the lamp, but lives on, after the death of the body—is it so?"

"Yes," answered she; and endeavored, in as clear and simple a manner as possible, to bring forward the arguments Plato had left, for the immortality of the soul.

She did this, relating to Medes, and simplifying to his comprehension, the contents of Plato's book on the dying Socrates. The old slave listened with eager attention. He did not understand much of the theoretical arguments, but all the more keenly and deeply did he comprehend the figure of Socrates himself. He saw the philosopher the hour before his death in the prison, surrounded by his young friends—the truth-seekers, come to hear, and fulfil their loved teacher's last wishes, and be near him when he died; their complaints and tears are restrained by his own happy composure, and give way to a presage of the higher world now so near them, an indescribable mingling of joy and pain; a deathly, sad assurance of victory and victorious transport. It is under the influence of this state of mind, while the jailor grates the poison for the death-cup, that Socrates, leading the conversation upon the immortality of the soul, requests his friends to express their ideas and doubts, and replies to them. When the conversation is finished, he goes calmly to bathe, informs himself of what he should do to alleviate the working of the poison, takes farewell of wife, children and friends, calls in the jailor, who with tears gives him the cup, which he empties without reluctance, after praying to the gods for a propitious journey to the other world. He reproaches his friends mildly, for the tears they could no longer restrain, and just before his eyes close, begs his disciple, Cito, to offer in his behalf, to the god of health, that sacrifice, which convalescents were accustomed to make.

Hermione added, as she finished this description :

“ You see, Medes, that Socrates solved his problem, not only by reason and investigation, but by his life and death. With ripe wisdom, he united an inward piety; by his pure morals, desires and habits of truth, he was already, in this world, a citizen of the higher, and a partaker of immortality. If you are not pacified by the reasons now adduced, think of Socrates himself, and this thought will chase from your soul every disturbing doubt. The fear of death does not become such a reverend white beard, as you, my old friend.”

“ You are right, my mistress,” said Medes, wiping away the tears which the description of Socrates’ death had drawn from his aged eyes. “ I thank you. You have given me peace. That Cimon cannot be a philosopher, but a prattler and a busy-body. Simple as I am, I cannot now understand, how I could be disturbed for a moment, by his words. It is strange that you, young girl, whom I have trotted on my knee, should be wiser than the old man with his white beard, who stands before you.”

From Hermione, Medes went to his son Ochus, who already lay in the deepest sleep; but the old man shook him till he awoke, in order to tell him that Cimon was a tattler and a busybody, and that Hermione had contradicted all that Cimon had said.

“ All right, father. But I am young, and need not think about such things,” answered Ochus, and turned over to fall asleep again.

That night, Medes enjoyed an unbroken rest, troubled no longer by doubts. The next day, also, he was calm, and thought no more of Cimon. But after a little while, the recollection of the conversation with him, returned, and Medes began again to ask himself if Cimon might not possibly be right. The reasons which Hermione urged, he did not understand; but he deemed it possible that they

were not conclusive: human reason is weak, indeed, and easily allows itself to assume the wished-for, as the true. Socrates himself, might have been a victim to delusion. Medes had forgotten to ask Hermione if the philosophers possessed complete certainty in regard to immortality, or had only arrived at a degree of probability. He felt within himself that he could not be satisfied with the latter, but must possess the fullest certainty,—a certainty as unquestioned as if a god had appeared and given it to him.

On this account, he met his master, one fine day, with the question if the immortality of the soul is certain, or only probable.

“My friend,” answered Chrysanteus, “if probability is not sufficient for you, change it, by faith, to certainty. A rational faith is pleasing to the gods; it is an act of daring to win it, but to dare in this cause is a praiseworthy action.”

“But why,” asked Medes, “do not the gods give us complete certainty about that which is necessary for our happiness?”

“Answer me another question,” said Chrysanteus. “What do you think of a servant who does his duty, only from fear of punishment or hope of reward?”

“Most servants do this, master.”

“And why?”

“Because they do not love their masters.”

“But if they loved them, would they not do their duty from love, instead of fear?”

“Certainly.”

“Is not God a master, whom men, his servants, can love?”

“Yes, indeed.”

“Well, He has, then, the right to require that we obey him from love, not from fear or the hope of reward. For an earthly master, it may be enough, that a servant does

his work, without regarding the disposition he brings to it. The Master of the world, on the contrary, cannot be made rich or poor by the daily labor of men. That work which avails in his sight, is the purification of the heart, and the ennobling of the soul. This, however, is not promoted, but hindered, by calculations upon a future life. We must act as if we were perishable beings, doing good for its own sake. The man who doubts immortality, but does good because he has gained a perception of its divinity, is more pleasing to the gods, than he who believes in immortality, and is driven to the same acts by hope or fear.

Chrysanteus' words did not satisfy Medes. He had hoped to gain complete certainty from his master.

"So it is possible after all, that I shall go out like the lamp, when I die."

This thought haunted him incessantly. He remembered what Cimon had said of the Christians. It would be a small matter to them to give complete assurance of the soul's immortality. Medes began to think about seeking a private interview with Theodorus, or some other Christian, fully initiated into the mysteries of their religion, perhaps with bishop Peter, who, according to what was said, had even waked up Simon, the pillar-man, from the dead. Medes was kept from this step only by the thought of his master, whom it would, without doubt, displease. But at last he could no longer bear his anxiety. He determined to visit Peter at the first fitting opportunity.

This offered itself very soon through Alcmene, who had scarcely discovered the cause of the old porter's scruples, before she determined, as a pious, though secret Christian, to avail herself of it prudently, to gain a proselyte for Christianity.

It was not long before Medes conquered his circumspection. He followed Alcmene, one evening, to bishop Peter, not to become a Christian, as he thought, but to gain that perfect assurance for which he pined.

But he was here convinced that this assurance and Christianity were inseparably connected. Faith in Him crucified, was the condition of immortality. "Whosoever believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Peter was eloquent, and fired with zeal to complete the old slave's conversion. Inconsiderable as this proselyte might seem, to win him, was yet to gain a victory over Chrysanteus, to humble the proud enemy during the discomfiture of the church, to introduce Christianity into his own house, and by this, give tangible evidence of its irresistible power.

Medes, himself, only needed to hear Peter once, to long to hear him again. As often as the opportunity occurred, he renewed his visits to the Christian bishop. The doctrines into which he was here initiated, were so lofty and comprehensive, and yet so clear, that he seemed to understand them all.

And as to immortality, was it not God himself, who spoke these words: "Whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." What were the evidences of philosophy, and the uncertain results of human thought, to such a declaration?

Old Medes became a Christian, and his name was entered in the book of the catechumens.

The bishop exhorted him to follow Alcmene's example for the present, and conceal his faith. He made the attempt, but was not long successful, for this religion now filled his whole soul, and was his entire joy. Unable either to dissemble to his loved master, or submit to the customs of the family connected with the old religion, he confessed one day that he had gone over to Christianity.

Chrysanteus was painfully surprised at this announcement. The phenomenon however, was by no means singular. He had lately observed that many of those initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries, instead of being strengthened in

their religious convictions, had hastened to embrace Christianity. The numerous desertions from this religion, which accompanied the accession of Julian, seemed only to have purified it from a mass of dross, which was replaced by numbers of ardent and honest proselytes. When the outward power of religion was broken, its inner might seemed to be multiplied many fold.

Young Ochus soon followed his father's example, and so won Alcmene's hand. Chrysanteus presented the new pair with the farm before mentioned, in the valley below the villa. Here they established themselves, together with the old porter. The philosopher's house was thus freed from the intruding enemy. But the separation was painful on both sides. Medes did not thrive upon his own threshold. He went almost daily to the adjacent villa, and seated himself upon his old place, now held by a new porter. The faithful old servant's eyes were often filled with tears when Chrysanteus appeared and passed him with a cold greeting. Alas! he has driven me from his heart! thought the old man. Hermione, however, was the same towards Medes as ever. But the strife between his newly acquired fortune and the bitter separation, was too severe for the old man. In about two months after his removal to the farm, he was no longer among the living.

The religious discourses which Chrysanteus and his friends began to hold, in accordance with the manner of Christian priests, gained many hearers, not least among that class for whom they were especially designed—the poor and ignorant. Here he laid aside all speculative investigations, and introduced the practical side of his doctrine, as a finished and complete religious system. He proclaimed one only, Almighty God, whose unity is broken as the sunlight in the rainbow, into a multitude of Divine powers, to whom the fathers had erected altars and temples. He spoke of religion, as man striving toward God, and

towards the realization of his own better nature, which Chrysanteus, with all educated heathen, conceived to be the image of God." * This is realized by means of truth, beauty and freedom. Religion is not only the voluntary submersion of the soul in God, but an endeavor to realize God's designs in the outer world. For the pious man therefore, the whole of life is a religious exercise, which embraces within itself, philosophy, art, labor and politics.

He spoke also upon the fall of the human race, and the necessity of an atonement. But this atonement has not, as the Christians say, occurred at any one definite period of time, but began with the honest repentance of the first sinner, and has been completed by the image—more clearly defined with every generation—of the moral ideal man.

Chrysanteus' discourses were received with great applause by his own friends and disciples. The majority of educated heathen, however, decried them from personal feelings, and because the current had now turned against him.

But the populace, for whom his religious instruction was especially designed, remained cold and inaccessible. They did not understand him. Their religious necessities, if they had any, were not satisfied; others were repelled by the strict morals he required; his exertions bore fruits the opposite of those he wished. If he rested a moment in ignorance, Theodorus was at his side, unmerciful enough in behalf of truth, to take the scales from his eyes.

When to this is added the constantly increasing displeasure and opposition which Chrysanteus experienced from the citizens, in his attempt to introduce his plans of reform, it will be seen that his position, even under the apparent preponderance of the old views, was by no means a happy one. He concealed his sorrow and stifled his distress beneath a never-flagging industry, but it was with secret dread he received every letter from the theatre of war, for he was

* Thus Ovid calls man "an image of the all-directing gods," a being born of "divine seed."

filled with fear for the life of Julian, surrounded by dangers, threatened both by hostile sword, and secret dagger. Yet, on this life hung all!

He dreamed not yet how his daughter Hermione,—how, even she, his pride, his joy, his only confidential friend, maintained an inward strife, that she might not be carried away by that unseen power, to resisting which he had devoted his life. It was she, who, in his dark moments, chased the clouds from his forehead, and shed oil upon his hope. Would she, also, some day desert him?

He dreamed not that Philip lived, that Philip was a Christian priest, educated and imbued with the principles which philosophy despised:—blind faith and blind obedience, and that this son, whose memory he almost idolized, regarded his unknown father with abhorrence.

He dreamed as little that Charmides, for whom he had again opened his fatherly bosom, and whose changed habits gave him the only unmingled joy he had for a long time experienced—that Charmides was *baptized*, and by this act united, with indissoluble bonds, to the Christian church.

A man no longer of any importance, who, by day dragged stone to Aphrodite's temple, and by night slept in a wretched hut on Scambonidæ, thus gathered up, one by one, the threads of fate in his hand.

This he dreamed least of all.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHARMIDES AND RACHEL.

CHARMIDES sat in the aula of his house, one evening, talking with Annæus Domitius.

“And now, at last,” said the proconsul, “a few words

about our mutual friends. I have lost sight of many of these amiable and joyous personages since I left Athens and returned to my Corinth. So, my friend, how is it—to whom shall I give the first place?”

“Olympiodorus?”

“Olympiodorus! Let us not speak of him. He is perfectly incorrigible—”

“Yes, he continues to write bad epigrams.”

“And continues his wild life,” said Annæus; “I know it. I met him this very day. He is, as I said, incorrigible. Just think! He has written a new love song, against poor Jupiter. What godlessness! He read it to me. I could not but disapprove of it and warn the author. Thereupon, he invited me to a quail-fight. I fell into the snare, for the flesh is weak, my Charmides. I found, alas! too late, that the quail-fighting was only the prelude to one of those bachelor entertainments, which you know, I abhor. I have just come from it. I need not tell you how it passed off, nor who were the choice spirits of the occasion—Olympiodorus, Palladius, Athenagoras, and those other indefatigable veterans,—the devotees of pleasure,—around whom I saw, to my despair, that a younger generation of hopeful or hopeless, Epicureans had grown up. They complained that you as well as I had deserted our old banner; but they were just enough to admit that you had a powerful reason for such treachery. Thrice happy Charmides, who shall, some day, lead home the rich Hermione as bride? But speaking about brides, my friend, can you guess where Praxinoa is to be found?”

“No, I have never troubled myself to inquire.”

“As you know, she was banished from Athens by Chrysanteus. How amazed was I when, a few days ago, in visiting the celebrated temple of Aphrodite at our Corinth, I discovered her among the priestesses there. She is yet very enticing—not for me of course, who am a faithful husband,

and have had my gaze open to the immortal—but I know from experience, that old game has a certain precedence to new. And speaking about old game,—where can poor Myro be? She also seems to have vanished. The life of the poor girls is like the ephemera. But where do they all go to?”

“What an innocent acquaintance with the world you exhibit,” said Charmides. “My good proconsul, you remind me of the wolf who turned over a new leaf and was honest, after he had lost his teeth. Myro has gone the road appointed by fate for all such, only somewhat sooner than her sisters. Sickness robbed her of her beauty. Olympiodorus, who was her particular friend, told her one day that she was ugly and gave him ennui. She disappeared after that, and where she went, I know not. She is seen no more upon the sunny heights. Perhaps she dwells somewhere in the gloomy deep. But let us speak no more about her. How is the health of your beautiful wife, Eusebia?”

“Excellent, as long as I permit her to visit here, in Athens. She is, alas, hopelessly entangled in the errors of Christianity, and would die, if she did not, once a week, hear that rascal, Peter’s, hell-fire sermons. I have not wished to prevent her satisfying her caprice according to her taste. It is my duty to do everything for her happiness.”

“That is where you are wise. The pious Eusebia can be a powerful advocate for the apostate Annæus, if fate should decree that a Christian emperor—”

“Silence, my friend. No high treason, no such horrid suppositions!”

“And with her prayers it may be possible that the prefecture of Egypt, which Julian has promised you, would not depart from your hands—”

“Your political insight is great, but do not cast such

words of wisdom upon the winds! Let us speak of something else. Do you see, my friend, that I have grown lean?"

"No, by Jove! It is entirely impossible for me to discover it."

"Or perhaps, more correctly, I have ceased from further expanding my form. I work like a slave against my own flesh. And can you guess the reason? To retain that agility required by a warrior. Julian's laurels excite my envy. They give me no rest. I, even I, must acquire laurel garlands and mural crowns."

"I wish you joy in accomplishing your object. May you be happier than Augustus, and more virtuous than Trajan! When do you intend to hie to the camp?"

"Ah, by Hercules, not for a year. The war against the Persians does not please me. I prefer the Franks and German barbarians, and hope to the gods, they will again begin stirring themselves. While I pass my days in this peaceful Achaia, Pylades, my client and ward, threatens to grow over my head. He has already become *illustris* and *clarissimus*, the same as I, and commands now a division of the imperial cavalry. Some fine day, this upstart will get ahead of me, if I do not shoot upwards as quickly as he. It is time to commence growing," said the proconsul, patting his bald pate. "One harvests no honors in the affairs of peace. He is overlooked and forgotten, when he devotes himself to such a simple matter as the improvement and development of the province of Achaia. The very gods, themselves, for whom I have sacrificed so much—"

"For example, your convictions as a catechumen—"

"Just so."

"And your theological studies—"

"Exactly."

"And still more, hecatombs of the fattest oxen—you have, next to the emperor and Chrysanteus, been the most liberal sacrificer in the Roman empire."

"Exactly, exactly, and yet these unthankful gods forget me! They have obtained me an autograph letter from the emperor, very flattering to my vanity, to be sure—but—enough. I will have war, and win laurels."

"You are right. You need war. Peace casts no imperial mantle in your way. What is the prefecture of Egypt to the emperor's purple? It is the legions who, in our day, are both senate and people."

"What do you mean?"

"You are rich, Annæus—"

"Oh, not out of measure."

"And liberal,—"

"You flatter me."

"No, I mean that you are liberal, when liberality furthers your designs. Riches and liberality are qualities which always win the soldier heart, and have now a still greater opportunity of doing it, since Julian has by no means spoiled his armies with inordinate presents. Let us proceed in the enumeration of your excellent qualities. You have a winning way and a talent for making yourself liked by the crowd."

"Good. And further?"

"You are virtuous with the virtuous, shameless with the shameless, patrician among patricians, and plebeian among plebeians—"

"Charmides you exaggerate my merits," said the pro-consul, modestly.

"No, no; I do not exaggerate in the least. You are Homousian and Homoiousian, according to circumstances. You acknowledge many gods, one god, or no god at all, just as events bid—"

"Charmides, you strew roses at my feet—"

"You are sagacious, foreseeing, crafty, world-wise, cunning, industrious, indefatigable, calm and cold-blooded,—"

"Hold. I sink under the weight of so many attributes."

Increase them not, I beg you! Lay not another stone upon my burden, Charmides!"

"I believe also, that you are brave, and possessed of military talent. What do you say, yourself?"

"In this respect, my convictions coincide with your own."

"Well, what is there lacking then, my Annæus, to make you owner of the head of your Charmides, and of all other Roman citizens?"

"What do you mean?"

"That you, a patrician, and descendant of Seneca, with old Roman blood in your veins, ought to be able to win the same fortune, which has fallen to the lot of Illyrian peasants' sons, and Arabian robbers."

"Charmides, you speak in riddles. I do not understand a word of what you are saying."

"I foresee the possibility that the diadem shall adorn your locks."

"My locks? Wicked friend! My locks are offered up on the altar of the state, and a profitless theology. My head is bald as Julius Cæsar's."

"Well, do as he. The diadem is worth striving for, because it would, at least, hide your naked pate!"

"I begin to understand, and must warn you. Your conversation approaches high treason. Julian, my friend, is younger than I. Let us not play indiscreetly and foolishly, before each other!"

"The Persians are good shots, and the Christians accomplished poisoners. Prophecies are flying about, which do not promise the emperor a long reign."

"Guard your tongue! The gods save the emperor's life! If you continue with your godless speech, I must depart and renounce the frugal supper, which I have reckoned upon enjoying this evening, in your pleasant company. It is already dusk, and I do not return to Corinth till to-

morrow. I have moreover a special errand to you, I must not forget. You know my weakness for Eusebia. Eusebia has, among other caprices, that of wishing to surround herself with handsome faces. She has seen your young Alexander, and exhorted me to buy him. What is your price ? ”

“ I will not sell him.”

“ Pshaw, you only say this to make me more anxious. At supper, however, your heart will be softened. We will defer our negotiations till then. You have probably renounced the enjoyments of gaming ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ I might expect this from the future son-in-law of Chrysanteus, and Hermione’s betrothed. We would, otherwise, play for the slave. Extraordinary fate ! How we both have been changed within a short time ! We are now steady and moral men. For myself, I count it by no means a merit, for I am forty years and over—I am past my prime. I speak of it only as a wonderful proof of the talent of two individuals to transform the world and infuse into it a better spirit. As is the emperor, so are his people. And what a faithful guardian the emperor possesses in Chrysanteus ! He puts us to school and watches, switch in hand, over our conduct. The noble Chrysanteus, I cannot sufficiently praise him. The thought of him has entirely quenched my sensual nature. I now study my Cato at leisure moments, between the duties of office, and suffer much, lest I may not participate in the divine ecstasy. You might drop a hint about this to Chrysanteus, next time you meet him. I wish him to know the proconsul of Achaia to the bottom. How is it ? Does Chrysanteus correspond as briskly as ever, with the emperor, in spite of marches, and the clash of arms ? ”

“ Yes, my friend.”

“ All the better.”

While the conversation was continuing in this strain, Alexander announced supper. This was of such a striking simplicity, that the proconsul suspected Charmides of joking with the severity of morals the proconsul now feigned. Annæus, however, held a good mien; poured out, with pious face, the usual libations to the wine god; spoke of the necessity of accustoming one's self in time to the hardships of campaigning; and determined within himself to invite Charmides to Corinth, there to surprise him with a supper of the same ascetic character.

After the meal was finished, Annæus left his friend Charmides, and betook himself, like a good husband, to his Eusebia, to sup for the second time, in company with her.

Soon after the proconsul's departure, Charmides threw on his mantle and left the house.

The evening sky was starry clear, except in the west, where a black veil of cloud hung over the horizon.

Charmides went a little way down Piræan street, and then through one of the arched portways in the 'Long Walk' to a deserted field, watered by the brook Ilissus, and shaded by ancient trees.

"I came somewhat late to the rendezvous," thought he, "but I doubt not, I shall still find her on the appointed spot. It looks like rain. All the better. It will shorten our meeting. O ye gods, let it result happily to both her and me!"

With this prayer he directed his course to a group of willows on the margin of the brook. He stopped here and looked around.

"Can she have gone away?" he thought, as he saw nothing, and all was silent around him. Has she been wounded by my delay, or terrified by the darkness and solitude? All the better! But no, I must not congratulate myself at postponing the inevitable. If she is absent now, to-morrow I will seek another opportunity for an explana-

tion. What must be done, is best done quickly. She keeps up an incessant turmoil in my soul. This state of things must be broken up.

He called Rachel's name in a low voice.

In a moment, he heard a rustling close by and discovered a figure in the shadow of the willows.

He approached. It was Rachel.

Charmides felt her tremble as he took her hand.

"Have you waited for me long?" he asked.

"I know not," answered Rachel, "but I am glad it is you. I was sunk in thought when I saw your form, and I fancied in the darkness, you were my father."

"You are cold, Rachel," said Charmides, "I feel you tremble. Let me throw my mantle around you."

"No, keep your mantle, and let me freeze! feel here, what it is you call cold!"

Rachel laid his hand on her fever-heated brow.

"You are sick, Rachel, you must return home."

"Yes, I am sick unto death," Rachel replied with quivering voice.

"Give me your arm and let us go hence. It blows chill from the sea. The night wind will harm you."

"No," said Rachel, "the chill night wind is pleasant. It comes not from a cold and faithless heart. And what care you, if I am sick, if I soon die?"

"Rachel, how can you question me thus?"

"It is you—you, Charmides—who give me death. Are my words then, hard and unjust?"

"Rachel, you are agitated and know not what you say. Compose your thoughts and let us speak calmly to each other! We meet now for the last time. Let us make use of the opportunity, to separate as we ought; calmed, comforted, and strong in a warm and honest friendship. Sit down here, by my side! Let us speak of the happy moments we have given each other, and of the dire neces-

sity, which compels us to separate. If you are not able to do this, and if the necessity still seems to you a cruel power, then lay your head on my breast, as on a brother's, lament for the last time a fate which is unavoidable, and listen to your first chosen friend, who will exhort you to courage and strength. Why do you draw back your hand, my Rachel? If, by this, you would express an accusation against Charmides, it is you, who are guilty of coldness and injustice. If I am culpable, it is only my love which has made me so. Tell me, Rachel, was it I, who built up the insurmountable wall between you and me? Ah, I little dreamed of its existence; otherwise I should never have confessed my passion, never sought to win your love. If you accuse any one, it must be your father, who despised and repelled me as a stranger to his people. When I asked your hand, he refused it in the most shameful and insulting manner. I am weak enough to be still angry, when I recall that moment. He might have pronounced with less severity and scorn, the doom of our unhappy love. But at bottom he was nevertheless right, for there are inherited thoughts and customs which are holy, and one must respect. You, Rachel, who are a child of Israel, and a pious man's daughter, ought to know this."

"I know," said Rachel, "I know we must part. The tone in which you speak convinces me best of this."

"May we be reconciled then, to our fate, and find our consolation in a faithful fulfillment of necessary duties. It was of this, I wished to speak to you. You are the daughter of a people who are scattered over the world, and whose only strength lies in their fidelity to inherited laws, and love for a common name. You have parents, whose hope you are, and whose joy you ought to be by obedience and tenderness. And if the demands they place upon your obedience are hard, obey them still; your God will reward you, and send you a new and higher happiness for that which you now offer up on the altar of filial submission."

“I also believe this, but I have nothing more to offer, and no further happiness to desire.”

“Say not so, my Rachel!”

“Let us speak no more of this,” continued Rachel. “There is one thing, for which I can pray the God of my fathers, and that is death. I have given you all, Charmides, except this wretched life. This is all I have left. Take it also, if it can give you any joy. For me, it is now only a burden. When I came here I still had a hope. I was weak enough to fancy, at times, that the cold manner in which you answered my letters was feigned; that you would tease me, to see my jealousy, that you were cruel towards me, because you loved me. Sometimes, I would not believe, what all told me, that you loved Chrysanteus’ daughter, and were wooing her. I remembered that you had promised me eternal love, and would not believe that I could be betrayed by him to whom I had once given my heart, because he was unhappy and needed it. I sought an opportunity of more closely gazing at this Hermione, of whom people talked so much, and whom I begun to hate. Yes, she was beautiful, and worthy to be loved by you, Charmides; but I said, to comfort myself, that my eyes are more radiant than hers, and that my locks, not hers, have the hue you prefer. She seemed to me also, so cold and marble-like, and I knew that you loved a warmth and affection like mine. It was only her wisdom, that I feared, but then I recollected what you said, that you loved my simplicity, because you yourself were wise. I calmed myself, even in this respect,—at least for the moment, for I have been terribly troubled during all this time, by doubt, jealousy and melancholy. I have passed my nights in weeping, and my days in waiting. I have sat upon the balcony, with my eyes looking toward the hill upon which I saw you appear and beckon to me so many times, in days gone by. But why do I speak of this? I see now as well

as you, that we must part forever. You love Hermione, not me. It is unavailing, then, to speak of my sorrows, or overwhelm you with reproaches. And as we now meet for the last time, I will return the ring you gave me, Charmides. Here !”

Rachel laid the ring in his hand,—the tears she could no longer restrain, threatened to stifle her.

“Rachel,” said Charmides, “May the God of your fathers look into my heart and judge it! If I have wronged you, may He punish me, as avenging justice requires, and if I seem hard towards you, may He decide if my actions are not guided by my desire for your happiness. What could I do, after your father had repulsed me, and blotted out my every hope of possessing you? How could I act, after I began to see that holy duties toward your people, your parents and your religion, require you to remove from your soul every thought of Charmides? Rachel, you will forget me, and again be happy. A time will come, when your father’s will and your own, shall select a husband for you, worthy to possess your heart. We shall, then, perhaps see each other and recall the past, only as a dream of mingled bitterness and joy ;—”

“Enough, enough !” exclaimed Rachel. “Speak not so! You are a wretched comforter, and your words, instead of calming me, create a tumult in my soul. I could tell you something which would freeze your blood, but since I no longer own your heart, I scorn your compassion, and will not speak to your conscience.”

Charmides grew pale at these words, whose meaning he instantly guessed. But he dared not ask any question, the answering of which would confirm his foreboding. He was silent, and allowed Rachel to continue.

“Let us part, then. We have nothing more to tell each other. Farewell, Charmides! Our last meeting is ended.”

“Give me your hand, and let me lead you hence,” said

Charmides, as Rachel remained sitting on the spot she had taken.

“No, Charmides,” she answered, “leave me! I wish to be alone with my thoughts, before I return to my home.”

She turned away, and drew her veil over her face.

“It is raining,” said Charmides. “The night is cloudy and cold. I must not leave you here. Let me accompany you, at least to Piræan street.”

Rachel made no reply.

“Shall we part in this way?” said Charmides, in an appealing voice. “Our separation is necessary, but why turn it into a sad and depressing memory? Can you not at parting say one word of reconciliation?”

“May God have mercy on us both!”

“Thank you, Rachel. I interpret these words as a sign of the returning peace and strength of your heart. But to leave you here alone, in the gloomy night! Will you not follow me? Have you not a waiting maid near by, who will accompany you home?”

“Yes, fear not for me. Go you, Charmides, to your rest, and sleep well, or to Hermione, and prattle with her. I will stay here, and if there is left me a wish, it is to be alone, that I may collect my thoughts; for I go hence to the altar.”

“What do you mean? Will you not return to your mother’s house?”

“Yes, as often as its door will open for her daughter. There will come nights, darker than this, when the threshold shall say: “Take back your foot,” and the door: “I know you not.”

“Alas, Rachel,” said Charmides, bending over her, and taking her hand,—“my last heart-felt farewell,—my wish for a happy meeting in the future, when our wounds will be healed, and our common memory refined from its bitterness!”

"May God save you from such a meeting! It might perhaps disturb your happiness," said Rachel, with the voice of a prophetess.

Charmides threw his mantle around him and left his victim. She sat immovable by the brook-side, near the group of willows, as long as Charmides could discern her through the darkness. The rain now fell in torrents, and the wind sighed in the old fallen wall, separating this deserted spot from Piræan street.

As soon as she was alone, she gave vent to her deep despair, which, restrained during the conversation with Charmides, had given her an appearance of strength, and kept back her tears. She wrung her hands, called herself a deserted widow, cast herself to the earth, tore the veil from her head, and scattered sand in her hair. Between these ebullitions, she wandered up and down by the brook-side, with convulsively clenched hands, and disheveled locks falling like a mourning veil over her pale, emaciated face, till suddenly she stood still, and pressed her hands against her breast. She felt under her heart, a strange motion, whose import she foreboded. She had, during the last few days, more than once experienced the same feeling.

Her strength deserted her. She hastened to seat herself upon the wet turf, and lean against one of the old willows, while her consciousness yet remained.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CLEMENS AND EUSEBIA.

WE left Clemens in an adventurous situation with the beautiful Eusebia. He had come partly to obtain forgiveness for the poor slave girl, who had broken the precious

casket, and partly to reprove her for the cruelty she exhibited towards her servants,—a cruelty in the highest degree unworthy a pious and Christian mistress.

But the sight of the beautiful woman, and her question, what he wished there at that late hour, together with the amazement she manifested, took Clemens entirely by surprise. He began to understand, that he had suffered his zeal and sympathy to lead him to a very improper step. He stood at the door, bashful and confused, and stammered out at last a very disconnected excuse.

Eusebia was magnanimous enough to put an end to this embarrassment. She resumed her comfortable place upon the purple-cushioned sofa, and bade her devout, reverend brother, to leave his position by the door and tell his errand, which, without doubt, was very important, since he could not defer it till the morrow.

Then without waiting for any explanation from Clemens, she began to inquire after the bishop's health, praised his last sermon highly, and burst out into a bitter complaint at the oppression of the faithful.

Meanwhile, Clemens regained his composure, and when Eusebia's discourse fell upon the last-named subject, which was his own pet theme and the constant object of his thoughts, he gained the courage and desire to take part in the conversation, and joined heartily in her pious lament at the present condition of the world, and her clearly expressed hope for a speedy change. He was now able to do this without being dazzled by the splendor of the little gold-gleaming boudoir, or confused by Eusebia's beaming glances, which shot flashes of anger and joy by turns, and were accompanied by the intonations of her melodious voice, changing according to the course of the conversation, and the nature of the subject.

After this *tête-à-tête* had continued for a considerable time, Eusebia seemed to recollect that Clemens had come

on some special mission, and she inquired in a cheerful voice, what had occasioned this late visit of such a young, but reverend person.

He now related very honestly his meeting with the young slave-girl, and her fear of returning home on account of the broken casket, and he begged Eusebia to pardon her this fault, of which she had rendered herself guilty by carelessness and not by evil intent.

The second part of his errand,—namely, to rebuke Eusebia for her severity towards her slaves,—he determined to omit entirely, for during his conversation with the pro-consul's wife, he had begun to be convinced that this cruelty was only a slanderous accusation, for such a thing would be impossible in so pious, beautiful and kind a woman.

Clemens had thus discovered, that in addition to the inestimable qualities of piety and kindness, Eusebia also possessed that of beauty.

But how amazed was he, at the change her whole being seemed to undergo, as soon as he mentioned the poor slave girl and the broken casket!

Anger painted itself clearly in those same features, where Clemens had just read piety and kindness. She seemed to have scarcely patience sufficient to hear him through, and when he finished, she arose and stamped on the floor with her little foot.

She asked the young reader in a passionate tone, how he dared to take the part of a heedless, obstinate slave girl against her own mistress, and declared that her misconduct should be punished in the severest manner, as a terror to herself and a warning to the rest of the household.

Clemens, however, did not allow himself to be disarmed by Eusebia's anger. It astonished and pained him, that a woman so noted for her piety and her love of the divine word, could give up her soul to such unbridled wrath, when the matter in hand was not a theological question or the pure faith, but a paltry trifle of the toilet.

He expressed in mild, but distinct phrase, his surprise, and remonstrated with Eusebia, that if it were a natural and pardonable weakness, especially with woman, to give way to passion at the first moment, it was nevertheless, unworthy a Christian to adhere to a decision, inspired by the chief enemy of love and toleration.

Eusebia did not seem inclined to listen to this remonstrance, but now directed her anger against Clemens also. She reminded him of her high rank in society, and of his own humble position; she would not receive reproofs from so young and inexperienced a boy; she would complain to bishop Peter of his unseemly conduct, if he did not immediately acknowledge his error, and beg her forgiveness.

During this ebullition of passion, she was perfectly successful in keeping herself within those bounds where anger allows itself to be coupled with grace and a fascinating demeanor. She appeared, in Clemens' eyes, not a fury, but an empress.

Clemens, whose pale cheeks were now mantled with crimson, fortified himself with the consciousness of having right on his side. He answered, that if the bishop should be informed of this interview, together with its cause, it would pain him much; not on Clemens' account, but on Eusebia's, because the opinion he entertained of her pious and Christian life, would thus suffer material damage.

He told her farther, that no social position can elevate a mortal above the divine word, and that its holiness is in no wise diminished, by the youth of him who proclaims it.

He then asked if it were true, that during such ebullitions as he had now witnessed, she was guilty of cruelty toward her slaves.

And when Eusebia answered this question with nothing but a defiant smile, (which, parenthetically stated, became her wonderfully, and probably had been studied before the glass,) the young reader threw aside all scruples, and began

a powerful rebuke, which by no means lacked eloquence, since words were given him by a burning desire both to chastise and reform Eusebia.

She, in the beginning, seemed scarcely able to restrain herself from interrupting him. The defiant smile played long about her lips. But gradually it disappeared, and gave place to earnestness and attention. Her eyes were riveted upon the young reader, whose boldness and transport rendered him doubly beautiful. It was something new and exceedingly piquant, to receive rebukes from so young and inexperienced a person.

“It is possible, although uncertain, that her interest for the rebuker, finally gave way to the strength of the rebuke. Clemens had unconsciously become possessed of much of Peter’s fiery eloquence; but when his just indignation had at last spent itself, the chastisement subsided into mild exhortations; so mild and pathetic, that they could not fail of making an impression upon Eusebia, whose piety was a search for the sensuous, and who in anguish, penitence and amendment, had discovered voluptuous remembrances of sin, more pleasant than the sins themselves.

When Clemens’ voice became unsteady, and more and more tremulous, from the emotion he experienced in his heart, this vibrating tone imparted its thrill to the same chords of feeling in Eusebia; and whether she felt herself aroused by his reproofs or not, the power of sympathy, and inclination of the senses, were alone sufficient to draw forth tears from beneath the lashes, which veiled eyes just now so defiantly gleaming.

She hastily arose, cast herself at Clemens’ feet, seized his hand, and carried it to her tear-drenched eyes.

Then followed, with broken voice, a confession that she had been a cruel mistress, a great sinner. She implored Clemens to forgive her haughty demeanor, and solemnly promised penitence and reform.

He was deeply moved by this sudden humility ; his eyes also filled with tears, and at the same time he experienced in his heart a secret joy at the awakening, in which he had been instrumental.

Eusebia arose ; but the hand of Clemens, which she had taken, she still held within her own, as she returned to the sofa, and overpowered by her emotions, sank upon it.

“My sister,” said Clemens, “I will pray that this, your awakening, may bear lasting fruits, and give you a changed disposition, which will conquer the temptations of your violent passions.”

“Do so, my loved brother,” whispered Eusebia.

Sighing, she bent her head, with its wealth of curls very near his breast, and pressed, in the excess of her emotion, his hand to her heart.

He felt how her bosom rose and fell at the storm of passion within.

His tenderness and sympathy were united with a feeling which he did not understand how to separate from it. He allowed his hand to be held without resistance, and when Eusebia again whispered, “My loved brother !” it sounded like the sweetest music in his ears.

Having at last succeeded in suppressing the tumult of her feelings, she induced him, with gentle force, to take a place on the sofa at her side.

She would confess to her brother, reveal to him all the severity and injustice of which she was guilty against her servants, in order that by an honest penitence she might receive his absolution from her sins.

And when Clemens had heard her confession, and solemnly assured her of forgiveness, she had yet one more request to make of the young reader.

Blushing deeply, and with much embarrassment, she expressed a wish that this meeting might be kept a secret from the bishop. He was so austere, and she would not for

the world have the good opinion he entertained of her injured by his becoming acquainted with her violent temper, and severity towards her slaves.

She had many times confessed to the bishop, and acknowledged all her other sins and weaknesses, but not this one. This forgetfulness, she sacredly assured him, had no other ground than her weak understanding, which hitherto could not see, that cruelty towards people born to slavery, and destined by Providence to obey others, could be wrong and culpable.

She added, humbly, that this lack of discernment, this inability of comprehension, showed how greatly she needed a friend and adviser at her side, and she conjured Clemens, for whom she had now opened her heart, not to desert her, but become her faithful friend.

He might possibly have excused himself on account of his youth and inexperience, which made him less fit for such a place, but he had just won a triumph that gave him confidence in the power of his words; he felt, moreover, such a deep sympathy for Eusebia, and would not now leave her without a leading wind for the voyage, after she had once turned her course towards a good harbor.

On this account, he assented very modestly to her request.

“Ah, come then, soon and often, my dear brother,” continued Eusebia, with a tender smile. “I have so much to tell you, and so many sorrows to reveal, which now feel doubly heavy, because I must shut them up within myself. Regard me as a sister—as if we had not only the same Heavenly but also the same earthly father. You shall be my confidant, and hear every weakness, every sinful thought, which arises in my soul. Such a kind and confidential father-confessor I need, and have now found in you. Ah, come often and soon to your sister, dear Clemens.”

How long had Eusebia awaited this moment, when she

could speak openly and without embarrassment, these words: "dear Clemens!"

She had often repeated them to herself in secret—in her boudoir, on the market—when she spied between the curtains of her palanquin the young reader in the ranks of some priestly procession,—in church, where she gazed upon him from the gallery, as he read a portion of the Scriptures.

There lay also, much tenderness and a half-concealed joy of victory in the tone in which they were uttered.

Her intention was, in her own eyes, the most innocent in the world. She thought her passion for Clemens of a pure Platonic nature, a spiritual love, entirely free from any earthly ingredients. She wished only the joy of being able to awake a reciprocal affection in the youth, especially if it were mixed, as in her own case, with an innocent spice of enthusiasm. If, during the development of this mutual ideal relationship, the enthusiasm should become mixed with a few grains of other feelings, Eusebia would by no means pronounce a severe judgment either upon herself or on Clemens; on the contrary, she admitted to herself, that she wished somewhat of this—would it not prove with fire the purity of her passion. She would then, to exercise her strength of soul, allow these feelings a certain play—let them freely form themselves from their chaos into figures, half heavenly, half earthly, permit them to advance and draw near in all their seductive beauty, but only to sink and dissolve before the magic power of her will. Should they again assume form, they might again approach, but only to suffer the same annihilation. It would be a sportive contest, useful, and at the same time so sweet and enticing, yet in no way dangerous, if she kept the slightest watch over herself. For her intimacy with Clemens would in itself be of a religious nature, an exercise in piety, and a union in prayer.

But should it go so far, that they both felt they had conquered, and reciprocally discovered each other's weakness ; how touching this discovery would be, how powerfully they would support each other in the mutual contest against the same passion, how warmly they would pray at each other's side !

In the premonition of such a possibility, Eusebia shot a glance of the warmest sympathy, the most ardent sisterly tenderness, into Clemens' large, melancholy eyes.

He sat silently by her side, occupied with a wish at which he, himself, was surprised. He could not understand why—but he wished that Eusebia would again take his hand, and press it as tenderly as before, to her heart.

An important step towards this affectionate intimacy was already taken. No one, not even Peter, to whom Clemens deemed it a duty to confess all his thoughts and acts, was to know anything of this meeting. Silence would be enjoined upon the waiting maid, who had been the instrument of bringing it about. There was thus, already, a secret between Eusebia and Clemens, and this secret must be extended over their future interviews. Eusebia bade him return soon and often, for she was in the greatest need of his spiritual assistance, his friendship and confidence. But since their meetings were to be secret, a late hour of the evening would be most fitting for them ; Eusebia was then first left to herself, and could enjoy solitude. The rear gate, through which Clemens had entered, would stand open for him, and as no window looked out on the court, across which he must pass, he need not fear any uninitiated glances.

Eusebia told him this in a tone which sounded very sisterly, open and innocent. There lay in this secrecy something charming for Clemens, which he could not define.

He saw no reason for answering no ; and had a foreboding told him he ought to do so, he would at that moment have scarcely been able to make the sacrifice.

After he had left Eusebia, and when he found himself on his way, through the empty streets, to his colleague, Euphemius, he first recollected that the night was far advanced, and he was coming somewhat late to the holy work which awaited him. Perhaps Euphemius had already gone to rest. But he would not return to his home upon the Scambonidæ, for Peter did not expect him that night, and he felt, for the moment, a certain unwillingness to recount to his foster-father, the manner in which he had passed these hours. But how should he explain his long absence to Euphemius? And how, hereafter, should he find opportunity to fulfil Eusebia's request for repeated visits? Should he lie to Peter? No, that would be a horrible sin, and the very thought of it a crime.

After discussing this question for some time with himself, he decided openly to tell his foster-father, that he had accidentally become acquainted with a person whose spiritual condition required his frequent presence. Who this person was, and all the attendant circumstances, formed a secret which he would pray his foster-father to respect, since it had been revealed to him, Clemens, as if under the seal of confession.

When Clemens arrived at the dwelling of Euphemius, the short-necked presbyter already lay in his deepest sleep. Clemens found the Revelation of St. John open on the table, and beside it, the half-finished copy upon which Euphemius and Clemens were at work. Looking at it, the young reader saw that his black-haired friend had not written a letter during his absence; on the other hand, Clemens saw several bits of papyrus, upon which Euphemius had employed himself in the noble art of punctuation. What Euphemius wished to draw out from the sphinx of the future, by means of the insight he acquired into this peculiar kind of necromancy, Clemens knew not, neither did he give himself any trouble respecting it. Without

waking Euphemius, he seated himself and copied on, till sleep at last overpowered him, and he was compelled to go to rest.

Euphemius, in reality, found greater pleasure in the art of punctuation, than in copying books. He had passed his evening in a very pleasant manner, and had, by no means, been impatient at Clemens' delay.

The following morning, when they awoke and greeted each other, Euphemius did not ask any questions. Clemens thus escaped giving an account of the preceding evening. Euphemius arose, dressed himself in his working clothes, and went to labor upon Aphrodite's temple, for it was his turn, to-day, to participate in this.

Clemens passed a great portion of the day alone, in Euphemius' little chamber. Eusebia's image stood, in lively colors, before the eyes of the young reader. His fancy occupied itself incessantly with it, and he reviewed in thought, time after time, their entire interview; how handsome she was, both in the outbursts of her passion, and in her tears! How her bosom heaved, as she laid his hand upon her heart! and it was *he*, who humbled her hard disposition, and caused her to reflect!

He remembered, also, what she said, that she was unhappy from secret griefs, which weighed her down, because she could not share them with some confidential friend. He pitied the poor woman, and determined to be to her that friend she needed for her happiness. Could he not this very evening, be able to renew his visit, and steal away to the secret meeting? He thought of the little back gate which, by night, would stand open for him; the silent court he had to pass over, the dark corridor, and the little gold-gleaming boudoir, with its beautiful penitent. If only an opportunity offered, he would not fail to hasten there. His brotherly duty toward sister Eusebia demanded this.

Employed with these thoughts, the hours flew by with a speed which astonished him. He must interrupt his agreeable contemplation, to hasten to his foster-father, the bishop, report to him, and receive his orders.

When Clemens arrived at the cot upon Scambonidæ, Peter was out; but he returned at noon, and while they partook of their frugal mid-day meal, informed Clemens that he must not hereafter take part in the work upon Aphrodite's temple, and would pass his evenings, as he wished, with the copying of the Revelation, or in some other useful employment.

The first order much astonished Clemens; but he was commanded, and accustomed never to inquire into the bishop's motives. If a "why?" sometimes stole its way over Clemens' lips, the answer was often only a piercing look, less frequently, an explanation, given in a tone which made it a reprimand.

But Clemens was all the more pleased that the evenings were placed at his own disposition. He returned to the chamber of Euphemius, and passed the remainder of the day in musing upon Eusebia and the visions of St. John. Eusebia and mysticism fought for the precedence in his attention; the former was compelled, however, after a strong resistance, to give way to the latter; but the victory was not complete, till Clemens had succeeded in sinking himself deeply in religious speculations,—that sea of surmises, forebodings and dark combinations, in which he sought the key to the mysteries of the book of Revelation. He was fully convinced that the strife described in it, between truth and antichrist, which was to precede the conflagration of the world and the founding of the new Jerusalem, had reference to the events of his own time, and that Julian was this very antichrist. All the more uncertain was he about the rest, and all the more he burned to solve the riddle. What, for example, did the extraordinary

number, 666 mean? This was probably the keystone, which held together the dark vault of the mystic temple. Euphemius had given him to understand, that by the help of the cabalistic art it was possible to solve the riddles of Revelation, and unveil its inmost secrets. On this account Clemens felt a strong desire to learn this mysterious science. But the bishop had forbidden it, because the art was dangerous, easy to abuse, and of doubtful origin. The bishop had explained to him that there was a Divine cabala, which Adam was taught in Paradise, and by the help of which he gave to beasts and things names, corresponding to their nature and qualities; but there was also a cabala, invented by the devil, and spread by him among men. No cabalist could, with certainty determine, whether his art was the Heavenly or the devilish cabala, for both existed, and were cultivated—the latter, however, much more generally than the former. Such being the case, it was wisest to abstain from it entirely; and Peter enjoined this as a duty.

For Clemens, this sacrifice was the heaviest which had, as yet, fallen to his obedience. He was by nature prone to mysticism; and the views in which he had been educated, had developed this disposition. The killing of reason and the suicide of intellect, were to him a duty,—the sole condition of his salvation from those heretical errors, with which the devil catches so many souls. His pious disposition deprived of the guidance of reason, his rich, sensuous life, shut up within itself, so as not to be contaminated by the unholy life without,—his lively fancy, stimulated by a view of the world which filled nature with demoniac powers, must inevitably lead him along the dangerous road which winds through gloomy valleys, where madness lurks, like a tiger, ready to fasten its claws in the brain of the traveller.

What Clemens was unable to attain, by means of the

forbidden cabala, he hoped to win in another, and at all events, a permitted way—by prayer. It was after earnest prayers for the enlightenment of his dark understanding, he made the childish attempts to interpret the hidden meaning of the Scriptures. Thus the copying went forward very slowly. He stopped at every punctuation mark, to ponder upon it and seek out its connection both with the preceding and the following one. With bowed head and clenched hands, he sat lost in misty thoughts, fruitlessly catching at the fog to fashion it into tangible forms. When his head ached with the bootless exertion of his unpractised machinery of thought, he again took refuge in burning prayer; or overpowered by his fancy, lived an hour in the magnificence of those sublime pictures which describe the final battle of Christianity, the destruction of the world, and the last judgment.

How violently these pictures must have affected his mind, when he thought that he was living in the very time they described; when he expected every day would be that solemn and awful one, on which the last seal would be broken, and judgment pronounced upon the world!

Among these pictures arose Eusebia's image. The woman fleeing from the dragon, had suddenly taken *her* countenance. Clemens awoke from his mysterious dreams. It was already dark. It was time to visit her. He drew the cowl over his head, and went out.

The back-gate of the proconsul's palace was open. The reader passed unnoticed, and without any adventure, to the boudoir of Eusebia.

She seemed to be awaiting him. Joy beamed clearly in her eyes as he entered, and with sisterly confidence she bade him welcome.

She was this evening clad in black, and her face expressed a mournful seriousness. The bashfulness Clemens felt in her presence was soon conquered by the open, hearty, and

humble manner in which she received him. The subject, also, which, as if of itself became the theme of their conversation, was fitted to bring them near each other and awake a mutual confidence. Eusebia told Clemens the history of her childhood, which afforded many touching passages.

She was, indeed, born in the bosom of wealth and luxury, but had experienced several misfortunes, which would call sympathy from a tender heart. She mentioned especially her tender childish years, and spoke with transport of her pious mother, who had been early taken away by death, leaving her, the poor little lamb, almost defenceless in the world.

It was the memory of this mother, Eusebia affirmed, which had preserved her in the strife with the temptations of the world, and confirmed her in the true faith.

Then it was Clemens' turn to relate the simple history of his life. When Eusebia heard—what she already knew—that he was a foundling, deserted by his parents, and adopted as a foster-son by bishop Peter, her eyes grew moist, and she ran her jewelled hand through Clemens' locks with deep sympathy; and sister-like, caressed his pale cheek.

Clemens told Eusebia how ardently he longed to discover his parents, were they yet alive. He had been told that his mother was a cruel woman. He would not believe it. Perhaps she was entirely innocent; perhaps he was stolen from her bosom while she slept; or she had died in giving him birth, surrounded by strangers, whose wickedness stifled compassion for her child; but had she herself committed this unnatural deed, her soul must have been crushed and clouded by some terrible calamity. He asked Eusebia,—who was herself a woman, and knew a woman's heart better than he,—if these suppositions were not probable, and was he not right, in still loving his unknown mother.

By such conversations the reciprocal confidence between them grew very rapidly. Hitherto, he had not found it difficult to obey the severe injunction, which his ascetic rules of life enjoined upon him—to flee the very look of a woman, did not Christian compassion, or his duty as priest, compel him to approach her. Such an opportunity had now brought him to Eusebia. He could, without reproaching himself, sit by her side, and suffer her to press his hand. His wish to possess a sister—hitherto the only longing his fancy had united with a female form—was fulfilled. How happy he was! What blissful emotions, never before dreamed of, did this possession call to life in his bosom! He had never imagined sisterly affection so beautiful.

While the conversation was going on, Eusebia, as if by accident, loosed his hand. It was almost as if he had lost her, although she still sat by his side. He seized the withdrawn hand and pressed it between his own.

Opportunities of visiting her, offered themselves more easily than he had anticipated, and he allowed none of them to escape him. Neither Peter nor Euphemius seemed to mistrust anything. But a change had taken place in Clemens. Only a few days before, he would have deemed it a crime against the holiest duties, to keep a secret from his foster-father; now it pleased him that Peter asked no question, which would compel him to intimate, at least, the relation he sustained to Eusebia. The secrecy surrounding it increased its pleasure. But Clemens did not think of this. Perhaps he entertained a foreboding that the bishop would disapprove of his intimacy with the wife of Annæus Domitius; but he persuaded himself that his only motive was pure and irreproachable—his promise to Eusebia.

She treated with all seriousness her intention of selecting Clemens as her father-confessor. He was a pious youth, striving after nothing higher than saintly glory, she a great sinner; what mattered then, the ten years by which the

confessing child was the senior of her father-confessor? Eusebia's youthful appearance, her naïve, childlike manner, the respect she showed him, the advice she sought of him in spiritual things, the light she desired upon dark points of the true faith, had such an effect that Clemens deemed himself older than she, and regarded her as a younger sister.

Among the sorrows which oppressed her heart, the first she revealed to Clemens, was one concerning her husband, proconsul of Achaia. His fall into the errors of paganism filled her with the deepest grief. What should she do for his soul's salvation? She could now scarcely remain under the same roof with him, for he rigidly observed all the religious customs inherited from heathenish fathers. The household gods had resumed their place in his aula, and incense burned continually upon their altars. At the festivals of Apollo, the door posts and pillars were decked with laurel; and at every meal, the cups were crowned. He participated in the solemn sacrifices, and partook of the sacrificial meats. He swore by the pagan powers. In a word, he had become a complete heathen.

"It was Chrysanteus," said Eusebia, "who principally caused the proconsul's fall. Intercourse with this philosopher, and his daughter Hermione, had gradually contaminated poor Annæus, and brought him to the abyss into which he was now fallen. Eusebia related this with tears, and Clemens, as he heard it, felt his bitterness against Chrysanteus blaze up with increased strength.

The first tokens of confidence Eusebia gave Clemens, were soon followed by others, which more intimately concerned her. It happened, now and then, that he met her in a very agitated condition. She had, during the day, given way to her violent temper, and was now a victim to an anguish bordering on despair. Clemens must summon all his resources to comfort her. On other occasions he

surprised her kneeling in earnest prayer, and clad in the simple dress of a penitent. She often begged to confess, and the confession continually became deeper. She revealed not only the actions in which she feared some fault concealed itself, but gradually every feeling which agitated her bosom, and which she feared might be of a sinful character. Clemens was confounded and overwhelmed by these communications. It was something charming to have a woman's heart thus open to his eye. It was a whole new world, into which he might look,—a wealth of phenomena suddenly laid open before him. And this world had its mysticism, if possible, more attractive than that which St. John disclosed to him. He could not define the emotions he experienced; it was something inexpressible, something he had never before dreamed of, to have Eusebia thus confess to him. She did it in a tone of childish ignorance of the real import of what she revealed; and yet her confessions clad themselves in a mystic garb, as if language had no words to clearly express them. In this garb they entered, unquestioned, the soul of Clemens. Many revelations of the sensuous life of this warm-blooded woman thus passed, becomingly veiled, into the breast of her father-confessor of nineteen summers, without his imagining what guests they were, whom he received.

One of the topics of conversation, in which Eusebia willingly engaged, concerned a life secluded from the world, which, under the last decades, had become very general among pious people, and without which, a perfect holiness could not be obtained. Clemens longed for this manner of life. He determined to enter upon it, as soon as he received his foster-father's permission. He would repair to a desert, and live as a hermit. Religion requires the whole man. She desires that we should forsake all for her. The cares of the world draw us away from God. What better then than to flee them? Could Mary be also Martha, or Martha

Mary? Clemens advanced these thoughts, and Eusebia seemed to be impressed by them, equally with himself. What had she to strive for in the world? Had not her husband nearly forsaken her? She had experienced enough of the world's bitterness, but its temptations remained, and she was a weak woman, who feared strife. What better then, for her also, than to seek the solitude of the desert, where nothing disturbs the rest of the pious soul in God?

Clemens approved her words, and did everything to strengthen her decision. They agreed to withdraw from the world at the same time. They would, as brother and sister, accompany each other to the desert. Eusebia painted with rapture the life they would lead in their holy seclusion; and Clemens listened with pleasure, but not without a certain criticism, for he corrected or improved the features in the picture, which did not correspond with the image his own fancy had drawn.

"We will repair to some valley," said Eusebia, "far from all the dwellings of men, where day after day will pass without any human eye beholding us."

"No, rather a desert," said Clemens. "The Egyptian monks live in a desert. And there the sun does not shine behind a mountain when it rises. Its first beams light up, unopposed, the immense arid and desolate plain. It is then, that kneeling, we will bid the new day welcome. Its last beams will die upon the same plain. It is then, we will go to rest."

"We will assist each other," said Eusebia, "when we arrange our grottoes, and lay out our own little gardens."

"Yes! we will live very near each other," exclaimed Clemens.

"No, not *very* near each other," replied Eusebia, "that would not be proper, my Clemens."

"You are right," admitted the young reader, with a

sigh, which Eusebia understood better than he. "But we must not forget to choose our dwellings near some fountain. There are but few fountains in the desert, and we should be separated many miles, if we did not select the same."

"You are right. We will so prepare our grottoes, that the fountain will be the same distance from each. There we will meet once a day, when we go to draw water. We will then greet one another, pray together, and separate, to see each other again the next day, at the same hour, and upon the same spot."

"But if either of us should await in vain the other," said Clemens, "then it is the sign that brother or sister is sick."

"Or dead," said Eusebia. "Oh, may this not be! We shall pray to die upon the same day, so that one need not miss and lament the other. Shall we not, my Clemens?"

After conversations of the same edifying nature as the foregoing, Clemens' rapture rose to the highest degree. Their interviews usually ended with mutual prayers. It happened thus one evening, after a mystic confession, a rapturous conversation, and reading of the glowing love songs to Christ and Mary, that Eusebia and Clemens sank down in prayer, side by side, and that in the overflow of their feelings, their lips met, Clemens knew not how, in a kiss. They both blushed, but the whispered words "*brother*," and "*sister*," bore conclusive evidence that it was only a sisterly kiss, which was customary, innocent, and permitted among the Christians, and the beautiful symbol of spiritual love.

But this sisterly kiss possessed a quality which intoxicated Clemens. There must have been something in it of the nature of a strong and pleasant wine, or something still more powerful, for its effect would not cease, but was heightened by memory and fancy. When next he visited Eusebia, his look was that of an ardent lover, and he

secretly longed for the ecstatic moment, when devotion, and their swelling emotions should, with a natural power, again compel them to that momentary delicious union.

And the oftener they renewed their hours of common devotion, the shorter time this ecstatic moment was allowed to wait. It was as if practice contributed the more easily to call it forth. At last it came to be employed before the prayer, and seemed to consecrate it. Clemens scarcely entered the boudoir, before she received him with an embrace, warm enough to be sisterly, and he answered it with the full vivacity of a passion whose nature he misunderstood, and upon which he therefore laid no restraint.

He was sunk in a sea of rapture. St. John had now entirely yielded to Eusebia, and the copying of his Revelation progressed, in the hours allotted it, much more quickly than before, for Clemens no longer beat his brains about every word he wrote. The outer world was lost to his eye; it was lost in Eusebia, and Eusebia did not appear to him as anything outward, but as a part of himself. He had at last reached the point to which he had striven; the world, with its temptations, was found for him no more. So he thought. Least of all would he have imagined, that the sensuality he would destroy, had now drunk up his whole life, that it governed every emotion of his soul, every drop of blood in his veins.

He had formerly regretted that he could not retain and perpetuate that elevation of soul, caused by prayer and contemplation. When the devotional state relaxed, he deemed it a fall from Heaven to earth, from God to the world. And these relapses had of late happened oftener than before; he knew not why, though it could easily be explained, since the continual use of the same ideas and conceptions, the same returning exercises of devotion, at last dull the soul and make it less receptive to their impressions. But now the case was different. Clemens lived in a perpetual rap-

ture ; the devotional moment was retained and perpetuated. His piety had found what it needed : a new and powerful stimulant. The sensuous religious hymns to the virgin Mary, which were already sung by the Christian church, became his dearest reading—these, together with the Songs of Solomon, in which he could mirror his own feelings, and find his own experience impressed with a heavenly seal. For Clemens, who, before, had separated himself from every thing which could call to mind the existence of woman, there stood forth now the whole universe, the seen and the unseen, with woman's features. Earth was Eusebia, and Heaven, Mary. Hymns called Mary the heart of the Trinity. It is to the heart, prayer is directed, whether made to man or God. What wonder, then, if everything, from the Creator to his hosts, vanished, for Clemens, in the Heavenly Virgin's image.

But the features, with which he pictured her to himself, were Eusebia's, for anything more beautiful than these, such as they now were, he could not conceive.

Eusebia gave him, one evening, her miniature, painted upon ivory, and not too large to be borne upon his breast. And there it found a place. But when he was alone, the likeness was taken out and became the object of insatiable regard. When he prayed, his eyes were upon it, for it was not only a picture of Eusebia, but of Mary.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRYSANTEUS FINDS HIS SON.

Two months had passed since Clemens' first visit to Eusebia.

It was a hot day in August. The Christians were still

at work upon Aphrodite's temple. It was now nearly completed, and its magnificent colonnades glittered in the sun.

The work had been severe to-day, on account of the oppressive heat. The hardest of all the overseers was in charge. This man was not a heathen; he was a Christian, but a Christian of the Homoiousian persuasion. He had lost some brothers-in-the-faith, in the persecution which the Homoiousians had instituted, at the time of Julian's accession. Perhaps it was the recollection of this, that heightened the shrillness of his voice, and placed the knotty cane in his hand. At all events, this cane was dilligently used to animate the laborers, whenever bathing in perspiration, and wearied by exertion, they flagged never so little.

Now, in the hottest mid-day hour, a time of rest was granted to the workmen, and they were seen seeking shady spots to eat their dinner.

Bishop Peter voluntarily participated in the work to-day. Clad in a coarse tunic, he had hastened to every point where the work was heaviest, and the cane of the task-master seen swinging in the air. His extraordinary strength astonished the overseer; and the zeal with which it was used, to spare the suffering Christians, would have excited his compassion, had not the helper been the most hated of all Homoiousians—their own bishop.

During the hour of rest, Peter withdrew to a newly-erected, shady portico of the temple. Here he paced up and down in deep thought. He had yesterday received news from Rome, through a priest just arrived from the west. When the messenger left the eternal city, its bishop was confined to his bed. It was not to be supposed that the aged man could long survive, and intrigues were already weaving by those who hoped to succeed him. The Homoiousian congregation at Rome had gained quite respectable additions of late. The Athenian bishop's

name was known and loved by them, and they would, without doubt, at the approaching Episcopal election, give him their votes.

But the number of the Roman Homoiousians was still very inferior to the Homooousians. The death of Constantius had sensibly diminished the conversions from the latter to the former faith. Peter had no prospect of being elected at this time. But he was a strong man, and probably had yet a long time to live. If a Homoiousian emperor should ascend the throne, everything would be changed to Peter's advantage. His name was already known at Rome. Now was the time to prosecute untiringly the missionary work, already begun there. The pecuniary means he devoted to this, were not large, but the almost fanatical affection with which he was supported by his adherents was more potent than money. He would by no means despair of success. He could not be satisfied with less than the chief seat in the cathedral of Peter, and when this was gained, he would gather the reins of the world in his hands.

All depended, however, upon the length of Julian's reign. Peter could not but think it would be very transitory. If the heathen emperor did not lose his life in any of the dangers surrounding him in the war, to which he continually exposed himself, he must sooner or later fall a victim to the assassin. Peter knew well, that there were Christians in his body guard, who secretly sought his life. A skillful poisoner had lately obtained a place in the imperial kitchen. This Peter knew, through his friends in Antioch. Unfortunately, Julian partook of his soldiers' humble fare, and carried no private cooks upon his campaigns. But when he should return from the war, it must occur to this strange man, who coupled the hardships of the warrior with those of the philosopher, to desire one imperial dinner prepared according to the rules of art.

Then would be the moment for the newly engaged cook to gain the applause of Heaven and earth. Should he succeed in secretly making way with the emperor, his name would silently be blessed; and were the undertaking discovered and punished, he was assured by the patriarch at Constantinople a place in the radiant circle of the saints. One day in the year would then be called after the martyr, and he would be for all time an object for the worship of devout Christians.

But if all these plots against antichrist were unsuccessful, Peter had determined to see what he, himself, could do. He thought of his foster-son, the fanatical youth. He might place the dagger in Clemens' hands. Clemens would not hesitate a moment in offering up himself for the sake of the church. But Peter instantly repelled this thought, for he had fastened hopes of an entirely different character upon this youth. There were, however, others, and these not so few, both priests and laymen, who could be used for the same holy cause. It was at all events impossible that the reign of Julian should be long. If it did not please God himself to set a limit to his dangerous life, this would unquestionably happen through the instrumentality of some one of the orthodox.

During the religious persecutions at Athens, Peter had taken measures to avert every danger from Chrysanteus. This regard for the philosopher's life was grounded in the plans the bishop had built upon his young foster-son. Clemens was the only son of Chrysanteus, and some day would be recognized as such. The only question was, when should this take place. The joy awaiting Chrysanteus at finding his Philip, whom he still mourned as lost, would receive a considerable admixture of bitterness at the discovery that this son was a Christian and a priest. Yes, if Peter knew Chrysanteus, this bitterness and pain must far outweigh the joy. It would be a blow to his pride, harder

than anything else. Peter had no fears that Clemens religious faith would be affected by this discovery. His soul was firmly rooted in the most rigid ascetic Christianity, and no intercourse with his father and sister, no example, no teachings, no prayers, no threats could tear it from its mother earth. Peter would always be able to maintain his power over him. Should he notice the slightest wavering, he possessed the terrible means, which religion and scepticism offered him in common, to confirm his influence over a being, educated to weakness, dependence, and slavish obedience.

Peter doubted not that Chrysanteus, in spite of his loathing for everything that bore the Christian name, would recognize Clemens as his lost son, Philip, whenever the proofs of his descent were laid before him. But it was one thing to recognize him as his son, and another to make him heir to his colossal fortune. Would Chrysanteus do this also? Peter doubted it, on good grounds. It would be leaving the powerful material weapon, he had restlessly wielded against the enemies of the ancient culture and religion—leaving it in the hands of these very enemies to be used against his own cause. The conflicts which must unavoidably arise between father and son, might also assist in weakening, perhaps in quenching, a father's love, if it were met with disdain and disgust. And by the side of such a son stood a daughter, who had hitherto held the sole claim to the inheritance, and who deserved and possessed her father's unbounded love. Peter had heard it rumored that Chrysanteus had made a will, bequeathing half his property to Hermione, and the other half to the maintenance of the philosophical school in the Academia. This rumor was very probable, for it had of old been a custom among rich Athenians to remember this school in their wills, and Chrysanteus had a greater reason for so doing, since he was its supporter, counted himself among the fol-

lowers of Plato in the teacher's chair, and saw in the Academia the mightiest means of restoring the old religion, culture and philosophy. What ought Peter now to do? It was of the greatest consequence to him, that Clemens should come into possession of Chrysanteus' fortune, for, from Clemens' hands, it would soon pass over into Peter's own; and once in the enjoyment of it, no power on earth could prevent his ascending the bishop's chair at Rome, after the imperial sceptre had fallen into the hands of the expected Homoiousian emperor.

After such a fortunate transfer of the crown had happened—and happen it must, according to Peter's ideas—he felt certain of a happy solution of the problem of this inheritance. For Chrysanteus might make Clemens his heir or not—if he only recognized him as his son, a Homoiousian emperor would not hesitate to assign the philosopher's fortune to the young priest, through whom it would, sooner or later, pass into the possession of the church.

Clemens probably would not live long. His earthly tabernacle was weak, and his temperament indicated an early death. His passion for mysticism helped to consume his oil of life, and the unavoidable conflicts with his father, the conflicting emotions to which his position towards the latter must expose him, would hasten his death. It would then be time for Peter to produce the will Clemens had written and placed in his hands, making the church his heir, but giving to Peter, his foster-father, the unquestioned disposal of the property.

There existed at that day, an old law, according to which no daughter could inherit. This law was too severe not to be, in time, forgotten, or at least, less frequently employed. But it was enough for Peter, that the law *existed*; he, himself, would take care of its application to Hermione. But if Chrysanteus had made any special testamentary dispositions on her account, Peter was convinced that he

would withdraw or limit them, when he made the surprising discovery that his daughter's husband was a Christian.

Peter intended to give him this surprise upon the wedding day. This could not now be distant, for the betrothal of Charmides and Hermione had already been celebrated.

"Charmides," said Peter to himself, "is an instrument with which the Lord, through myself, will finally punish the arch-heathen and his daughter. Hermione loves him, and Chrysanteus cannot dissolve their union, after it has once been welded in marriage. But how unhappy this union will be, when Charmides finds himself deceived in the expectation of rebuilding his dilapidated fortune."

His passion for Hermione, if it had ever existed, must cool and give place to displeasure,—the natural fruit of such a disappointed calculation. His taste for dissipation would be awakened anew, if Peter knew his Charmides aright. How could the proud Hermione endure the burden of such a marriage. Her soul must surely bend or break, under it.

In the former case—bowed to the earth, hopeless and suffering—she could not long repel the only consolation found for such a condition. She could not resist Peter's eloquence. She must listen to the Evangelists, and be converted.

Then the daughter of Chrysanteus, as well as his son, would belong to the Christian church. Then the hated enemy of Christianity would be humbled. He would be like a tree stripped of its bark, and robbed of its boughs.

In the latter case, Hermione, like a flower broken by the storm, would soon wither and die.

In either event, the bishop's calculations upon Chrysanteus' property, had nothing to fear from her side.

Peter dreaded only one thing—that Chrysanteus would die before Philip had been brought to light, and recognized as his son.

Peter had very eloquent reasons of a personal nature, for

concealing Clemens' birth for the present. He dared not reveal it as long as Julian was emperor of the Roman world, and the power lay in the hands of the heathen party.

Only when the purple decorated a man whose pious mind knew how to subject worldly justice to the holy interest of the church and religion, would it be advisable to take so important a step. For under present circumstances, it was in truth not only possible, but very probable, that Peter, by a premature revelation of the case, would, in spite of his holy office, be accused and condemned as a run-away slave and a child-stealer.

For a judge whose reason was clouded by heathenish darkness, would naturally pay no attention to the circumstance, that the child had been stolen with the noble intention of saving his soul from damnation.

Still less would such a judge perceive that, had the intention been less noble—if it simply was a shrewd calculation upon Chrysanteus' property—it ought, nevertheless, to be sufficient to justify the accused, since he had in view, not only his own advantage, but that of the holy universal church.

It can easily be imagined how zealously Peter longed for the day, which should bring the news of Julian's death.

Peter was occupied with these thoughts as he paced to and fro, under the portico of the temple.

He did not suffer himself to be disturbed by the overseer's bell, when it gave the signal that the workmen's hour of rest had closed. As a voluntary participant in the toils of his fellow-believers, he was free to take part in the work whenever it pleased him.

His contemplations were first interrupted, as, accidentally looking towards the street, he observed Chrysanteus and Hermione approaching.

At the same time, he heard from the other side of the

portico, where the workmen were engaged, a sudden cry, and din of voices. He left the portico to see what had happened.

The first person who met his gaze was Clemens, who had probably come in search of him. The reader's cheeks were flushed with anger, and his demeanor as if he had challenged some one to fight.

The looks of all present were directed either to him or the overseer, who stood as if stunned, and pressed his hands to his head, from which the blood was trickling.

Clemens, who had come to meet his foster-father, had witnessed, upon his arrival, a new exhibition of the task-master's cruelty, and in a sudden ebullition of passion, had seized a stone, and hurled it at the head of the heretic.

"Fly! Hasten! Away!" cried the nearest Homoiousians to the young priest.

Others gathered about the wounded overseer.

"Clemens, what have you done," exclaimed Peter, terrified. "Hasten away—to Euphemius, and hide yourself with him."

But Clemens was too excited to obey the bishop. With his wrath, was mingled confusion respecting his own act. Peter seized his arm, and taking advantage of the general amazement, was about to hurry him away, when a man, who stood looking on at a little distance, ran forward and prevented him. It was Cimon, the skeptical philosopher. He caught Clemens' mantle with one hand, and the bishop's tunic with the other, calling out:

"No, no; be calm, my friends! Why are you in such a hurry. Motion is only apparent, and it is no use to be fidgetty. You can't get away, any how, you Christians—"

And when Peter released himself and Clemens from Cimon's grasp with a powerful blow which felled him to the ground, he cried out with all the strength of his lungs,

"Murder, robbers! Help, help all good citizens!"

The overseer, who in the mean time had collected his senses, now hastened forward, and caught the young culprit. Some citizens, who were attracted to the spot by the cries, joined him. Peter saw the impossibility of saving Clemens. He loosed his arm, and when he observed Chrysanteus and Hermione, who had now arrived, he retreated to the temple's portico, there to observe what would take place.

The overseer's bloody visage told Chrysanteus that some deed of violence had been committed. He left Hermione, and hastened into the crowd, to learn what had happened. The overseer had been hit by a stone. Cimon, and many others, had seen the young Christian priest throw it, with evident ill-intent. Cimon, who, in his capacity as witness, made himself exceedingly important, declared with the greatest assurance, that the unhappy occurrence had not risen by accident, but with design. This was evident from the culprit's looks and motion, as he picked up the stone, and threw it. Yet, Cimon added, he spoke entirely from the stand-point of the senses. For his own part he doubted whether there was a stone in the whole universe, and if there were, whether it could be thrown, for it was very possible that all motion was only a deceptive appearance.

Chrysanteus turned from Cimon without listening to his nonsense. He was evidently surprised when he discovered who was the accused.

The reader will remember Hermione's decision, to gain, through Theodorus, information concerning the previous life of Clemens. But Theodorus, shortly after the meeting we have described between him and Hermione, had left Athens to visit the Novatian-Donatist colony, founded by Chrysanteus, in the mountainous district of Sunium. Only the day before, had Theodorus returned to Athens, and hastened to impart to Chrysanteus the glad tidings of the flourishing and happy condition of the settlement. Hermi-

one who, in her joy, had not forgotten the young reader, then requested Theodorus to inform her respecting Clemens' past life. Theodorus only knew that Clemens was a foundling who, in his tenderest years, had been adopted by Peter.

But this information was sufficient to strengthen the presage of Hermione. Greatly astonished by it, she hastened to her father, telling him all she had thought and learned about Clemens.

This was in the evening, and on the following day, Chrysanteus and his daughter had repaired from their villa beyond Piræus, to the city, to meet Clemens.

They were now coming from Scambonidæ, where they had called at the Homoiousian bishop's dwelling, without finding him or Clemens at home.

They had then proceeded to Aphrodite's temple, hoping to find one or both of them among the Christians employed there.

After Chrysanteus had convinced himself that the wound Clemens had inflicted upon the overseer was not dangerous, he turned to the former and asked :

“Are you guilty of this?”

“Yes,” answered Clemens, proudly. “It was I, who hurled the stone. He is a heretic, that man, and I saw him abuse an orthodox.”

“If he did so, he shall be removed and punished,” said Chrysanteus. You should have come to me, and accused him. Instead of this, you have committed an act of vengeance, which makes you amenable to the law. Reflect, young priest, how easily such a blow might have killed him. You might, at this moment, stand before me a murderer !”

“What then,” exclaimed Clemens, “do you think I should blush for that? When I threw the stone, I meant to kill him. Now do with me, what you will. I fear you not.”

“Unhappy youth,” said Chrysanteus, turning pale, and looking at the by-standers, who had heard this dangerous confession, “your reason is clouded. Your words cannot be accounted against you—My friends,” continued he to the crowd—“blinded by a wretched fanaticism, he knows not what he says.”

“I know it all too well, ye Egyptians, who oppress Israel! Ye compel us, as of old, to drag stones for Pharaoh. Your task-masters abuse us. But those who lay their hands on the people of the Lord, are doomed to death. Moses killed an Egyptian who abused one of his people. It was the same Moses who gave us the holy law. And when he said ‘Thou shalt not kill,’ he could not have placed any heretic or unfaithful one under the protection of this command, for otherwise he would have condemned himself. Between you and us there is a war of life and death. You will outroot us, or we you. But our cause is that of the Lord, and victory is in His hand—”

“Where is your foster-father?” inquired Chrysanteus, interrupting Clemens’ high swelling words.

“Do you mean Peter, whom they call their bishop?” said Cimon.

“Yes.”

“He was here a moment ago, and I will inform you, my Chrysanteus, that he is no less guilty than this boy. Just think; he dared to strike down a free citizen of Athens, when the latter, burning with zeal for the law and personal security, prevented this young culprit from escaping. There shall be a separate process upon this matter, as true as my name is Cimon. But here he comes, himself. He cannot deny it, for my friends here witnessed his conduct.”

Peter now advanced with a composed bearing, greeted Chrysanteus and said:

“This youth is my foster-son. He has committed a rash and dangerous act. I arrived on the spot just after it had

happened. What will you do with him? Will you take him before a court of justice, or will you permit me to reconcile the wounded man and punish my guilty son in the manner, to which I am in duty bound, as his superior and father. I assure you, the discipline of the church is more severe than the worldly law. He shall not remain unpunished if, pitying his youth, you deliver him into my hands."

"Into your hands? You, who have educated this youth in such dangerous principles?"

"My archon, it is hard to call a teacher to account for every word his pupil drops—"

"It is, indeed, high time to examine more closely the doctrines you preach in darkness. The leniency the emperor shows you is no longer in place, when it appears that you cherish and diffuse a species of ethics which threaten the stability of society. I order you and your foster-son to follow me to my house. I was seeking you and him upon important business, when this occurrence attracted my attention. One cause can now be united with the other. They both concern your foster-son."

Peter turned pale at these words. But he quickly regained his self-control and said calmly:

"I am at your disposal." He then turned to Clemens and ordered him to follow.

"Where are we going, my father?" asked the young reader, whose whole being manifested a feverish excitement.

"To Chrysanteus' house."

"Why to him, and not to the court or the prison? What have I to do with Chrysanteus? I will not step over his threshold."

"Clemens," whispered the bishop, "you are not like yourself, to-day. Do not forget what you owe to me. An important crisis is perhaps approaching. Control your-

self, and whatever may happen do not deny the love you cherish for the protector of your childhood."

"My father, I will try to be calm."

Chrysanteus returned to Hermione. As they left the spot and took their way to Tripod street, he told her what had happened at the temple and the role Clemens had played in the transaction.

Peter and Clemens followed them at a little distance, accompanied by a crowd of inquisitive people, who had witnessed the scene just described.

Peter continued, taking Clemens by the hand:

"There may await us something very different from what you expect. I do not now mean the punishment for your rash deed. This is comparatively a trifling matter."

"Be assured, I have not the slightest fear—"

"But it is possible that your affection for me will be subjected to the severest test. I conjure you on this account, be strong, my son! Do not allow yourself to be overpowered!"

"Ah, how can you doubt the strength of my love and esteem? What power on earth can shake it?"

"And yet I tell you, Clemens, it is possible, that in a few moments I shall stand before you as a man weighed down with guilt, as the enemy of your happiness—"

"It is impossible, father."

"Well, I will hope so. I go, then, whatever may happen, to victory, instead of defeat."

When they had arrived at Chrysanteus' house, Hermione, at her father's request, retired to her chamber, to await the result of the interview.

Chrysanteus invited Peter to accompany him to a private room in the upper story, leaving Clemens behind in the aula.

Peter had, in the mean time, made up his mind. In case the circumstance Chrysanteus had hinted at, was really

that which Peter supposed, it was of no use to be amazed at the unpleasant discovery, but compel it to come over to his side.

When the two men were alone in Chrysanteus' study, Peter was the first who spoke.

"I enter your house unwillingly, my archon. The sight of your pictures and books is as little fitted for my eyes, as my coarse sandals for this handsome floor. But since I do not take them off in church, you must pardon me for not removing them in your house."

"Well," said Chrysanteus, pointing to a door which led out to a balcony, "Let us take a place without. You will not suffer there from the sight of anything which can disturb your attention from my words, and there the clear light of day will fall upon your face."

"Fear not. I am the same in darkness, as in the brightest sunlight," said Peter, as he followed Chrysanteus out upon the balcony. "There are, then, two circumstances concerning my son Clemens, of which we are to speak. The one, I know and lament. The other, I know not. If you wish for any explanations in regard to him, I am at your service. I have known him from his earliest childhood, and am ready to impart to you all the knowledge I possess."

"It is well," said Chrysanteus, with a piercing look, which, however, the bishop bore calmly. "I have heard it said that Clemens is a foundling. Is this the case?"

"Yes."

"How came he in your hands?"

"Through him who found him."

"You know, perhaps, that I, myself, have lost a son. It is now about seventeen years since he disappeared, I know not how; but there vanished, at the same time with him, two slaves, a father and son. These two people were Christians, and it is probable they stole him. You

can, from this, comprehend the sympathy I entertain for your foster-son, ever since I learned that he was a foundling, all the more, as, judging from his appearance, he must be of the same age as my unhappy Philip would have been, had he lived."

"I perfectly understand this sympathy," said Peter, "and I regret your misfortune, but deem that it has entirely fallen upon yourself, and not upon your son, if it be true, that he was stolen by Christians. This is spoken from my point of view, Chrysanteus. I should have considered him very unfortunate had he remained under your protection, and been educated by you as an enemy of the Divine revelation. If this thought can comfort you, that they stole him with a noble intention, and that they bestowed upon him the tenderest care in their power, allow me to assure you, that so it was, for I know my fellow-believers."

"Your words strengthen the probability that the two slaves carried away my son—"

"This is also my conviction."

"Unhappy religion, which confounds the simplest ideas of right, dissolves the ties of family, and cleaves asunder the world! But let us leave our different views aside! I wish further information about Clemens, for a presage, perhaps erroneous, but natural in my situation, tells me nothing less than that he is my son."

"What say you?" exclaimed Peter, with feigned astonishment. "This thought!—How wonderful that it did not long ago arise in me also! But the number of foundlings is so great, in our days, that upon reflection it is not so extraordinary. Constantius forbade the horrid custom of deserting children. It still continues, however; but mark well, Chrysanteus, we Christians are never guilty of this infamous crime against God and nature."

"How old was your foster-son when you received him from his first protector?"

"He appeared to be about three years of age."

"Who, was this man, from whom you received him?" continued Chrysanteus.

"A slave from Athens."

"Oh, merciful gods! Can, then, this Clemens really be my son, Philip!—Peter," continued Chrysanteus, "tell me all you know concerning this man, and conceal nothing. The most inconsiderable trifle may place us on the right track, may confirm or annihilate this probability you have given me."

"Alas, my archon. I am unable to fulfil your request. The man in question lay upon his death bed, when he committed Clemens to my care. He told me but little concerning the foundling, and even this little was under the seal of confession, which cannot be broken."

"Where were you located then?"

"At Antioch, where I studied our holy theology."

"And the man was a slave from Athens?"

"Yes."

"And he confessed that the child he entrusted to you was a foundling?"

"He said still more, which I cannot divulge. I may say, however, that he had saved the tender infant from drowning—probably in the mire of the old religion."

"Have you, then, no further information to give me?"

"Yes, one circumstance more, which perhaps is of greater weight than all the confused accounts confided to me by the dying slave."

"Well?"

"As a souvenir of Clemens' childhood, and as an important witness, since it may assist in unveiling his birth, I have preserved a cloth, which originally seems to have been a cradle-coverlet. It is of costly material and displays in the centre an artistically woven head of Medusa. Do you recollect whether your son had any such thing?"

"Where do you keep this coverlet?"

"At my house."

"Good. We can examine it there. What you now tell me will dissipate my last doubt. The first supposition that Clemens was my lost son, arose in my daughter, as she saw his resemblance to a portrait of my departed wife, the mother of them both. Elpinice."

"Elpinice? Do you say that this was her name?"

"Yes."

"Elpinice, daughter of Hermogenes?"

"Yes."

"This name is woven into the cloth," said Peter. "Every doubt is thus removed. I congratulate you at having found a son, whom you have so long mourned as lost."

"Yes, praised be the gods," said Chrysanteus with a deep sigh.

"But at the same time that I congratulate you," continued Peter, "I must commiserate myself, for your gain is my loss. The exclusive claims I had to his affection, must hereafter be shared with you. The ties of blood will have their right, which can hardly be, without relaxing those of the spirit, which unite him and me. I have loved Clemens and love him still, as if he were my own son. All that I could do for his happiness has been done. I know that you and I have very different ideas as to the conditions of human happiness, and that the road to bliss upon which I have placed Clemens, and where he has blamelessly walked by my side, is the opposite of that you yourself would have pointed out to him. But my good intent pervades my actions, and you ought not to misconstrue them. I wish this admission from your lips, when I place Clemens in your hands. It is the only reward I ask for receiving him when he was an unprotected infant, and this you cannot deny me."

"We should first, as far as possible, convince ourselves

that there is no mistake about this. We will then consider what validity your request possesses. I am not willing to admit it at once. Permit me, bishop, to ask you a few questions about your own life?"

"Why not?" said Peter, calmly.

"You seem to be some ten years younger than I. Where were you born?"

"In Ephesus, of Christian parents," answered Peter. "My father was a poor mechanic, but I bless his memory. By toilsome work he scraped together a little sum, with which he assisted me upon the sacred path, paved with denials, which I voluntarily chose, and upon which I advanced, till I have become what I am—bishop of Athens, and a humble servant of the Lord. This is briefly my history."

Chrysanteus put some further questions to him, concerning his father's name and race, the occupation by which he supported himself, when he died, &c., which the bishop willingly answered. Chrysanteus then expressed the wish, that they should immediately repair to Peter's dwelling in Scambonidæ, to examine the extraordinary cradle-coverlet.

Clemens, who was awaiting the close of the conversation in the aula, was told to accompany them. He had not yet the least idea of what they had been discussing.

When they arrived at the bishop's cottage, and he produced from its hiding-place the carefully preserved cloth, Clemens wondered what this could mean; and his wonder was turned to an uneasy foreboding, when Chrysanteus carefully examined this relic of his mysterious childhood, and at last declared, that he recognized it, and that the name woven into the cloth secured him from any danger of mistake.

"I recollect now," said Peter, "that Clemens, in his infancy, had also an ornament for the neck, an amulet or something of the kind. which I threw away, when I

observed that the figures upon it had a heathenish meaning. They were three women, at work about a distaff, and probably represented the three Fates—”

“This also agrees,” exclaimed Chrysanteus. “My daughter has an ornament exactly like this. It is an old custom in my family to give them to the children—and the longer I look upon this youth, the more clearly I recognize in his face the never-to-be-forgotten features of my departed wife. My heart tells me he is my son. Woe be to the man who stole him from his father! Clemens,” continued Chrysanteus, “for I must call you by this name, since you, as yet, know no other,—I have to-day found a son, whom I have long mourned as lost.”

The tone in which Chrysanteus spoke these words, expressed an affection deep, but restrained, since it doubted whether it would find a response. He took the youth's hand and sought to clasp him to his breast; but Clemens tore himself away, and retreated with looks of amazement and doubt.

He turned an inquiring glance towards his foster-father, and the latter remaining silent, he exclaimed:

“It is not possible. Can this man, whom you have taught me to hate, be my father?”

“My son,” said the bishop, “God has decreed that your birth, which has hitherto been a secret even to myself, should suddenly be brought to light. That hour for which you have daily waited, has now come. Do not be surprised, Chrysanteus, at his conduct! He was not prepared for this discovery; you must not wonder that his amazement exceeds his joy.”

“No,” continued Clemens, after a few moments' silence, “I do not believe it. It is not yet proved that this man is my father; and until this is fully established, I will not recognize him as such. He, my father! He, who persecutes my faith, and denies the Divine revelation!”

"Clemens," said the bishop, "every doubt is removed. You have, in Chrysanteus, found him who gave you life. But do not be cast down by this discovery! Embrace him, and thank God, who has at last granted your warmest desire—that you might know your parents."

"No; what have I to do with this man? You hear, I do not acknowledge him, I have never wished to know my father, for you, Peter, are the only father I acknowledge, the only father I can love. It is for my mother I long, and not for him."

"You must pardon him, Chrysanteus," said Peter. "In his first surprise, he forgets the Divine command, that a son should honor his father. He needs time to accustom himself to the thought that he is your son."

"Peter, do not desert me," said Clemens, "Listen not to this man, if he appeals to any authority which would separate you and me. I am a foundling. The parents, who left me to die of hunger, have no longer any claim upon me. I deny them."

"Yet," he exclaimed, suddenly, "I would like to see my mother. I would tell her that I live, and ask her why she forsook me."

"Your mother," said Chrysanteus, "is dead. She died while you lay an infant, in the cradle."

"Oh, my God, what say you? Deceive me not!"

"You would ask, why she forsook you? Even when dying, she pressed you to her bosom. I lifted you from the cradle and laid you in her arms. Her last prayer was for you. But, enough. The memory of your noble mother shall sometime stand pure and radiant before your eyes. It is to you, Peter, I now turn. Why have you implanted in your foster-son the belief that he is a foundling, left by cruel parents to die of hunger? Was this lie necessary, to teach him to despise their memory? You did this against your own knowledge, since you presumed, perhaps

knew with certainty, that your foster-son was stolen from his parents."

"My archon, the Athenian slave told me he was a foundling."

"Do you remember the Athenian slave's name?"

"No."

"I shall then endeavor to refresh your memory. "What was your own name, before you called yourself Peter?"

The bishop grew very pale at this question.

Chrysanteus continued, without waiting for an answer:—

"We have, without doubt, seen each other before, and under different circumstances. There are features in your countenance, which remind me of a person I had least of all expected to find here, in Athens. The resemblance is truly not striking, for seventeen years can effect a great change, and the bishop's cowl, not long since, was able to change the slave's timid look to that of an arrogant sovereign. To-day is not the first time you have worn the coarse dress of the laborer, Peter. In it, you are more like yourself, such as you were in your youth. To-day also, my eyes have become somewhat sharper, and I believe I am not mistaken in saying that you, Homoiousian bishop, are my run-away slave, Simmias!"

"What a conjecture!" exclaimed Peter, endeavoring to smile, "I have already told you the history of my life. Do you not remember that I was born at Ephesus, of free, but poor parents?"

"It is possible I am mistaken. But it is also possible that *you lie*. I shall send a trust-worthy person to Ephesus, to make inquiries whether the man you state to be your father, ever existed. At present, I assume the contrary. Simmias' father was a slave, like himself; he became crazed through religious fanaticism, and an insane passion for my wife, and fled with his son, when I was about to send him to the mad-house. Is this man, your father, still living?"

"My archon, I cannot answer such a question. Your supposition is entirely unfounded. It inspires me with both anger and merriment."

"Your merriment will restrain itself, when you are arrested as a fugitive slave, and child-stealer."

"You dare not make such an accusation."

"You will be relieved from that error this very day."

"It is true that you, who are the emperor's favorite, can dare everything, especially against a confessor of Christ. But I fear you not. I arm myself with my innocence, and will put you to shame before the judge, for your ingratitude. Is this the way you reward me for my care of your son?"

"Shameless man," exclaimed Chrysanteus, "it is this care which shall cost you your head. You have stolen him from me, taught him to hate me, profaned his mother's memory, and educated him to be an unhappy fanatic. Does this deserve my gratitude? Simmias, I have recognized you. From this moment, I assume my right over you. You are my slave. I carry you hence to the prison for fugitive slaves, and from the prison to the court. Now follow me."

"I beg you to reflect before you imprison a Roman citizen. Even if I were this Simmias, of whom you speak, it could not be proved. Thank your gods, that you have found your son, and thus comfort yourself for the loss of a slave. You will never find Simmias, not even if you execute your threat. I am prepared, however, to follow you to prison or wherever you wish to carry me. You are sovereign in Athens, and resistance to your will avails nothing. But the result of your inconsiderate action will fall upon your own head. Your motives are perfectly clear to me. I am a Christian and bishop; this is enough to make me a criminal in your eyes. You will not miss an opportunity of casting a dark shadow upon such a man's career, for even

if the accusation cannot be proved, it will still, you hope, fasten a stain upon his name, a stain, to which calumny can point and say—Lo! such are the champions of the new religion: the shepherds of the Christians. And more, you wish to lower me to a wretch in my Clemens' eyes, because you are enraged at seeing that his heart belongs to me, and is a stranger to yourself. I requite this, by saying to you, Clemens, that this man is your natural father, and that you ought to respect and obey him as such—obey him in everything, not contrary to the law of God. I confide you to his keeping, and although we are separated, I am assured you will, in his dangerous presence, neither forget the God whom I taught you to know, nor your foster-father, whose joy you have always been. If he will persuade you that I have been his slave, I know that the slave is not, in your eyes, a despicable being, but a man, made free in Christ; and should he convince you that I stole you from your father, remember that this was done to save your soul, and lead you to a better father in Heaven.”

Peter embraced the agitated youth, and then continued to Chrysanteus:

“If you have not changed your mind, but still wish to execute your intention, I am now ready to follow you. I had, it is true, some matters to arrange, before stepping inside the prison door, but I will not trouble you with a request for delay, which you probably would not grant.”

“No, Simmias,” Chrysanteus answered, “I should not grant it. I fear upon good grounds, that your conscience is not so clear, and your soul not so entirely calm as you pretend. It might happen that you would save yourself by flight. Once out of my sight, it would be hard for the whole power of the emperor to track you. I am bent upon an investigation, which will throw light upon the minutest circumstances of your life. Only by this means, can I be fully convinced that I make no mistake when I legally

acknowledge this youth as my son. Doubts upon this, have again begun to arise within me. The ties of blood ought to have manifested themselves in some drop of his heart, when I called him my son. This investigation will also bear another fruit. It will unveil before the emperor's eyes, the horrible morals you Christians preach, and the deeds you practice. The leniency granted to your religious views cannot be extended to your morals. If the former are inseparably connected with the latter, they must both be rooted out. People who preach child-stealing, spiritual suicide, contempt for civil duties, and death to all who do not swear by their own foolish metaphysics, should not be tolerated any more than other thieves and murderers. Concerning yourself, it has not yet been explained what part you had in the bloody persecutions, which, on the death of Constantius, raged in our city and cost thousands of human lives. My conviction is, that you were the instigator of it, and that all the blood, then shed, will fall upon your head. This also is a matter which deserves investigation. It was too hasty a promise, when the emperor offered forgetfulness of the past to these Christian evil-doers, who ravaged the cities of the East and the West, with fire and sword. He ought at least to see, that you are made harmless for the future. Now follow me."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT.

CLEMENS accompanied Peter to the prison, and left him with a warm embrace, and the liveliest assurances of his affection.

He then followed his father to his new home. They

were both silent on the way. Chrysanteus was evidently dejected; pain and anguish lay in the look which he at intervals cast upon his regained Philip, who, mute, gloomy and reluctant, walked at his side.

After they had arrived at the house on Tripod street, and Chrysanteus having called Hermione, had told Clemens she was his sister, his countenance first lighted up, and a tender feeling awoke in his bosom. He answered instantly and impetuously, her sisterly pledges of affection; gazed admiringly at her pure and noble features, and listened kindly to the repeated expressions of her joy, at having recovered him.

Chrysanteus left the brother and sister to pass the afternoon together. Hermione led Clemens to the picture of his mother, Elpinice. The sight called forth his tears. She showed him his cradle, and the playthings that belonged to him in infancy, and which had been fondly preserved, as souvenirs. She told Clemens how deeply their father had mourned his loss, how they had wondered and feared his unknown fate, and at last, had fallen upon his track. Her narration was broken only by tender demonstrations, as, in the overflow of her joy, she time after time embraced him, caressed him, and gazed deeply into his eyes. All this melted, at last, the crust around Clemens' heart; and when, in the evening, he again saw his father, he hastened to his arms.

Chrysanteus hoped that the ties of consanguinity, thus aroused in the breast of his son, would be strengthened and rendered permanent by the love which was shown him. But this hope soon faded away. Clemens kept reminding himself, that Chrysanteus was the "arch-heathen," the chief instrument and assistant of antichrist; yes, still more—his teacher, and the one who induced him to renounce Christianity! This thought, which terrified him, he could not chase away, since a thousand objects in his new home,

the customs there observed, and Chrysanteus' daily occupation, continually reminded him of it. Chrysanteus and Hermione saw that these circumstances assisted in rendering him gloomy and inaccessible. On this account, Chrysanteus placed a separate portion of his house at his disposal; adorned it with the productions of Christian art, and procured for him Homoiousian servants, and a little library of Christian authors.

In Theodorus, who often visited Chrysanteus' house, the latter hoped to find for Clemens a friend, whose society would be both pleasant and healthful for him. But every attempt of Theodorus to approach the young reader, and win his confidence, was foiled. Clemens mistrusted in him a seducer, who had assumed the shape of an angel of light, and knew him of a certainty to be a heretic; and a heretic, too, more dangerous than any other, for he denied the church as an institution; denied the Holy Spirit, as a magic power capable of being imparted by the laying on of hands; denied the priesthood, as a separate middle class; and had, of late, in Athens and its suburbs, won many adherents to his dangerous doctrines, who had gathered around him and formed a congregation.

The only constraint Chrysanteus wished to lay upon Clemens, was to prevent his further intercourse with Peter; but he utterly refused to obey this command. Peter was his spiritual father, and deserved his love and unconditional obedience.

Clemens often visited the bishop in prison. Chrysanteus perceived the unhappy influence this man exercised upon his son, though he little dreamed its whole extent. He ordered that the prison doors should not be opened for Clemens, and hoped thus to break the connection between him and Peter. But this was no serious impediment for Clemens. Almost every evening he stole away to the prison, conversed through the little barred window with his

foster-father, confessed to him and received his blessing. Peter exhorted him to renew these interviews as often as possible, since they were to himself a pledge, that his foster-son kept his heart pure from the dangerous influences around him; he declared that he bore his confinement with submission, and the only uneasiness he experienced, concerned Clemens and the dangers which surrounded him, in the seductive guise of fatherly and sisterly love, of heathenish philosophy, earthly riches, and heretical eloquence. This uneasiness, he asserted, was dreadful, and could only be quieted by Clemens himself. He conjured the reader to give heed to every thought and feeling. By the slightest yielding to these temptations, he would be lost, for if they once gained a foothold in his soul, they would soon obtain complete mastery; it would be hard to conquer a beleaguering enemy, after the walls and gates, which should shut him out, had fallen into his hands. Clemens seldom left his spiritual father without being reminded of the text, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." He also retired within himself as much as possible, seldom appeared in the presence of father or sister, received visits only from Euphemius and his other colleagues, communed with his books and his fancies, copied the Revelation of St. John, and in the evening, before stealing to Peter, repaired to Eusebia's boudoir, with her to pray, to dream and to kiss. If he had, before, had any reason for doubting the emotion he entertained toward the beautiful Roman, he was now completely lulled to security, for he had confessed to Peter his relations with her, and Peter had approved them; it was one bond more upon his thoughts, and an object calling forth that affection he otherwise might have bestowed upon his kindred.

The investigations, instituted by Chrysanteus, in Ephesus and Antioch, in reference to Peter's previous life, delayed the trial which awaited him before a court of jus-

tice. Chrysanteus hoped that when the veil had been removed, Clemens' reverence and affection for this man would be turned to loathing. But Peter anticipated him with a voluntary confession to Clemens one night, when the latter presented himself at the little prison window. He told Clemens, that he was the same Simmias, Chrysanteus suspected him to be; he described the hardships he was compelled to endure, when he, a slave in a heathen house, went over, with his father, to Christianity; he described, also, the joy he felt, when his determination was fixed, and his soul hardened against the scorn and ill-will this step brought upon him from master and fellow-servants; the zeal, with which he devoted himself, in leisure hours, to the study of Holy Writ; and the bliss, which, with the new light, illumined his soul, and filled him with pity for all who had not become partakers of it. It was at this time Clemens was born. When Clemens was a year old, and, clasping the hand of his mother, had appeared among the slaves, Peter had been captivated by the uncommon expression of his beautiful face. There was a gleam of Heaven in his eyes, and he seemed like an angel. Thus it was all the more intolerable to him, to think that this child should grow up in heathenish errors and contempt for Him, who is the heavenly Friend of children. Peter contended a whole year against the thought of fleeing, with the little Philip, from the heathen house, to save his soul and restore the lamb to the true shepherd. During this time, he grew sick with doubt and anxiety, whether this would be right before God. But the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me," had echoed night and day in his soul, and at last forced him to decide. What had since happened, was known to Clemens. Peter had long wandered about with his precious treasure, in continual danger of being seized by the imperial officers, who everywhere pursued him. His father accompanied his flight. It was a miracle that they

escaped, and no less a miracle, that so tender a child as Clemens could endure the hardships which, in spite of the utmost care, the two fugitives were unable to avert from him, when they often lacked the most simple necessities of life.

Peter narrated all this in such an eloquent and touching manner, that when he asked Clemens to sit in judgment upon his conduct, the latter, instead of disapproving it, or feeling contempt for the robber, pressed his hands, stretched out through the grating, to his lips; called him his greatest benefactor, and expressed his undying gratitude. The intercourse between them became tenderer, and the bond which united them, more strongly knit than ever.

Among the Homoiousian populace, Peter's imprisonment awoke a furious rage, which only awaited an opportunity to manifest itself. Euphemius, the eldest presbyter, performed Peter's duties, in the mean time, and repaired daily to the prison, to make his report and receive the orders of his superior. The dark-haired presbyter's address was humbler now than ever, when he stood before his bishop, and he was unassuming enough to give the latter the honor of all the good he was able to accomplish. In leisure hours he still occupied himself with the art of punctuation.

By means of this he strove to learn how long Julian would live; if the emperor who succeeded to the throne would be Homoousian or Homoiousian; if Peter would be acquitted or condemned, at his approaching trial,—and the condemnation could be no less than death; if Peter, in case of acquittal, would be bishop of Rome, patriarch of Constantinople, or in any other way be taken from his fold at Athens; when this would happen, and who would be his successor, Euphemius or some other,—all of which questions highly interested Euphemius, and daily occupied his thoughts.

One of his duties, as eldest presbyter, was to keep his

younger brothers at their studies, and give heed to the purity of all they read. Now Euphemius had arrived at the conclusion, that one cannot master the contents of a book in a more thorough manner, than by copying it several times. He was accustomed, therefore, to give the young priests for copying, now the numerous Evangelists, the universally recognized as well as the others; and now such new writings as had awakened great interest among the members of the Christian Church, and on this account would meet with a ready sale. With such copies, Euphemius drove a lucrative trade on his own account.

At that time there was much talk among the Christians about a book called "The Dangers of Solitude," whose author was, or pretended to be, a monk, who had lived many years in the deserts of Egypt; that, far from the bustle and temptations of the world, he might pass his time in meditation and the purification of his soul. But while there, he arrived at the dearly-bought conviction, that one flees in vain to the solitude of the desert, if he carries with him his heart and his fancy. In these, is hidden a world far more dangerous than that from which he has withdrawn, peopled by the same temptations, but mightier and more irresistible, because they are etherealized as it were, freed from the coarse matter in which they manifest themselves in the outer world, and instead of being accidental phenomena, which in the flow of fresh life, give place to others, they gain possession of the whole soul, and make sensuality a demi-god, who breathes his life into every thought and feeling. To this fiend within, flock others from without, to whom he opens the gates. The author cited the words of Scripture, that devils, when driven out of persons possessed, sought dry and waste places, where they lay in wait for new dwellings. He contended that these words had a figurative meaning, that these dry and waste places were not only deserts in the natural world, but also deserts made

by man within his own soul. Solitude is the friend, comforter and instructor of man, as long as he does not misuse its friendship, and wear it out with importunity; then it becomes our most dangerous enemy. When the author had been convinced of this truth by his own experience, but still hesitated about renouncing the desert-life, enjoined by so many holy men, he moved to a district where other hermits were located. His nearest neighbor was a female anchorite. He determined to divide his time between solitude and a pious intercourse with her. She was a young woman, who, crushed by reverses, and with conscience awakened to her many sins, had withdrawn from the world. He now described his intercourse with her, to show how the enemy of souls insinuates himself into the feelings where we least expect him; how he takes the garb of sympathy and sisterly affection; how he strews the dust of earth on the very wings of prayer, and pours his poison into the noblest wine of devotion. It was long, however, before he saw this. He wandered in perfect ignorance of the import of his feelings, and had reached the very brink of destruction when a ray of Divine light shot into his soul, and revealed its true condition. His only salvation was a hasty flight from the desert, back to the busy hum of life. And instead of losing his soul, he found that it retains its healthfulness only in a life of activity, which unites the duties of religion with the duties to our fellow-men.

This book, which excited much attention among the Christians, but received far more censure than praise, was given by Euphemius to Clemens, one day, for copying, since they had now happily completed their united labors in transcribing the Revelation of St. John.

Euphemius added that the book contained much useful instruction, still Clemens must beware of approving the conclusions of the author. Such conclusions were lawful only for persons in the condition of the author, but not for

everybody, least of all for those whose prayers to God for a new heart, had been heard and fulfilled.

With this remarkable book under his arm, Clemens hastened home, and once alone in his chamber, he opened the roll and was soon absorbed in its contents.

With a quick eye, he ran along the lines till he reached the chapter where the author recounted his meeting and acquaintance with the female anchorite.

Here, he was met by observations and reflections of a kind that riveted his eyes upon every word, and compelled the deepest attention.

Clemens had hoped to have completed the perusal of the little work the same day, so that, with a knowledge of its contents, he might commence copying it on the morrow.

Now the evening and night, even till dawn of day, were passed in continuous reading and reflection, and he was still far from the end of the book. He read time and again the interesting chapter. What preceded it was of no importance to him, and what followed did not attract his attention. To his unbounded surprise he discovered in the intimacy of the two anchorites, the most striking likeness to that subsisting between Eusebia and himself. They had enjoyed the same experiences, though for the most part in the air castles they had built of their future desert-life, in each other's society. Those confessions, prayers, and hours of devotion; their sympathetic tears at their sinfulness, and sympathetic joy at the proffered grace; that sensuous, mystic languishing, which drew cheek to cheek and lip to lip, while sense quivered with emotions hitherto unknown, and therefore, without doubt, flowing from the pure fountain of sisterly affection and mutual devotion—all this resembled, to its minutest feature, what Clemens, himself, had experienced. He read this account with the greatest edification, because he saw in it a confirmation of the idea, that his own condition with its shifting feelings,

was nothing peculiar to himself, but lay within the general scope of Christian experience. The author had not, as yet, made any reflections, nor given any idea of what was about to follow. His narrative bore the stamp of that security produced by lack of self-knowledge, in which he was, at that time, cradled.

But what was Clemens' amazement, when the author commenced a new clause, with a sudden declaration that the state he had described, was a work not of God, but of him who is a liar from the beginning; that the heaven in which he had dwelt, was the deepest hell, decked out by the crafty fiend with colors imitating the glory of heaven, and filled with spirits who hid their loathsomeness behind the mask of angels. Had this discovery been announced at the commencement of the story, Clemens would probably have been unwilling to recognize himself; he would have sought after strange features, and persuaded himself that his experience was a different one. But now the resemblance was already acknowledged, and he could not take back the confession. He was seized with terror. It was now all important for him to see the reasons with which the author justified his severe judgment. Perhaps the author was wrong; yet he developed his reasons in a very clear and convincing manner. He analyzed the different experiences in his emotional life, and in every case showed a precipitate of sensuality. He continued calmly, and without mercy. He was apparently a man who looked within himself, and there, as far as possible, studied universal human nature. He was also a lover of truth; one who would not leave to himself, or to another in his condition, a single thread of the radiant garment which the self-deceived wraps about his nakedness. And to love of truth, he added a boldness which, without doubt, injured his book in public estimation, for he dared to conclude with questions strange in themselves, and having such a tendency, that

one might almost suspect the whole work of heathenish, or at least, heretical views. He asked first, "What is Religion? is it made up of the accepted doctrines, or has, it in its essence, any dependence, whatever, upon them? Do, for example, the different views of the personal relation in the Trinity, or the relation of the two natures in Christ, —do these exercise any essential influence upon religion? These opposing tenets have set the world on fire, and must be very important truths or errors; but does the devout life in God depend upon the manner in which these doctrines were once settled? If not, it must then be admitted, that the dogmas and their conception of faith, are by no means the same as the devout life in God, and that the latter cannot be said to stand in any distinct dependence upon the former.

Is this life, then, a life of analyzing and determining thoughts? Or is it a life where everything melts together in the sensuous, in which man perceives his union with God and his creation, and in which all his thoughts and acts receive a peculiar direction, all his fates and experiences a peculiar import? If the latter is accepted as correct, and religion thus rests upon the senses, it is asked, how can we prevent sensuality from mingling itself with this sensuous life?"

It was the design of the author's work to point out this continually threatening danger. "And is it not greater, the more we mix the elements of sense with the doctrine of that God, who wishes to be worshipped in spirit and in truth? But can Christianity exist without such elements —without the Saviour's wounds, in which the imagination of pious women so gladly dwells; without the heavenly Virgin, to whom the youth so warmly prays, without connecting benevolence with objects of sense, and without a Heaven of indescribable joy?"

Upon Clemens these questions had no effect in diminish-

ing the impression he had already received from the book, for, full of anguish, he had cast it from him before he had reached the end.

The unknown writer had told him the truth about his inner life. But the discovery was a terrible one; it came so unexpectedly, and he was so captivated by his misconceived desires, that he despaired of ever being able to free himself from them.

The next evening he did not pay his regular visit to Eusebia. But when night came, he hastened to his foster-father, confessed to him and prayed for his counsel.

Peter sought to calm him, because an opposite course might have a most unhappy influence upon his soul, and destroy the plans the bishop had built upon his foster-son. Without many reproaches, he advised him in mild language to avoid Eusebia in the future, and take refuge in earnest prayer and toilsome work.

But it was not long before Clemens found these means insufficient. He felt at times the strangest temptation to seek Eusebia again; once he had reached the back entrance of the proconsular palace, when he suddenly turned about and fled; he wished at least to bid her farewell, or with a few words, to answer the little notes he now received from her full of tender upbraidings at his absence—but Peter had commanded him to break every tie that bound him to her, and he admitted to himself, that they were inspirations of the tempter, which ought to be resisted.

But it availed little that Clemens avoided Eusebia's presence. The evil one held his fancy in his hands, and even in the midst of Clemens' prayers, conjured up her image, if possible, more beautiful than ever. The young reader bent more and more under his grief. He considered himself excluded from the intercourse of Heaven, and irredeemably given up to the devil. There were moments when he gave up the strife, and was ready to hasten to Eusebia,

not to pray with her, but to embrace her, confess his unhappy passion, and claim her love in return; at other moments he was seized with despair at his weakness. His strength wasted rapidly away in this hopeless strife; he grew thin, his eyes sank in their sockets, and his cheeks became ashy pale. His father and sister observed his condition with the greatest anxiety; but when they approached him, he impetuously commanded them to leave him in peace, and he shunned them whenever it was possible. He often went off and strolled about the whole day. The pillar-field was his chosen resort; he would pass whole hours there, wandering about the pillar, or reposing in a cave near by, whence he looked at the saint, who, still with the same untiring zeal, continued kneeling in the air. Simon seemed to him, the happiest of mortals. He envied him, and would have liked his place. It must be immeasurably sweet, thus to kneel, with head bared to the sun's rays, till thoughts, feelings, and consciousness grew numb. It was for such a condition that Clemens longed, for it would enjoin an armistice upon the powers which fought within him, and give him at least some hours peace.

When Clemens had found all milder means fruitless, he seized upon those extreme ones, which piety has found for mortifying the uproarious flesh. He starved, till his strength was well nigh exhausted, and when at last he was compelled to interrupt his fasting with an occasional repast, all other food than bread, all other drink than water, was banished from his table. Every day he scourged himself till the blood ran from his shoulders. But even such horrid means as these did not accomplish his object. Clemens, indeed, felt his powers of thought darkened, and his brain bewildered, but although he deemed these good signs, the main point was not won. On the other hand, he found that fancy, far from being curbed, spread free wings, while the other faculties were numb, and the limbs were ready to

refuse their office. He began to be haunted with visions, not only in sleep, but in his waking moments. In these, the strife raging in his soul was symbolized.

He was visited by the Holy Virgin and the devil in turn ; the latter assumed different forms to cheat him, but oftenest he appeared in the most dangerous shape of all—that of Eusebia. Clemens stood on the brink of the abyss of madness.

In this state, while wandering about the streets of Athens one day, he was met by an imposing equipage, drawn by mules, decked with many colored blankets and tinkling bells, and surrounded by slaves, in glittering uniforms. It was Eusebia's carriage. She was taking her usual morning drive. Clemens pulled the cowl over his face and hurried by. But Eusebia had already caught sight of him. She was astonished at his pale, altered looks, and with a sigh at the transitory nature of all things, commanded the driver to hasten on.

From that day, Clemens was no longer tempted by any letters from the beautiful Roman. He had lost his complexion, and with it everything that attached her to him. Before, a charmingly handsome youth, he was now nothing but a young priest of the usual pale, lean species ; and the only attribute he still possessed, which might find grace in her eyes, was his orthodoxy ; but he shared this, with many, and even this, perhaps, was not much to be relied on, after the remarkable discovery of his birth, and since he had become a member of the arch-heathen's household.

Eusebia's sisterly affection, before so tender and burning, went out like a lamp at a gust of wind. It never occurred to her to inquire after the cause of Clemens' change, if it were a mortal disease, a dire affliction of the soul, or anything else. It was sufficient that his features had lost their youthfulness, his eyes their brilliancy, his complexion its freshness—in a word, he had grown plain and uninterest-

ing. Out of compassion for herself she determined to forget him,—not at all difficult, as she had full occupation in thinking upon religion and her soul's salvation.

Eusebia soon afterward left Athens. There was no reason for her remaining, since Peter could no longer enter the pulpit. Eusebia returned to Corinth, the capital of the province, where her Annæus Domitius, in the capacity of proconsul of Achaia, lived and labored. She had assumed an arduous undertaking—she would convert him, would lead back the poor apostate into the bosom of the orthodox church. She had sworn to use all possible arts, which may be employed by a pious woman, to embitter his life, that she might better it. With this noble determination she made her entry one fine day, with pomp and state, into the brilliant commercial city.

When Clemens learned her departure, he strove to thank God, who had taken away so dangerous a temptation, but this thankfulness was only that of the tongue; his heart spoke a different language. He shut himself up in his chamber, and shed bitter tears. It had caused him a secret joy to know that she was not far away, that she breathed the same air as he, and that he could see her, if he so wished. He imagined that her anguish at the separation was as deep as his own, and increased by the uncertainty of its cause. He thought her sisterly love heavenly and angelic; it was only his own passion which was mingled with earthly ingredients; the fault was his alone, who should have been her father-confessor and guide.

In his walks, he was drawn unconsciously towards the proconsular palace, but the thought that Eusebia was no longer within its walls, chased him away again. With an insupportable void within him, he returned home or mounting some hill, looked dreamily into the distance, where Corinth lay hid from his sight.

He was still haunted by the horrid idea that evil spirits

continually surrounded him, and conjured up the images which appeared to his fancy, in order to hold his soul in the unclean chains of matter, and at last to gain complete possession of it. But this idea was now occasionally lost in dull oblivion, in which he forgot his fasting and scourging. He then became more accessible to his relatives; he, at least, did not seem troubled by their presence. Hermione took advantage of it to approach him, and seek his confidence.

Her honest love and winning deportment made an evident impression upon her brother, and at last gained his affection. She induced him to give up his solitude, leave his chamber, and pass a few hours of the day in her company, on the charming spot where we once saw her with her friends—where the fountain murmured, the birds sang, the colonnades threw a refreshing shade, and the heavens arched pure and clear.

Clemens conquered his prejudices, which would repel her; but he could not have done even this, had he not been suddenly seized with the idea of converting her to Christianity. This idea revived his soul, it gave him an object worth striving for, and turned his thoughts from himself. He hastened to Peter, to acquaint him with his intention, and gain his encouragement.

Peter could not do otherwise than approve his decision, although he by no means believed his foster-son to possess sufficient capacity for the business he had undertaken.

From that hour, Clemens sought his sister's society instead of shunning it. He began to speak to her of the Christian religion, and Hermione gladly listened to his words. With amazement, he discovered that what he related was not new to her. She had read the holy writings of the Christians, she was acquainted with the life of Jesus, and could repeat the teachings which fell from his lips; it was only in the amplification of these, and in the

Christian metaphysics, that she exhibited any lack of knowledge. Hermione saw that Clemens loved to speak upon these themes ; she willingly lent him her ear, and took care to bring forward other objections, beside such as were only fitted to spur on his zeal, and which he could master.

But alas, Clemens' perseverance was by no means so great as his ardor. The conversation was often disturbed by the entrance of some third person. Now Charmides, now Ismene and Berenice, and now Theodorus happened in. For the last one, Clemens entertained the same fear as for the loathsome tempter himself. It was impossible for Hermione to drive away this fear. When Theodorus approached, the young reader withdrew, without answering his greeting. Peter had erected an impassable wall between them. Clemens feared, also, that Theodorus, as well as himself, was endeavoring to convert Hermione to Christianity. But the Christianity Theodorus professed was false and heretical, worse than heathenism itself. Clemens besought Hermione to be on her guard against Theodorus. She promised, smiling. But not content with this, Clemens wished her to break off all intercourse with him, and banish him from her sight. Hermione, however, represented to her brother that one should exercise toleration towards everybody, and allow to the opinions of each their just weight. She spoke warmly of Theodorus' noble qualities, and expressed her ardent wish that the two young men should become friends.

Hermione knew not that this benevolent desire could wound and embitter Clemens. The morbid youth arose and left her ; and from that hour his inclination to converse with Hermione on religious subjects, vanished. He deemed her, as well as her father, forever lost to truth and light.

He again retired within himself and sought unbroken solitude. Soon, the unhappy symptoms of his spiritual

anguish returned. He began again his rigid fasts; began again to scourge himself.

Chrysanteus, who, out of consideration for Clemens' peace of mind, had hitherto permitted him freely to follow his inclinations, could no longer remain a passive witness to a way of life which would inevitably cast his son into the arms of madness or death. He determined to rescue him, with force if necessary. It soon appeared that prayers and commands were useless. Clemens freely declared that he would not obey his father, if his commands conflicted with the Christian religion.

It became necessary for Chrysanteus to conquer all his scruples. He must inspire Clemens with doubts upon the truth of the teachings which separated their hearts and seemed to be the source of his gloom, his self-torture and fanaticism. Chrysanteus compelled Clemens to hear his attack upon the Christian religion, and his defence of the old. Clemens listened at first with contempt, then with an attention excited by terror. This feeling was caused less by the attack his father made upon Christianity, than by the similarity he showed between the most sublime doctrines of Christianity and the New-Platonic philosophy. Such a similarity Clemens had not previously imagined, and it humbled him, it tormented him, that it really existed.

Clemens had but one means of defence against his father, but this was a universal means, which could be used everywhere with equal success. Chrysanteus' views rested upon reason; and reason, when it is not employed in behalf of the church, is of the devil; and its deductions, in spite of all logic, entirely false.

Upon this doctrine, implanted by Peter, all Chrysanteus' endeavors to lead Clemens to a happier view of life, were stranded. He continued to fast, to scourge himself, and shun all contact with men. Long after Chrysanteus had

despaired of accomplishing anything for the welfare of his unhappy son, his exertions began to bear fruit in Clemens' soul, but a fruit that bore the stamp of the sickly soil in which it grew.

He began to be assailed with doubts upon the truth of Christianity. His conversations with Peter restrained these doubts, it is true, but did not conquer them. His condition became more critical than ever; Chrysanteus feared for his reason, and the physicians he consulted, in his distress, confirmed his apprehensions. They advised him to desist from every attempt to convert Clemens, and permit him freely to visit his foster-father, that he might again become settled in the circle of ideas in which he had hitherto lived.

The young reader again obtained access to the prisoner. Clemens dwelt upon the idea of running away to Antioch or the Egyptian desert. Peter forbade this, but could not overcome the extreme fear Clemens entertained of Chrysanteus, and of every word that fell from his lips. Clemens now passed the greater portion of the day in strolling about the suburbs, and visiting his foster-father. The cave on the pillar-field became more and more the spot of his choice; and the pious women, on their way to feed the holy Simon, soon grew accustomed to see him there and regard him as a new anchorite, whose presence heightened the sanctity of the place, and who, some day perchance, when Simon had been called to Heaven, would take his place upon the pillar.

When the same pious women began, at last, to divide, not only their attention, but the contents of their baskets between the pillar-saint and the young anchorite who dwelt in the cave, he himself grew accustomed to regard this as his real home, and seldom showed himself at the house on Tripod street. Chrysanteus was compelled to grant him his liberty. Clemens was delighted with this new life. The roses of summer grew at the entrance of his cave, and the

sun peeped in every evening before hiding himself behind Ægaleus. He soon fitted up his abode in accordance with his ascetic needs. A moss-bed, a water-jug, and a box for the holy Evangelists, was all he desired.

The Athenian Christians felt no little edification at the remarkable dispensation which had selected the son of the arch-heathen to be the new ornament of the pillar-field. Like Simon at the commencement of his career, Clemens was now an object of curiosity and sympathy. The young girls, especially, took a deep interest in the new eremite.

The only thing which, in any way, cast a shadow over Clemens' joy, was the strange demeanor of Simon, the pillar-saint. At first he received his neighbor with every manifestation of pleasure; and every evening, after the sun had gone down, and it was quiet around them, had called him to the pillar to talk with him and bless him. But gradually Simon became more and more cross and surly, and at last began to preach terrible reproofs, and curse the young eremite as regularly as he had before granted him his blessing.

For Simon had observed that Clemens was a rival in the attention and favor of visitors: he was jealous of his former darling, Elpinice's son, and would frighten him away with his threats.

Clemens ascribed this conduct to an entirely different motive. He believed that the saint's sharp eye had gazed into his heart, and perceived its corruption. But Clemens sought in vain to pacify him with a rigid asceticism. In despair he turned to the bishop, and asked his advice. Peter exhorted him to bear patiently the saint's wrath, because Simon only wished to prove his steadfastness; he however sent Euphemius with a message to Simon, after receiving which, he became apparently more calm, and left his neighbor in peace.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT MYRO'S.

BARUK and his intended son-in-law, the learned rabbi, had returned from Jerusalem.

The journey had been prosperous. They landed at Piræus, without the least suspicion of what had taken place in Baruk's home during their absence.

All the more terrible was the discovery awaiting them. Old Esther was dead; broken down with shame and sorrow for her daughter. When Baruk stepped across the threshold of his house, Rachel threw herself at his feet. Her face was deathly pale and stamped with despair; her hair, neglected for many days, hung wildly over her shoulders. A single look was sufficient to convince Baruk and Jonas of her condition. The old man stood petrified with horror. He listened, without saying a word to Rachel, who prayed for mercy, and accused herself of her mother's death. Then he burst out in piercing cries, tore his hair and cursed the moment which restored him to his dishonored hearth. Rabbi Jonas, the silent witness of this scene, stole quietly away.

The same evening, Rachel, loaded with her father's curses, was banished forever from his sight.

Her prophecy to Charmides, that such a day would come, was fulfilled.

We now find her in a miserable hovel, in one of the worst-reputed quarters of the harbor city.

She is in a chamber, which bears witness to the most extreme poverty. Night is falling. The room is dimly lighted by a single lamp. Rachel holds to her bosom a child, Charmides' son. The little one sleeps. The mother regards him with looks of passionate tenderness.

At that moment Charmides would hardly have recognized rich Baruk's once handsome and happy daughter. The heavy strokes of fate had robbed her of the last traces of youth. Despair and motherly joy are contending in her wan face. Her sunken eyes shine with a feverish lustre.

A step is heard upon the narrow stair way. The door is pulled open, and a woman, with a tunic carelessly thrown around her, enters, humming a tune.

"By Bacchus!" said Myro, for it was she, "away with every care! See what I have gathered this evening."

She threw some silver coins on the table and continued—

"That's enough for three whole days for you and me and your boy. When the wind blows into the harbor, I am not yet too old to pluck laurels. Long life to love!"

"Hush," whispered Rachel, pointing to the sleeping babe.

Myro, who was apparantly a little elevated with the juice of the grape, instantly toned down her loud voice.

"Ah, he is asleep," she said, bending over him. "How handsome he is, and how like Charmides! You are blind, if you don't see that he looks like Charmides, the seducer. How happy you ought to be, Rachel, to own such a treasure! Live forgetfulness! Away with all recollections! The day we live, is ours. Will you sell the young one? Done, I'll buy him—not for a slave, no, no, no, that was not my idea,—there, don't look horrified—but because I like him, I want to have him. By the way, let me tell you, I have just ordered a cradle of our neighbor, the carpenter, for the urchin. A cradle is just the very thing he needs—and such a piece of furniture will not misbecome this room of ours. A cradle will give it a certain air of respectability, a sort of claim to regard and recognition."

"You are so good to me," said Rachel, as Myro stooped to light the coal in a chafing-dish, in readiness for supper. "I can never repay your kindness."

"No need of it, either. To-day we are as rich as Persian princesses. We have money, wine, and a loaf of bread, which will taste first rate, when toasted."

"When my father shut the door behind his daughter, and I wandered about in the night, it was you, who led me under your roof," continued Rachel, with a deep sigh. "And ever since, you have been like the tenderest sister to me. The God of my fathers bless you, good Myro, and suffer you, should you be unfortunate, to meet a heart as merciful as yours has been towards me."

"Bah! I am satisfied, if you only have patience to listen to my curses of the men. One is so very like the other. Olympiodorus, believe me, isn't a hair better than Charmides. I know both of them, indeed I do. I, who so often feigned love for Charmides to make Olympiodorus jealous. That was the time when I was called Myro the beautiful, and all Athens lay at my feet. You must know, Rachel, that I have had my brilliant day, that I have been adored and envied more than any one since Aspasia's time. The priestesses at the port call me the dethroned queen. They do it to mock me, the painted furies, who stand down there with their flowers, which they offer, with themselves, to the first stranger—they mock me, because they have never been any better than they now are—but I am proud of the name "The dethroned queen." Exactly. I might have been rich, had I given a thought to the future; but I did not wish to do that—and I am not sorry for it now, either. I have lived in magnificent apartments, Rachel, and been carried in a golden palanquin by my own slaves, clad in byssos-fog, purple and jewels, I have floated from one pleasure to another. The handsomest, richest and merriest have been my body guard. But that is past now."

Myro fell to humming a tune again, as she continued preparing supper.

It was soon ready—a few slices of toasted bread, some fruit, and in the middle of the table an earthen jug of wine.

"Come now and enjoy the gifts of heaven and earth," said Myro. "One oblation to Bacchus, and then we will drink to our faithless lovers! May they be eternally tormented in the nether world! When Olympiodorus descends to the shades, I wonder how he will bear the doom which awaits him there. I shall be there and accuse him in the presence of the three inexorable judges. What will he say in his defence, when I make known that he has broken the thousand oaths he has sworn to me? He will have no reply to make, for it won't do to lie there. He will be sent to black Tartarus to suffer the pangs of Tantalus. Yet should he answer, that Myro had grown ugly, and that the vows he swore were only to Myro the beautiful, may he not perhaps go free after all? I am afraid he will. Yes, he is right, too. My claims were based upon my beauty alone, and I fell with it. But tell me truly, Rachel, am I really so horribly ugly, as people say?—Hem. How I talk!" continued Myro, "and you don't hear a word I say. But why won't you eat, my poor friend? You ought to be hungry as a wolf, for you have two to feed."

"No, I cannot eat now," said Rachel, "I am not hungry."

"You have been uncommonly calm to-day, at any rate. I have not seen you shed a tear. And this is right. It is no use to cry. Time is an excellent physician, who only takes life from us by degrees. In the mean while he heals our old wounds and cuts new ones, in order to have something to do. The best balsam he owns, however, is wine. It contains both joy and oblivion. Come then; empty at least one cup. It will do you good, Rachel."

"No, I am not thirsty, either. In a little while, perhaps——"

"You need not be thirsty to like wine. Look here," said Myro, rising from the table and giving Rachel a full cup. "Just try, and I swear it will do you good."

Rachel took a sip, to please her well-meaning friend. Myro was not so backward; she scrupulously left untouched half the supper for Rachel, but paid her addresses to the wine jug all the more zealously, since she was forced to entertain it alone. It had been her custom of late to drink herself drunk every evening, when the opportunity offered.

"Do you know, Rachel," continued the talkative Myro, "I saw that little dark-looking fellow again to-day wandering up and down the street before the house. My eyes deceive me very much if he is not one of your people. You Jews have a peculiar stamp, and you all, it seems to me, are very like one another. I feel sure that he seeks none other than yourself. Perhaps your father has begun to relent and will restore you to his house, or at least send help to you. If you had not so strictly forbidden me, I should have stopped the man, and said: You are seeking Rachel, Baruk's daughter, are you not? I will lead you to her."

"No, Myro, I beseech you in the name of God above, say it not, should you ever chance to meet him again."

"Your father is a heartless, miserly wolf," said Myro, who began to be sensibly affected by her oft repeated potations. "To conduct himself so against his own child! I will tear out old Baruk's eyes one of these days. He should have stroked his beard, thanked God, and considered himself lucky to have received from you such a pretty little soul of a grandson! Instead of this he turns you out of doors and leaves you to die in the street. Is not this horrible? Is it not heartless? O, it is enough to make my heart melt in my bosom, only to think of it."

Myro, who, under the influence of wine was as sensitive as garrulous, wiped her eyes, suddenly filled with tears.

"Do not speak an unkind word of my father," implored Rachel; "the fault is mine. My folly has killed my mother, and made my father's name a by-word. He knows

not whither to flee, to hide his shame. Could I but weep as you, I should shed tears of blood over my guilt. May God have mercy on me! My burden is greater than I can bear."

"Bah," said Myro, "are you guilty because you loved and were betrayed?"

"Because I have broken my parents' commands and the law of my people," said Rachel. "Our God is a mighty avenger, who visits the iniquities of fathers and mothers upon their children. By my disobedience and folly I have killed my mother. It is awful, Myro. I have before my eyes, the very moment when I could no longer conceal from her my condition. She turned pale as death, and was dumb with terror. I was not permitted to come near her bed while she was sick. She died, surrounded by servants. But she is ever present before my eyes, by day and by night. I tell you, Myro, last night she stood at my bed side, dumb, pale, and threatening. She pointed to the little one, to remind me, that he shall suffer for my crime,——"

"Hem, that is frightful," said Myro. "But then it is only your imagination, dear Rachel. Otherwise it would be horrible to be near you at night, when your mother returns. We will let the lamp burn until morning. I shall not dare to be in the dark after this. To think that your mother cannot rest quietly in her grave! You must have done something awful, according to your nation's idea, though, for my part, I think you have only loved and been betrayed, poor girl. But have we any oil, Rachel? Think, if we have not oil for the lamp!"

"I don't know."

"I will see," said Myro, as, almost sober from sudden fear, she rose from the sofa. She commenced searching in a cupboard crowded with jugs and bottles, whole and broken, but could not have found what she sought, for she clasped her hands and exclaimed:——

"Merciful gods! What shall I do? Not a drop of oil left."

"Myro, she does not seek you, but me. You can sleep in peace——O my God, my God, where can I find peace and forgiveness? Not among men. My people have cast me off. I am blotted out from Israel. Be merciful, Lord! I flee from man to Thee. I lay myself and my babe at Thy feet! Reject us not. Pity at least the innocent one."

"The oil in the lamp will last an hour," said Myro to herself, as she examined it. Then she turned again to the wine jug, to imbibe strength for overcoming her fear of ghosts. "But Rachel dear, don't take on so! It sounds terribly, and when you talk so, I feel something within myself, as if I also might be guilty. But thank the gods, I am not. I was educated for a courtesan and have lived merrily, but never have I broken the laws of the gods. I have never caused my parents any sorrow, for they never knew me, nor I them. I ought to sleep well enough without fearing ghosts. But you have completely chased sleep from my eyes, Rachel. It is going to be an unpleasant night."

"Forgive me, Myro. I will try not to disturb you any more."

"If you will only cease lamenting, it will be well enough. Let us talk about something pleasant, continued Myro, throwing herself upon the sofa, and spreading her tunic over herself as a coverlet: "the lamp will burn an hour longer, and after that I shall try to sleep——Let me see——Yes, I tell you, Rachel, you will soon be all right again. The stronger the sorrow, the shorter it lasts. You are young, and the future is before you. I think about your future very often, because you grieve so over the present. Wait a little, the roses will return to your cheeks and the fire to your eyes. You will be handsome again and excite the admiration of the gentlemen. It depends upon your—

self, whether or no you will make your fortune. Just think, Rachel, to live in magnificent rooms, to have jewels and the most splendid clothes, to own slaves, to be sought after and envied, to haste from pleasure to pleasure and see the noblest youths at your feet! You can be another Myro, a new queen, ruling with the sceptre of Laïs and Phyrne. You can be all this, if you only will. And with such a future before you, how can you be sad and dejected? Trust to me! I will help you to your throne, and show you how to conquer your rivals. I know all the secrets by which beauty is heightened, and all the arts which make it irresistible. This is something I have studied from childhood, and had thoroughly mastered by the time I was fourteen. And ever since, you may well believe, I have plied my art. Praxinoa was nothing to me. You will be queen, and I will reserve to myself the office of queen's adviser. The first thing we must do, will be to move from this wretched hovel to some handsome lodgings on Ceramicus. The next will be to get some magnificent clothes for you, hire a palanquin and some servants. I will take all this upon myself. I have only to go to a merchant, who does this sort of business, show you to him, and extol your qualities,—I understand this too, you had better believe—I have helped more than one girl along in the world—and he will give us all we need to begin with. I rejoice at the thought of your future, Rachel. Drive away sorrow, my girl! Live, wine and love!”

She put the jug to her lips; then trimmed the lamp and placed it beside the head of her couch.

This was not the first time Rachel had heard Myro talk in this way; and every time it had given her a secret terror, and increased the sense of debasement which crushed her.

But at this moment Myro's description of the future did not make its customary impression upon Baruk's unhappy

daughter; she only caught the sound of the words, her thoughts were elsewhere.

Myro did not perceive the desperate look in her great dark eyes, since the long eyelashes threw their shadow over them. Rachel sat beside the sleeping babe, pressing her hands against her breast. Her lips mechanically muttered a prayer she had learned in her infancy. Myro heard the unintelligible sound of a strange language, and asked:

"What is that you are saying? You are talking to yourself. Drive away your gloomy thoughts. They will kill you, and then all our hopes will be at an end. Alas, that seducer Charmides! He is the cause of your misfortune. And now he forgets you, and is going to celebrate his wedding with another. Did I tell you, that I saw Charmides to-day?"

Rachel started up from her thoughts at this name, fastened her looks upon Myro, and inquired, in a weak voice:

"What was it you said about Charmides?"

"That I saw him to-day, on the street," answered Myro, pleased at having found a subject of conversation which won Rachel's attention. "May the gods punish the faithless wretch! He does not seem to have any conscience at all. He looked so happy, as he walked by Hermione's side."

"He looked happy, you say, and he walked by Hermione's side?"

"Yes."

"When will their wedding take place?"

"In a few days. The whole city is talking about it."

"Do you see them often, together?"

"Yes. Almost every day," said Myro, "as they are passing to and from the beautiful villa Chrysanteus owns, over the port."

"Oh, how happy they must be with each other!" sighed Rachel.

“Yes, but I hope their happiness will not be lasting,” exclaimed Myro. “I hate Charmides equally with Olym-piodorus. I have often been strongly tempted to go to Hermione and tell her who Charmides is, for I know him better than any one else; but I am afraid of meeting him, for if he should only see how ugly I have grown—Oh, it is awful to lose your beauty, Rachel. I am ashamed to be seen by Charmides; I hide myself whenever I catch sight of him at a distance, upon the street. If he should imagine what had become of Myro! Oh, I believe I would rather die! The envious gods, who have robbed me of the best I possessed; the only thing on which I placed any value! I will hate the gods, too, now. I have nothing more to hope or fear from them—if they will only keep ghosts, and such things, away from my bed, for sleep is my best friend, now, and I have always been afraid of ghosts. But why don’t you lie down, Rachel? Do you know I am beginning to get sleepy?”

Drowsiness, however, did not prevent Myro from still continuing the conversation or rather monologue.

“You are obstinate, Rachel, or else you would have followed my advice long ago, when I told you to take your boy in your arms, go to Hermione, and tell her that he is Charmides’ son. She would then have questioned you about your life, and you would have told her all you have suffered. What do you think Hermione would have done? For my part, I am convinced she would have said, ‘It is you, who are entitled to Charmides’ hand. I will banish him from my sight.’ But you will not do it; and this is where you do wrong, Rachel.”

“They are happy, they love each other. He has forgotten me. Your words are tempting, Myro. I often feel inclined to follow your advice. But shame holds me back. I cannot.”

“Jealousy is a horrible tormentor, Rachel. Thank your

God, that it has not visited you. It transforms the heart to a nest of serpents, from which dart a thousand poisonous stings, to lacerate our life."

"That I know," thought Rachel.

Myro's wine-enlivened tongue began at last to grow heavy. After talking a little longer in a very mixed and uncertain manner, she became silent, and her breathing soon bore witness that she had sunk into deep sleep.

Rachel now took the child in her arms and arose. The little boy awoke and begun to cry, but grew still as she clasped him to her breast. She wrapped him carefully in the veil, now faded, which Baruk once gave his daughter, that she might shine in the synagogue; went to the door, stopped there, cast one more look about the miserable chamber and said, as her eyes fell upon the sleeping Myro:

"Farewell, good unhappy sister! Rachel thanks you for your benevolence and tenderness. May God have mercy on you for the sake of your good heart."

After these words she left the chamber, passed down the narrow stair way, and took a street leading to the harbor.

The vast harbor square, surrounded by temples, porticoes and store-houses, lay silent and empty beneath the starry vault of heaven. The stillness of the night was only broken by the plash of waves, dashing against the quay.

Rachel listened to their sighing but refreshing tones. They seemed to her like a command not to hesitate,—a friendly whispering from the sea, that its bosom was open to lull her unhappy heart to rest.

She directed her steps toward the spot whence the exhorting song had reached her ears. Undiscovered, she reached one of the broad marble stair ways, leading down to the water. She bent over, and a wave tossed its foam upon her forehead. It felt fresh and reviving.

The babe she bore in her arms, grew restless, and began to moan. Rachel quieted the little one with kisses and

caressing words. Then she loosed the veil, in which he was bound, and tied it tightly about herself and him, that they might not be separated in the wide grave, where she sought rest from jealousy, abasement, and the pangs of conscience.

Pressing the pledge of her unhappy love to her bosom, she went, with closed eyes, toward the edge of the steps.

At that moment, a sailor, keeping watch on board the nearest vessel, heard the sound of a heavy body falling into the water. The darkness prevented him from seeing what it was, and as he heard no cry for help, he gave it no further heed, but turned to thinking of the approaching voyage and his home on a distant shore.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MORGUE.

WHEN Myro awoke next morning, she found herself alone in her chamber.

Wondering where Rachel and her child could have gone, but with no suspicion of calamity, she set about making her toilet for the day.

This was done with great care, and the help of a little metal mirror, a comb, and two boxes of paint.

Poor Myro was compelled, however, to admit that this care was the same as wasted. Sighing, she looked at herself in the mirror. The sickness she had passed through, had stolen her rich locks and fresh complexion, once her pride. Her hair had grown very thin, and she had never since had the means of purchasing false tresses. Her face was bloated with continual libations to the wine-god, and her skin sallow. This last fault could certainly be obviated

by a skillful use of the contents of the boxes—and Myro was a mistress in the arts of the toilet—but she was nevertheless forced at last to confess for the hundredth time, that the greatest endeavors were almost fruitless. Art could not replace the gifts nature had taken back. Poor Myro sighed deeply, and when she examined the faded tunic she to-day had chosen,—the best she owned—tears filled her eyes.

This occupation took up a good deal of the forenoon, and it was not until she had finished, and stood ready to go out and try her luck for the day, that she again thought of her room-mate and friend.

“But where can Rachel be? She, who never could be induced to leave the chamber a moment in the day time!”

Myro began to be seriously troubled about her absence. She recalled the extraordinary calmness her friend had manifested, the previous evening. But she would not yet give a place to the horrible thought, which now arose within her. In spite of her wretched and despicable condition, she herself was afraid of death, and could not believe that one of her sex would have sufficient decision to cast herself voluntarily into the unknown, gloomy Hades. Myro hurried to her neighbor, the carpenter, to inquire if he had perchance seen her friend; if he knew at what time she had gone out, and which direction she took. The carpenter, who had just commenced working upon the cradle that Myro was to give her little darling, Rachel’s son, could not give the desired information. He only shook his head, and hinted that the worst had happened; he had seen the poor Jewess only once, when he accidentally met her on the stairs, but he then noticed in her eyes a something which he now, for the first time, rightly understood.

Smitten with grief, Myro left this wretched comforter and returned to her chamber, to try to compose herself and think over what she ought to do. The poor courtesan had conceived a warm affection for her unhappy sister.

In Rachel, she had found a being much more unfortunate than herself; in spite of her own need, she had been able to show her an active sympathy and succor her, when helpless, and deserted by those nearest her. This was the only pure joy Myro had for a long time experienced; she had also felt herself lighter and happier in mind, ever since Rachel came beneath her roof, and the care she bestowed upon mother and child had, in her eyes, diminished the shame of the traffic which gave her means to carry on this work of mercy.

As she now endeavored to comfort herself about Rachel's absence, and to seek after some quieting and probable cause for the same, it occurred to her that during last evening's conversation, she had again advised Rachel, to repair, with her child, to Hermione, and establish her claim upon Charmides. Myro now strove to persuade herself that Rachel had followed this counsel, and gone to Chrysanteus' villa, beyond Piræus.

She concluded to take a walk in the direction of the villa. Perhaps she would meet Rachel on the way, or gain some information about her. She felt too uneasy to stay at home, and in doubt await her friend's return. Besides, the day was lovely and invited to a stroll. So Myro started out. But nowhere did she find any trace of the lost one. No one had seen a woman with a child in her arms, whose appearance and clothing were like Rachel's. Myro ventured at last to go on to the villa, itself, and ask the porter the same questions she had put to every one she met. But he knew no more than they. Discouraged, she resolved to return to the harbor-city. The road she chose, wound along the sea shore and was shaded by olive and plane trees. Upon the glittering water, far from the strand, were seen two boats, splendidly gilded and adorned with garlands, advancing with slow stroke to the music of voices and the cithara. Myro's sharp eye detected in one boat,

Charmides and Hermione, lovingly seated side by side. The other boat contained some young friends of the betrothed. How perfectly this joyous, captivating scene harmonized with the clear sky, the quiet sea and the verdant shores. But Myro looked on, with bitter feelings, thinking of her unhappy friend, and of her own contemptible, joyless condition. What if Rachel, also, had witnessed this spectacle? Could she have endured the sight and lived? Myro felt that there was a despair, blacker than she herself, in her most miserable moments, had experienced, and for which death, instead of being a terror, was the only comforter.

Sunk in such meditations, she had paused and was still looking at the boats, gliding slowly over the water, when a man approached, whom she had often met in the streets of Athens, and of whom she had heard much. It was the priest, Theodorus.

She knew that this man had converted to Christianity some of her lowest-fallen sisters, that he had inspired these women with the desire, and given them the opportunity of entering upon, another and better way of life. His noble and friendly bearing had always pleased Myro, yet she felt a secret fear of him, and whenever it was possible, avoided his serious, piercing gaze.

Theodorus also recognized the woman in the faded tunic. He had seen her radiant with joy and health, clad in costly apparel, and borne by slaves, in a golden palanquin. His heart pitied her then, not less than now.

The courtesan was soon convinced that she was not unknown to him, for he called her by name, Myro; and when he discovered in her face a trace of emotion, he stopped, and commenced talking with her.

The manner in which Theodorus advanced his questions and answered Myro's was such, that like a magic key, it opened her heart to him. As they walked towards the city, she told him not only her own history, but also Rachel's.

When they arrived in the neighborhood of the "Long Walls," they separated. Theodorus betook himself to a sick member of his congregation, while Myro hastened home to see if Rachel had not returned during her absence. But before parting, she had promised Theodorus to call, the next evening, at the house of an estimable Christian lady, renowned for her benevolence, and there meet him.

It was already dusk when Myro arrived at her lodging. It was empty, and bore no trace of Rachel. But in a little while her neighbor, the friendly carpenter, entered. His face was very pale, as he asked if she had learned where Rachel and her child were.

Myro answered, that she had sought her friend in vain, at Chrysanteus' villa.

"And I, who did not seek her, have nevertheless seen her," said the carpenter. "Oh, it was awful! The poor girl! I said so, before—I saw it in her eyes. No matter about finishing the cradle, it will never be needed."

"What do you say? What has happened to them? Where did you see them?"

"As I was crossing the harbor market, just now, I noticed a crowd of people down by the quay, and went to see what was the matter. I thought they were taking some drowned person from the water, and instantly fell to thinking, I assure you, of the poor Jewess. I followed the crowd. They went towards the morgue, where drowned people are exposed to view, that they may be recognized by their relations or friends—"

"And was it Rachel they had found in the water?" cried Myro, sorrowfully.

"Yes, yes. Rachel and her boy. Two other corpses had already been recovered, and they lay stretched out upon the black benches, looking horribly, you may believe. But what was that in comparison with seeing her! It was not exactly awful, but it was so sad. She had bound the babe

tight to her breast, and clasped her arms hard about it. Praised be the gods, that the sea could not keep its prey. It is some comfort to know that her shade will not be compelled to wander forever on the banks of the Styx, but will reach its destination, and be at peace, in the world below."

This ground of consolation, derived from a popular superstition, that the souls of the drowned could not obtain rest in Hades until their corpses had been recovered and committed to the earth, was of little avail in alleviating Myro's grief. She hid her face in her tunic, and wept bitterly. As soon as the first outburst of anguish was over, she repaired to the morgue. An inquisitive throng was gathered there looking at the drowned girl and her babe, who seemed to be asleep on her bosom. They wondered who she was; no one recognized her. But all were moved by the sorrowful spectacle.

Myro pressed through the crowd, and had scarce caught sight of her friend's pale face, which, even in death, retained the stamp of deep, incurable distress, before she again gave vent to her tears and lamentations.

"Myro, you know her!" "Who was she?" "Did she seek death of her own accord? Or has she perished, with her child, by violence?"

Such questions were addressed to Myro, by the bystanders.

"So she was a courtesan," said another. "Such women commence with joy, and end with despair. It is the old story."

"No," exclaimed Myro, "she never was a courtesan,—never a fallen and despised woman, such as I! Let no one insult the poor girl with such a name. Was she not unhappy enough in life, to be free from shame in death? It is Rachel, Baruk's daughter,—the rich broker,—you all know him. If you will deal justly, do not condemn her, but Charmides, who seduced her, and the stern father, who

drove her from his house, while she still bore the babe in her bosom !”

Myro could say no more ; sobs stifled her voice. But what she had said made a strong impression upon the crowd, who vied with each other in expressing sympathy for the dead, and anger at those who had caused her misfortune. It was, however, less the faithless lover, than the grim father, against whom their wrath was spoken.

“He shall know now, what he has done,” said Myro. “I will find him, and bring him hither. If he has a heart for anything besides his gold, he will repent of his cruelty ; but his repentance comes too late, and this will be his everlasting punishment.”

Myro hurried away. Most of her hearers followed her, to vent their anger upon the rich broker, and see how he received the news of his daughter’s death.

The crowd, led by Myro, proceeded first to Baruk’s place of business, near by. But the day’s work was over, and they did not find him they sought. The tireless Myro now hastened to his dwelling, in the quarter Scambonidæ. The way was long, and many of her inquisitive followers fell off before she arrived at the house, on the top of the hill. She found the door locked. She seized the knocker and plied it, till the door was at length opened. An old servant with Jewish face, showed himself, and inquired her errand.

“I will speak with Baruk,” said Myro, trying to force her way in.

The servant held her back, for he recognized her by the light of the door lamp, and noticed her excited appearance.

“My master is sick,” he said, “and cannot receive callers. I will tell him whatever you wish.”

“No, I will do it myself.”

“She shall do it herself—We, ourselves, will do it,” echoed her followers, to the consternation of the servant,

who, instantly mistrusting that violence was intended, shut and barred the door. Immediately after, a little port-hole in it was opened, and the servant's voice was heard again :

"But what is the matter? You have heard that my master is sick, and must know that I cannot let a lot of strangers into the court. Tell me your errand, and I will convey it to him."

"If your master is not too sick to get up and put on his mantle, he shall follow me," said Myro.

"Tell him," said another, "that we have a greeting from his—"

"Silence," interrupted Myro, "tell him nothing. He shall know nothing, until he beholds with his own eyes. We wish to speak with him, that is enough. Beg him to come out. It is a matter of much gold and great gains. Tell him that!"

The port-hole was shut, and they heard the servant's step as he walked away.

It was a long time before the gate was again opened. Those waiting outside manifested their impatience, by repeated poundings with the knocker. At last, a little, sorrowful, black-bearded man appeared, clad in a caftan.

"My friends, what do you wish?" he asked in a mild voice, stepping into the street.

"You are not Baruk," exclaimed Myro. "We want to speak with the rich broker and not with you!"

"Baruk is sick in bed. I am his friend and relative, Rabbi Jonas, and whatever you would tell him, you can tell me."

"Do you know his daughter, Rachel, also?" they asked.

"Yes," answered he. "What of her?"

"You shall see," said Myro.

"And shall tell Baruk what you have seen, as clearly as if he saw it with his own eyes,—"

"The miser, the hard-hearted wretch," exclaimed another.

"I will follow you. What has happened to the woman of whom you speak, and where will you lead me?"

"You shall soon know."

Rabbi Jonas followed the throng, and heard, without answering, the insults showered upon Baruk and all Israel. Myro had taken tight hold of his hand, as if she feared he would escape. He did not try to draw it away, but walked calmly by her side.

When they arrived at the harbor market, and the Rabbi noticed they were heading for the torch-lit house of the dead, he stopped, and gasped for breath. He was prepared for a sorrowful, touching spectacle; he now guessed what had taken place.

But he conquered his emotion and followed Myro, who cried: "Come, come!"

At this moment, a small boat lay to at the principal steps of the quay, beneath the two marble lions, which ornamented the harbor-market, and Charmides, who was returning from Chrysanteus' villa, stepped on shore.

We already know, that he had passed the evening with Hermione, sailing along shores adorned with the luxuriant magnificence of summer. This excursion, enlivened by the gaiety of the company, and tones of music, had, however, been embittered to Charmides by a vision, which he ascribed to his own imagination rather than reality.

Starting from a little cove, that bathed the foot of the terrace on which Chrysanteus' country-seat was built, their sail had been extended to the neighborhood of the harbor. Passing around a little tree-crowned island, lying east of the harbor, Charmides, in looking out over the sun-lit sea, fancied he saw toss up out of the waves, a human head, encircled by long raven locks, whose pale face, as it appeared

for a moment above the surface, bore the features of Baruk's daughter. Beside this head, he seemed to see another—but the vision vanished as quickly as it came, in the bosom of the Protean sea, which begets so many wonderfully strange images.

Charmides was silent about the vision, and thought it fortunate that none other than he had seen it. He turned to Hermione, who sat by his side, and continued with her the whispering on the beauty of nature, their common recollections of childhood, and the joys of love; but the words gradually died from his lips, and he sank into a silence which was not that of happy, dreaming ecstasy.

His intercourse with Hermione had not failed to exert a powerful influence upon Charmides. He loved her, at that moment, with a love free from all calculation. The unexpected discovery which restored the lost Philip to his father's house, had caused Peter to fear that Charmides, disappointed in his hope of being the sole heir to Chrysanteus' wealth, would commit some act which might betray the original motive of his seeking Hermione, and his successful attempt to renew his engagement with her. Peter's fears were not confirmed. It never occurred to Charmides to regard Clemens and his being recognized as Chrysanteus' legitimate son from such a stand-point. Charmides had shared Hermione's joy at finding her brother, and lamented with her his unhappy state of mind. His contempt for money conduced to this; for since he was no longer haunted by creditors, but again found himself enjoying the money-lender's full confidence, he forgot also his ruined condition, and lived as before, in the enjoyment of the day, although this now bore other features, and owned a nobler character than before.

His joy during these later days had, however, been far from pure,—it was troubled by a voice from within. He strove to be worthy of his happiness, yet could not, for

between it and him stood threatening memories, and among them the pale, sorrowing figure of Baruk's daughter. Hermione did not know the relation he had sustained to this unhappy young woman.

She had heard it spoken of, but did not believe the rumor after Charmides, with sacred oaths, had denied its truth. He had not dared to give her that perfect confidence, to which he felt she was entitled. He perceived he had acted treacherously, and not only in this respect and towards her alone. There was another circumstance whose weight he would diminish to himself, but which, nevertheless, in certain moments of reflection, terrified him. He had been secretly baptized. He was thus bound to the Christian church with a bond which truly did not in the least touch his inner man, but which was acknowledged by the law and universal consent as indissoluble, and with which his own superstition had united a mystic meaning.

It could not long be concealed that Charmides had received baptism. The secret was in Peter's power, and it was certain that he would sometime make use of it to deal Chrysanteus a heavy blow. At that hour Charmides would stand before Hermione and her father as an impostor, and also as a contemptible tool in Peter's hands.

So Charmides' future heaven was not without clouds. He was burdened with a feeling of unworthiness, and at times with very serious upbraidings of conscience.

Such a moment was that, when he landed at the lion stairway of Piræus, to cross the market place to his house.

The sad vision which the sea had suddenly revealed to him, kept before his eyes with redoubled clearness after he had left Hermione and her joyous friends, and the dusk of evening spread its veil over everything which could divert his eyes and thoughts.

While occupied with this unpleasant image, his eyes happened to fall upon the morgue, before which a rosin link

cast its light, and through whose open doors were seen the anxious and the curious, who gazed upon the dead.

Charmides felt a shudder run through his limbs. Was that pale face which arose from the sea, and which yet stared upon him, a creature of his imagination, or was it, perhaps, a reality? the black benches of the dead-house might be able to answer.

He stood still a moment, then directed his steps towards the sorrowful spot. It was not curiosity which drove him; it was a horrid foreboding he would silence,—it was his conscience which, with compelling power, bore him there. But he stopped upon the threshold, for the first that met his eyes, were the corpses of Rachel and her child, laid out upon one of the benches.

Was this also a deceptive vision? Was it fancy, which conjured up this form with Rachel's features and dark locks—with arms tightly clasped about a tender being, whose livid face lay pressed against her bosom.

He heard the lookers-on say, "It is Rachel, Baruk's daughter." The words rang in his ears like an accusation for murder, and his horror-stricken face, his sullen look, declared him guilty.

At this moment Myro arrived, with the Rabbi Jonas and the people who had accompanied her on her search after Baruk. Charmides was compelled to make room for them, and withdraw from the door, as they entered.

Rabbi Jonas approached the corpse. His manner was calm; only a tremor of the lip betrayed the emotion in his soul.

"It is Baruk's daughter," he said. "Where is the superintendent? I wish to speak with him concerning the burial of the dead girl and her child."

The superintendent of the morgue was present. The Rabbi turned to him, taking from his girdle a purse of money. This was done with a coolness that surprised

every one, and filled Myro with an anger which would immediately have found vent, had she not, at the same instant, caught sight of Charmides.

“ Ah, are you here, my Charmides ? ” she exclaimed. Is it to rejoice over your handiwork ? What gods have steered your course hither ? Were they the Furies ? Look here, Charmides, here is Rachel, your betrothed, and here is your son, your own son, Charmides ! ”

At the name Charmides, Rabbi Jonas turned about. His composed eyes, now glaring with a repressed fire, met Charmides’ shy look, as he stole away, accompanied by Myro’s loud-ringing scorn, and the silent curses of the rest.

It was now Rabbi Jonas’ turn. But Myro’s bitterness quickly dissolved in tears. She threw herself down by Rachel, and wept.

After the Rabbi, whose composure seemed imperturbable, had agreed with the superintendent as to the cost of the burial, and paid for it, he replaced the purse in his girdle and prepared to depart. But at the sight of Myro’s tears he laid his hand upon her shoulder, and bade her follow him. He accompanied this request with a look which made it irresistible. Myro, who fancied that he had a heart of stone, that he was a hard man of per-cents. and nothing else, was amazed at the expression in his eyes.

“ You grieve for her,” whispered the rabbi. “ You must have known her when alive. I want you to tell me about her last days. But let us go out where we shall be undisturbed. I was betrothed to Rachel. Need I say more ? ”

Myro followed him. She had recognized, in Rabbi Jonas, the little dark fellow, who was often seen before the house where she lived.

She guessed now it was compassion, or some such motive, that had so often led him thither. She recollected, also, that Rachel had spoken of a learned and estimable man, whom Baruk had intended for his daughter’s husband, and Myro’s

heart became more benevolently turned towards the rich broker's relative, so that she even repented of pouring so much bitterness upon his head.

They sat down upon the pedestal of one of the statues, and she related to his attentive ear the closing scenes of Rachel's life.

He listened without a word ; but his silence was not that of heartlessness or indifference ; Myro felt this by a sympathetic impulse.

When she had finished her story, the Rabbi, with a slightly tremulous voice, requested her to show Rachel and her child the last tribute of respect—to follow them, next morning, at a time he named, from the dead-house to the burying place for unknown drowned persons, where it was decided she should rest. He could not do this himself, without breaking the holy law of his people.

Myro wondered at such a law, but promised, with tears, to fulfil his wishes.

Rabbi Jonas pressed her hand almost violently, and departed.

She returned to her lonely lodging.

Next morning, she arose early to accompany her friend and her little darling to the grave. Two slaves bore the coffin, holding both mother and babe, to the lonely, unhonored cemetery. The courtesan, in her tattered garments, followed : her tears were the only sacrifice offered to their shades.

Myro was very sad and dejected all day. She did not, however, forget her promise to Theodorus, the Christian priest. Toward evening, she repaired to the house where she was to meet him.

She found assembled there, a number of men and women, all Christians, but of different classes and conditions. She was received in a friendly manner by them all. Theodorus had prepared them for her coming. They were met

together, to hear the word proclaimed by Theodorus. Myro, ashamed and embarrassed in the company of these respectable and earnest people, sat down alone by the door, far away from the other hearers, when Theodorus arose, and commenced. He spoke of sin and salvation. Sin had been for Myro, until now, an almost unknown idea, but when Theodorus explained it, it seemed as if her consciousness had of itself grown clear, and disclosed the features of a truth which, though veiled, had long stood before the eyes of her soul.

After sin, Theodorus spoke of salvation. He did not point out its place in any dogmatic system of doctrine, he only read and developed the simple story of her who pressed her way into the house of Simon the Pharisee—while Jesus sat at meat with him—to cast herself at His feet, wash them with her tears, and wipe them with the hair of her head. This woman, said Theodorus, certainly felt, at least at times, sorrow for her sins. Perhaps she had a frivolous disposition, which allowed her to drive away self-reproach, but she must have found her wretched joys often changing into torment, have felt the most horrible thing humanity can endure—despair, under the mask of happiness.

Myro thought of herself at these words.

Where should she find consolation? Could the people about her, give it? She presents herself suddenly before Jesus. The first sight of Him told her, what the weary, whose pangs of soul and body He has healed, have confirmed, that He is pure and holy. She had heard of His compassion for sinners, and an unconquerable emotion prostrated her at His feet. Her despair was instantly resolved into tenderness, love and gratitude. She expected, perhaps, that He would repel her, crush her with His reproaches; but she knew that she deserved this, and would, even in His bitterest words, recognize His compassion. But what does Jesus? When He notices the contempt and disgust of

His rigid host for the strange woman, He elevates her remorse above the self-righteousness of the Pharisee. He says, "her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little," and declared that she was saved by her faith.

Myro melted into tears. This single feature from the life of the Galilean, was sufficient to win her soul. She recognized herself in the sinner, and like her, would have thrown herself at the feet of her Divine master, had He stood before her, in visible form.

This was not the only occasion on which she heard the Evangelist expounded in the same circle of friendly and happy people, by Theodorus.

A little while, and the former courtesan, the priestess of Aphrodite Pandemos, had become a faithful member of the Christian congregation, and a modest servant in the house where she gained her first knowledge of the glad tidings.

About this time Baruk, the rich broker, died—of sorrow for his daughter, it was said.

How astonished was Athens, when it learned that Baruk had bequeathed a considerable sum of money to the well-known courtesan! The greater portion of his wealth, he had given to the temple at Jerusalem, the remainder to his poor brothers in the faith, at Athens.

It was Rabbi Jonas, who brought Myro news of the legacy. She received the money, but handed it over to Theodorus, to be used in deeds of charity, first taking care that a simple memorial was erected upon the grave of Rachel and her son. The memorial was an urn without inscription, for there was no one except Myro, that would acknowledge those who slept beneath.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WEDDING.

THE preparations for the marriage of Charmides and Hermione, were nearly completed. Two dawns more, and the lovers would be united.

Of late, however, Hermione had not felt entirely happy. A change had suddenly come over Charmides. He was now gloomy and reticent. He appeared absent-minded and cold, in her society. How was she to interpret this? She besought his confidence; but he denied it. He assured her that it was bliss that scattered his thoughts. Yet even while he was assuring her, his whole being bore witness that he lied; and in his eye lay a crouching fear, as if the furies were shaking their serpent scourge over his head.

Hermione saw her father contending with weighty cares. This also depressed her. Latterly, she, herself, could not help observing the hatred with which the Athenians, heathen as well as Christian, regarded Chrysanteus. Even those who had hitherto supported him, had now, with few exceptions, fallen away. The gymnasia stood empty, and the youth, weary of the hard censor, gathered as before, about the degenerate disciples of Epicurus. The charitable institutions, now benefitted only their officers, at whose salaries the people grumbled, and whom the sick and poor feared, on account of evil, and perhaps true, reports. There was scarcely one among the principal families of the city, which did not feel justified in complaining of Chrysanteus, because some of their members had been struck down by the rigor with which he exercised his censorship. He had removed immoral priests, and accused and convicted corrupt officers *en masse*. But the vacant places

found few or no applicants, since the discontented threatened all such with persecution. It was a common occurrence for the priests thus deposed, to throw themselves into the arms of the Christian church. This continually made proselytes, not only among the lower classes, but also among the educated. Chrysanteus' zeal seemed to produce results directly the opposite of those he wished. He was not blind to this. He began really to doubt the possibility of winning any victory for the cause whose champion he was.

To these anxieties, was added the sorrow which Clemens gave him. Peter's public trial had now commenced, and every time he was led into court, a crowd of people followed, expressing their sympathy. Clemens had been summoned to testify about his foster-father. Instead of accusing him he had, with the cheers of the Christian by-standers, cast himself into the bishop's arms, and solemnly thanked him for the influence he had exercised upon his fate; and when Clemens found that the trial would undoubtedly end by the doom of death being pronounced upon Peter, he was filled with bitterness and abhorrence for his father, and gave vent to these feelings unchecked, before the people. He still lived in the grotto, on the pillar-field, and his repute for holiness increased every day. The Homoiousian women loved to call him "Saint Clemens," as they spoke of "Saint Simon."

This epithet flattered the young ascetic. He had conquered, in the strife with his sensuous nature, and the fruit of victory was a physical condition in which he oftener associated with angels, and the holy Virgin, than with the realities of this world.

Chrysanteus had made a visit to Eleusis, to see the new temple, building there. It was night, when journeying homeward, he approached Athens. One of those sudden, impetuous storms, which are peculiar to southern climes,

had burst upon the traveller's head. The rain fell in torrents, and the white glare of lightning illumined the country.

But not far from the double gate, it ceased raining, and the driver, who had been walking by the side of his frightened horses, was able to take his place again, upon the carriage.

They were now in the neighborhood of the pillar-field. While Chrysanteus was thinking of his son, who passed the night in the open grotto, the driver pointed toward a faint light seen from the plain, and asked whence it was.

Chrysanteus alighted, and told the servant to drive on. He wished to visit Clemens. The light came from his grotto.

The young anchorite had probably been awakened during the storm, against which his wretched dwelling afforded a very insufficient shelter.

Chrysanteus wished to see how it was with Clemens. Perhaps, also, in the night and solitude, after the madness of the elements had been appeased, he would be more willing to endure the sight of his father, and listen to his friendly words.

With this hope, Chrysanteus passed over the well-known burial-place, and walked towards the light.

He soon found himself close to the anchorite's grotto.

The lamp, placed close to a wall, which shielded it from the blast, lit up the shallow cave. Clemens was sitting on his bed of moss. He was not alone. Facing him, with back turned towards the entrance, there crouched upon the ground a hideous figure, in whom Chrysanteus, to his amazement, recognized Simon the pillar-saint.

When the storm raged most violently, Simon had left his perch to visit his neighbor. They had talked long, and their conversation was still going on, when Chrysanteus stopped, without. Simon spoke in a loud and angry voice.

"Once more, go hence!" said he to Clemens. "I know you, boy. You are son of the old serpent, and a serpent yourself, that I have cherished in my bosom. You have come here to steal from me, but take care, Philip, I have a sharp eye, and a sharp ear. The thief shall be brought to shame."

"Father," said Clemens, deeply moved, "I do not understand you. Why are you angry with me? Is it because my heart is evil? I pray every day for a new one, and heaven hears me, I think, for the angels and the mother of God have vouchsafed to appear unto me, and purify me with their companionship. Did not you, too, Simon, contend with sin, before you won the holiness which now shines about you? Bear with my youth, father, and suffer me to remain near you, to be edified and strengthened by your counsel."

"Heaven, itself, has spoken," exclaimed the saint. "It was my prayers that opened its mouth. The thunder roared in your ear, 'go hence!' and the lightning threatened to strike you, if you continue to desecrate this place. What have you to do here?"

"I have told you, most reverend Simon. Be angry no longer!"

"Ah, I know well enough, your intention. You are sent here, by your accursed father, to compel me to die of hunger and thirst. Oh, I am terribly hungry," wailed Simon; "the pious and generous have forgotten the old man, to gape at the young. No one appeases now my hunger. No one quenches my thirst. All go to you. Woe unto you, Philip!"

"Your accusation is unjust, father Simon. I content myself with a single loaf, and the water I drink, I myself fetch from the spring."

"They call you the saint," hissed Simon. "Have you heard them call you the saint?"

"Yes," answered Clemens, "and with God's help I will become worthy that name."

"But I tell you: go hence! Now, this minute, you shall go, never to return. The night is dangerous, Philip. Heaven has not shot forth all its thunderbolts. Beware my curse—and my claws. With these hands I strangled Paul. They know how to clutch a throat. Look out for your own!"

"Oh, my God, what do you say? You are talking wildly, Simon. Whom do you say you strangled?"

"Lama ragschu gojim—these were Paul's last words. I shall never forget them. He sat in a room in the tower reading the Psalms of David, as was his wont, when I crept in and strangled him. That was an act pleasing to God! and it stands written by the side of my name in the book of life. Lama ragschu gojim. Did you know Paul? No, no, you could not have known him. You were a child then. The heretical patriarch had fasted six days when the command came that he should die. Macedonius wished it and the emperor wished it, too. Macedonius pledged me the bliss of heaven, and promised to educate my Peter to a great man, if I did it.

"I am now a saint, and my son a bishop. I did not hate Paul, but I hate you, Philip, because you are an ungrateful, envious, treacherous son. I tell you once more, go hence, or beware my claws. Feel, how they can clutch."

He hopped forward to Clemens, stretched out his long bony arms, and his dark, fleshless fingers fastened suddenly about Clemens' throat, so tightly, that he could not breathe.

The youth made a powerful effort to free himself. But in vain. Simon's fingers were like iron,—he did not loose his hold. His eyes, glittering with the fire of insanity, seemed to emit sparks.

"Boy," hissed he — "swear to go hence — for ever—or I murder you!"

Seized by a deathly terror, Clemens would have taken

the oath; but he could not. He felt himself about to be stifled. Fear gave him a momentary strength,—he raised himself from the moss bed on which he had been sitting. One hand seized the demon's long matted beard; the other instinctively sought his eyes.

Simon gave a yell like the roar of a wounded beast. His hands loosened,—Clemens had gouged out one of his eyes. The next moment both the saints fell struggling to the ground.

But Clemens' strength was gone: Simon threw himself upon him, and again clutched his throat with his long taloned fingers. Clemens became unconscious.

All this had taken but a few seconds. A moment more and Chrysanteus had hastened forward to help his son. With difficulty he succeeded in freeing him from the pillar-man. Simon uttered a mad cry, as he recognized his new antagonist. He raised himself upon his legs, distorted by long years of kneeling. Blood ran from his mangled eye, while the other seemed to spout fire.

A fierce contest now commenced between the archon and the stylite, in which the latter exerted the whole force of an infuriated madman. The lamp was thrown down, and darkness enveloped their narrow battle-field. Chrysanteus succeeded in dragging his foe outside the cavern, and here his strength, developed by life-long gymnastic exercises, finally conquered. But the victory was not complete while Simon could move a limb. His point of attack was his opponent's throat, and he had succeeded in fastening upon it, when Chrysanteus dashed the head of his hideous enemy against the city-wall.

Simon fell, a bloody corpse, at his feet.

Clemens had recovered his senses during this fight. When Chrysanteus, dripping with sweat, turned from the slain, he saw the youth's white tunic fluttering in the wind.

Dazed and quaking, Clemens had witnessed the contest

between two figures, ill-defined in the darkness, and seeming, to his imagination, of giant size and monstrous form.

The wild laugh and the *lama ragschu gojim*, which fell from the murderous saint whenever he succeeded in clutching his antagonist's throat, convinced Clemens that one of the combatants was Simon, and reminded him, together with the pain in his neck, of the horrible scene in the grotto, and the mortal danger he had just escaped. Terror chilled his blood. Night prevented him from recognizing his deliverer, and when the struggle was ended, and one of the figures approached him, he knew not whether it were Simon or the other. His consciousness had cleared, but only for a moment, to be again shrouded in deeper darkness. He uttered a frightened cry, and staggered backwards as Chrysanteus grasped his hand.

"Philip," said Chrysanteus, "it is I, your father. Fear not! The wretch, who sought to murder you, has met his doom. Follow me!"

He heard the command, recognized the voice, and obeyed. He allowed Chrysanteus to lead him by the hand across the field, and through Ceramicus, to the house on Tripod street. But the answers he gave to his father's questions on the way, betrayed a disordered mind.

Alas, this was not of a transitory nature. The events at the grotto had given the last blow to the youth's tottering reason. Clemens was mad.

Next day's sun found Simon no more upon the pillar, whence he had so long greeted its rising. Old Bathyllus, walking early across the field, found him lying, with broken skull, and bloody face, beside the city wall.

The bear-skin, which had clothed the saint in life, was found in the grotto, where the young anchorite was wont to pass his time. Upon Simon's naked back was seen a long, deep scar, which no one troubled himself about. It was the mark of the hot iron, with which Peter, Homiousian bishop, had awakened his father from the dead.

News of the fate of Simon, the pillar-saint, spread like wild-fire through the city. People exhausted themselves in surmises about his mysterious taking-off. It surprised all, that he was not found lying at the foot of his pillar; it might then have been supposed that he had tumbled off and crushed his head in the fall. Now it was evident that he had left the pillar during the night, and succumbed to some enemy after a hard battle. The trampled sod around the grotto, clearly proved this.

But all mystery was quickly dispelled. Chrysanteus hastened to acquaint the authorities with the occurrence. The Christians learned that it was the arch-heathen, who had murdered their venerated saint. The circumstances justifying the act, they deemed made up for the occasion. They were filled with a madness which overcame their fear of the sword of government. When the Homoiousian priesthood took up the dead man, and in solemn procession, carried his bloody corpse through the streets to the cathedral, a fanatical throng pressed around the bier, and gave vent to their rage in wild threats against the archon. Athens bore the same features as during the days preceding the death of Constantius. In the afternoon they stormed the prison where Peter was kept; the doors were burst open, and the prisoner, against his own express wish, carried by the mob to his house; which, however, he immediately left, to deliver himself up into the hands of justice.

The riot would have assumed a still more threatening aspect, had not Chrysanteus hastened to quell it by force. By virtue of the authority the emperor placed in his hands, he assumed command of the troops at Athens, and used them with unsparing severity. The legionaries attacked the tumultuous crowds with levelled lances, and scattered them. Blood was shed in many quarters of the city. Towards night, quiet was restored, and a multitude of Christians, who had been taken prisoners, were incarcerated to be tried on the morrow, as rioters.

Under such deplorable circumstances, the day dawned on which Chrysanteus was to celebrate his daughter's wedding.

Charmides and Hermione had scrupulously observed the traditional customs and religious rites with which the legal union of two lovers had always been celebrated by their forefathers. They together had offered sacrifices to the divinities who were looked upon as the guardians of matrimony, to all-father Zeus, to Hera, and to the maidenly Artemis. Hermione had cut off her locks, and laid them upon the altar of the goddess of wisdom. These ceremonies were performed, as was customary, the day before the marriage.

On the wedding eve, throngs of people crowded into Tripod street and the market place beneath the Acropolis, to gaze upon the bridal procession which was to pass from the house of Chrysanteus to that of the bridegroom, situated at the entrance of Piræan street. Both houses had been adorned, since morning, with garlands and bouquets, by the young friends of the bridal pair.

At last, the procession appeared. First came a carriage, drawn by white horses, in which rode the bride with the *νυμφαγωγός* or bride's knight, a young unmarried friend of Charmides. The carriage was followed by a white clad throng, decked with flowers, bearing torches in their hands. Among the beautiful girls, Hermione's friends, were seen Ismene and Berenice. The youths, who by couples escorted the maidens, were, for the most part, noble strangers and disciples of the Academy, or belonged to families so allied to Chrysanteus or Charmides, that in spite of the general ill-will against the archon, they were compelled by custom to participate in the ceremonies.

Hermione wore a robe of *byssos* and purple, and in accordance with an ancient custom, was veiled. The veil

hid her pale face, which otherwise would have betrayed disquietude, suffering, and gloomy forebodings.

Musicians accompanied the procession, and the tones of the Lydian flute floated out in sparkling melodies.

Very stately it all appeared by torch light, but it was by no means so joyous as scenes of this kind usually are.

Youths and maidens did not jest with each other. From the numerous beholders came no cry of applause. They maintained a profound silence. No friends of the bridal pair pressed forward to congratulate them. No gaily-clad boys appeared, to scatter flowers before the carriage, or throw bouquets at the brides-maids.

Before the last of the party had left Chrysanteus' house, something occurred which struck all as an evil omen.

Poor Clemens appeared at one of the windows. According to the heathen custom, he had decked himself with garlands, in honor of the day.

He spoke with a loud voice a few words, which the heathen by-standers regarded as a dark prophecy, and which the Christians recognized as the words of the holy apostle, John.

"In one hour, shalt thou be made desolate, and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee, and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee. Woe, woe unto thee!"

The pale face vanished from the window as soon as these words were uttered.

When the procession reached the house of the bridegroom, it was received by him and a few of his friends.

Charmides, crowned, and robed in glittering purple, lifted his bride from the carriage, took her hand and led her over his threshold. Then the festivities commenced.

They were kept up, as usual, till far into the night. At first the depression of the guests was very evident. The unhappy omen with which they had left the house of the

bride, weighed upon their spirits; and it was whispered round among the company, what the crazed youth had said. Charmides was the only person who seemed joyous. But the generous wines, drunk during the repast, at length awoke the butterflies of jest; they stretched their wings and began fluttering over the garlanded party. Annæus Domitius, who represented the bridegroom's father, joyfully chimed in with the gayer tone that now prevailed. And when the wedding songs arose and music invited the young to dance and sport, the gloomy presage was forgotten, and pleasure beamed from every face which was not doomed, like the bride's, to be hidden under a veil.

Charmides sat beside Hermione, and, happy and enraptured, was whispering to her, when noisy strains of music arose from without, which soon resolved themselves into a double choir of good voices, youths' and maidens', who sang a wedding song, in honor of the young couple.

They were Olympiodorus, Palladius, and many others of that glad company, who were wont to assemble in the gardens of Epicurus. In this way they took farewell of a friend, who exchanged the free domain of Eros for that of his more serious brother, Hymen.

The verses were sung alternately by the choir of youths and girls, while both joined in the refrain with which each verse ended.

“Hymen, give gladness and joy! Hymenæus eja, Hymenæus!”

The maidens complained of the evening star, which they called the most cruel of the eternal fires, that, after Chaos, were lit in the vault of heaven. For it is the star of evening which tears the blushing, trembling bride from her mother's bosom and gives her to a bold, impetuous youth. Should a city taken by a remorseless enemy, be more lamented than she? So sang the maids, but this did not prevent them, when their lament was over, from joining in the lively refrain:

"Hymen, give gladness and joy! Hymenæus, eja, Hymenæus!"

The choir of young men answered, "A brighter torch than the evening star shines not for the mortals of earth, or the gods of Olympus. What the parents had determined, was ratified by her; what the lovers had long desired, was accomplished by her and by none other—"

"Hymen give gladness and joy! Hymenæus eja, Hymenæus!"

"Sisters," the maidens commenced again, "The evening star has torn a friend from our circle. When we, hereafter, in the Spring time, stroll in the woods and over the meadow to pluck the fragrant flowers, we shall miss her who was the loveliest among us all. She has been stolen away by a robber. Fruitless was all our vigilance. The evening star brought the night, and the night brought the lurking thief. What is a bridegroom other than a thief, though the name be different!"

"Brothers," sang the manly choir in turn. "How it pleases the maidens to deceive us with a feigned lament! They secretly long for what they say they fear—"

"Hymen give gladness and joy! Hymenæus, eja, Hymenæus!"

The maidens continued: "Loved by all is the flower growing in the well-hedged garden, where it is threatened neither by the browsing lamb nor the tearing plough. The winds caress, the sun animates, and the rains nourish it. Boys and girls desire it. But plucked, it withers, and is desired by none. So it is with a girl."

The youths answered, "The vine that, unwedded, lives where it is born, on the wild field, never lifts itself towards heaven, never brings forth the wild grape. Sad, it bows itself to the earth. But let it be wedded to the lofty elm, and lovely, itself, it is loved by the cultivator. So it is with a girl. Sing, therefore, with us."

“Hymen, give gladness and joy! Hymenæus, eja, Hymenæus!”

Both choirs now joined in the last verse, which ran thus:

“Long life to the happy bride and bridegroom! May the divinity of youth bless you with beautiful children! Cypris strengthen your true love, and Zeus grant you real weal! Sleep, but forget not to awake on the morrow! We come again with the morning star—”

“Hymen, give gladness and joy! Hymenæus, eja, Hymenæus!”

When the song was ended, the tones of Lydian flutes again sounded, accompanied by lyres and citharas.

Among the numerous listeners to the serenade were presbyter Euphemius and Rabbi Jonas.

Each had an important errand to accomplish. Euphemius was sent by Peter and bore in his girdle a letter, which early next morning was to be handed to Chrysanteus.

The letter contained only a few lines. Peter congratulated Chrysanteus and the newly married couple, and gave his blessing to their union. This he did in the name of the Christian church, since Charmides had connected himself with it indissolubly and forever, by accepting the rite of baptism.

This amazing discovery was to inaugurate the coming day for Chrysanteus.

Rabbi Jonas had another errand, which must be performed that very night. The Rabbi bore in the belt under his caftan, a carefully sharpened dagger, whose point, for greater certainty, had been poisoned.

Ever since Baruk's death, Rabbi Jonas had seldom appeared among his countrymen and fellow-believers. Neither had he entered the synagogue. It was said he was very sick, rent by some inward grief, and this report

was confirmed by his appearance. He had grown very thin of late, and his form was more shrunken than ever.

He had passed the whole evening, after the arrival of the bridal procession, in front of Charmides' house.

During the serenade, he took a position very near the door. By his side stood a man with Jewish features, a relative of his.

This man was a jeweler; and during the last few days had often been sent for, by Charmides, who wished to select the ornaments with which, according to a custom among the wealthy, he would endow his young wife, the morning after the wedding. So the jeweler was acquainted with the interior of the house, and had moreover gained from Charmides' young servant, Alexander, as complete a description of the whole locality as his friend and relative, the Rabbi, needed.

On the left side of the hall, very near where they now stood, there was a stair-way, leading to a room in the second story. If the door to the chamber should be locked, it could be easily opened by a peculiarly bent hook, which the Rabbi bore in his girdle, and in whose use he had perfected himself during the last few days, when he was neither able to study nor perform the duties of his office. From this chamber, which was generally empty, another door led on to a balcony running round the court, from which the whole story, with its various apartments, was accessible.

The Rabbi knew full well the situation of the bridal chamber and its adjoining rooms.

If he could succeed in getting whole-skinned out of the house, after accomplishing his mission, everything was in readiness for a hasty flight from Athens.

He now awaited the proper moment for his undertaking. His features bore the impress of calm determination. When the serenade ended, and the greater portion of the inquisi-

tive people without the house had marched off after the musicians, the jeweler left him and followed the crowd. The Rabbi stood at his post, listening to the joyous hum of the wedding guests, and counting those who departed.

When, at last, the hum grew low, and only the guests nearest related to the bridal pair remained, the Rabbi, with silent step, crept up the stair-way.

He had rightly calculated his time. At the same moment, Hermione was conducted, by the light of torches, to a room on one side of the bridal chamber, where the last ceremonies were to be performed, before she was led by her friends to the bridal bed.

According to the usual custom, Charmides had withdrawn at the same time, to a room on the other side of the bridal apartment, to offer up incense to Cypris, and await the conclusion of the ceremonies and the bridesmaids' departure.

Ever since the visit to the morgue, Charmides had been haunted by the pallid forms of Rachel and her son. At night they appeared at his bed-side ; by day they never stood clearer before him than when in Hermione's society. He suffered the torments of Orestes, hunted by the Furies, and if he still believed in a divinity, it was in him who sends the pangs of conscience.

This evening, however, he had felt himself free from that anguish. The gods who favor love and marriage, had barred out the Furies from the wedding hall. Rachel's form had not endured the bridal festivities, but vanished from his side. She would have returned, had he been told the unhappy omen with which the bride had left her father's house. But the guests had concealed this. It was out of place and dangerous to mention an unlucky omen. They could whisper to each other that they had observed it, but nothing more ; and no one was found who forgot to add to himself the old formula for such occasions : " the gods avert misfortune ! "

Charmides had now but one wish: that the last guest should depart. He longed to be alone with his bride. He heard from the room on the other side the bridal chamber, the sportive jests of the young women, upon Hermione, as they washed her feet with water drawn from the holy fount, Callirrhoe. He remembered that he, too, had a pious duty to fulfil, and threw a few grains of incense into the chafing dish upon the tripod, praying, as he did thus, to Cypris, the goddess of love.

The chamber, where he was, had two doors. One, which was now open, led to the bridal chamber, the other opened upon the balcony, just mentioned.

Charmides' attention was attracted for a moment, by a slight noise outside the latter. He thought it was caused by some one of the guests or house servants going across the balcony.

The cause, however, was another. It was the Rabbi, who, after glancing through the close lattice-work of the door, bolted it from without.

Immediately afterwards the door between the same balcony and the bridal chamber, was opened, but so silently, that Charmides would not have observed it, had he not been looking in that direction.

The chamber was dimly lighted by a single hanging lamp. By its light, Charmides suddenly saw a dark figure which, with noiseless step, crossed the floor directly towards him.

Beside himself with amazement, he recognized him who was formerly betrothed to Rachel, and whom he had often seen at Baruk's house.

Jonas, however, was much changed, and seemed more like a ghostly apparition than a living being, as he approached with silent, resolute step, the lamp light falling upon his pale face, whose eyes, flaring from the depths of their sockets, were fastened relentlessly upon Charmides.

Before the latter could speak a word, the Rabbi was at his side, and had shut the door to the bridal chamber, behind him.

“Who are you?—And what will you here?”

With these words Charmides, turning pale, hastily broke the silence.

“Ask, who *we* are, and what *we* will here,” said the rabbi, in a suppressed voice, “Don’t you see, we are many?”

“I know you. You are Jonas, the rabbi. But what seek you here? What causes you to come in such a way, and at this hour?”

“Talk not to me alone,” said Jonas. “You ought to see that I am accompanied by many.”

“You speak like a madman,” exclaimed Charmides. “What will you? I read evil in your eyes.”

“I saw your bridal bed,” said Jonas, “it glitters beautifully with silver and ivory. But you shall never lie in it. It is made in vain. Alas, there are crimes that, when they come to be recompensed, make the Almighty-avenger a beggar God. All the forces of His wrath are as down, in comparison with the weight of a single wretch’s crime. He cannot carry out His own law, which commands an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Had you as many eyes as the vault of heaven, and I blinded them, and teeth as the Behemoth of the deep, and I broke them out, your torture would be as nothing to that you have caused us—me and her, and those who gave her life. If I tear you from your bride’s embrace, I cannot tear you from her heart. No, I come not for recompense, for no recompense is possible, but only to quench my torments in your blood, after I have told you that to-night you shall kiss death and not Hermione.”

Charmides, who had now come to his senses, and guessed the Rabbi’s intention, before he disclosed it, made a move-

ment to throw himself upon the intruder and strike him to the floor.

The Rabbi drew back, baring his dagger at the same moment.

"Its point is poisoned!" he cried. "Only a scratch, and you will die in torture more horrible than that of the possessed! Wretched seducer, who robbed me of my soul's choice! miserable son of an accursed and unclean race, who dared violate a daughter of God's chosen people, seek not the cup of death; I will surely give it you. Would I could but give it drop by drop, and stand by and witness your anguish!"

Charmides perfectly comprehended the danger of his situation. While his enemy was speaking, he neared the door leading to the balcony. He hurriedly strove to open it, and save himself by flight. But the bolt resisted him. Escape in this quarter, was cut off. The other door was covered by the Rabbi, who now approached with lifted dagger. Incomparably superior to his antagonist in strength and agility, Charmides, who by no means lacked decision, would have endeavored to wrest it from his hand; but the announcement that it was poisoned, had taken hold of his imagination, and kept him at a distance.

At this moment the bridesmaids' joyous voices were heard from the bridal chamber, as, after completing the ceremonies, they carried their friend in pomp to the bridal bed, decked with flowers and fluttering with misty *byssos*.

Jonas' mouth drew out into a strange grin, which seemed to command Charmides to listen.

The latter sought for some last means of salvation. To cry for help was of no avail, for the next moment was decisive. He hastily seized the massive tripod, wrought of silver and bronze, to use it as a shield against the first blow, and to strike with before a second could be given.

The convulsive effort was in vain. The tripod's vast

weight, more than one man's burden, forbade the celerity now required. An instant more, and Jonas had thrust his dagger through the thin tunic, up to its hilt in Charmides' breast.

The poisoned tip had found and pierced his heart.

Without a cry, he fell lifeless, and the floor was covered with his blood.

In the bridal chamber, they heard the dull noise of his fall. The next moment the door was thrown open and the women, dumb with terror, saw a black-bearded caftan-clad figure, with horrid, blood-stained countenance, stride past them and vanish through the door to the balcony.

Hermione was the first to recover her senses. She flew instinctively to the room the unknown had left, where her bridegroom should be awaiting her.

But at the sight which met her there, she reeled backward and fell senseless into the arms of her friends.

The shrieks of the women called Chrysanteus and the few remaining guests to the spot.

As they gathered about the bloody corpse, another serenading party stopped outside the house.

Again arose music and song with the old burthen:

"Hymen, give gladness and joy! Hymenæus, eja, Hymenæus!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DAY AFTER.

THE morning after the sad wedding day was destined to confirm a rumor, which long had floated from lip to lip.

It had been whispered that the emperor was dead; killed in a battle with the Persians. No one had yet dared to

proclaim it openly. That had been high treason. Still, scarcely any one could be found, whose ear it had not reached.

The Christians believed the report, for they had long awaited such an end to Julian's life. The heathen believed it not, for they had too much to fear, should it prove true.

The rumor was also embellished with such wonderful additions, that it lost its trustworthy character. The Christians pretended that a knight, clad in radiant armor, had suddenly appeared among the flying columns of the Persians, and that the heathen emperor, as he pursued the enemy, was pierced by a fiery dart from the unknown warrior's hand.

It was added, that after Julian's death, the legions hailed as emperor of the Roman world a mere soldier of the body-guard, a zealous Christian, devoted to the orthodox Homoiousian confession.

The horrible, mysterious catastrophe in which the wedding of Charmides and Hermione ended, had scarcely spread through the city and become the subject of conversation in the market, the streets, and other public resorts, before it was thrust aside by the arrival of another piece of news. A courier from Constantinople had reached the proconsul of Achaia, with a despatch from the theatre of war: at the same time, a priestly letter-carrier, from the patriarch Macedonius, reached the imprisoned Homoiousian Bishop.

About an hour afterwards, Annæus Domitius was seen on horseback, in front of the Athenian garrison, which had been drawn up on the market place. In the presence of an immense multitude of people, the soldiers hailed the name of the new emperor, Jovian.

The jubilee of the Christians drowned the cries of the garrison. The new emperor was Christian and Homoiousian,—no doubt about that!"

They hastened directly from the market to Peter's

prison, to free him. But when they arrived, the jail was already empty. The city authorities had anticipated the multitude and instantly restored to freedom a man who had suddenly regained his power and influence.

The same authorities had thrown open the prison-doors for those who had been arrested for participating in the riot, occasioned by the death of Simon Stylites.

The transports of the Christians were but little diminished by the news, which arrived simultaneously with that of Julian's death and the choice of a new emperor, that, in spite of the victories of Julian, Jovian had concluded an ignominious treaty with Persia, giving up, not only all the conquests which had been made, but also five provinces, long incorporated into the Roman empire, besides delivering to the barbarians the bulwark of the East, the important city of Nisibis, whose inhabitants prayed in vain on their knees, for permission to defend their walls. Because the emperor was a Christian, this peace was applauded as both wise and necessary.

The same morning these momentous occurrences were proclaimed in the ancient city of Pallas Athene, a great public meeting was held of the confessors of the old religion, as well as Christians. The former concealed their grief at Julian's death; their pain was alleviated by the certainty that henceforth Chrysanteus' influence was broken, and that now there was an opportunity of avenging the disgrace his inexorable rigor had caused so many. After it had been decided with what festivities the city should celebrate Jovian's accession to the throne, one of Chrysanteus' opponents arose and spoke against the election by which Chrysanteus held his office of first archon. The meeting declared the election illegal, and Chrysanteus removed from office.

Chrysanteus was informed of this, while his cares were divided between his daughter, struck down by the heavy

hand of fate, his crazed son, and the preparations for the funeral of his son-in-law. He received the news unmoved; but when the messenger had departed, a tear fell upon his cheek, caused less, perhaps, by the ingratitude of the Athenians, than by the letter he held in his hand from Ammianus Marcellinus, confirming the death of Julian, and giving an account of his last moments.

The young hero's death was worthy his life. In a bloody contest, where the countless mounted hordes of the Persians, and their elephant lines, long withstood the resolute and disciplined attack of the Roman foot-soldiers, Julian, who fought in the thickest of the fray, had been wounded by a javelin, which pierced his vitals. After trying in vain to tear the deadly weapon from the wound, he fell powerless from his horse, and was borne by his body-guard out of the fight.

Ammianus Marcellinus, in his letter to Chrysanteus, portrayed, as an eye witness, the last hours of Julian, with the same touching and imposing colors in which he has painted them in his history.

After Julian had been carried to his tent, and aroused from the swoon into which the loss of blood had thrown him, he ordered his horse and his weapons. It was the physician's sorrowful duty to inform him that his wound was mortal, and that not many hours of life remained. He received this announcement calmly. The scene which followed brought to mind the last moments of Socrates. "Friends, and brothers in arms," said he to the philosophers and generals who surrounded his bed, "Nature demands again its loan, and I give it back with the joy of a willing debtor. Philosophy has taught me, that the soul is not truly happy until this noblest portion of our being is freed from the bonds which confine her powers. Religion has taught me, that an early death has often been the reward of piety; I receive as a favor from the gods, this

dispensation, which secures me against the danger of dishonoring a character that has hitherto striven to be true to virtue and to manhood. I now return my thanks to the Supreme Being who has not decreed that I should perish by a tyrant's cruelty, by the dagger of conspiracy, or the affliction of languishing health, but has vouchsafed to take me, in an honorable manner, from the midst of a brilliant career."

After Julian had thus spoken in a calm voice, he divided what little property he had with him, between his friends. Among them, he missed one from his bedside: the general Anatolius. On asking why he was not present to receive his farewell, he was told that Anatolius had fallen in battle. On hearing this, tears filled the eyes of the dying man; but he quickly recovered himself, and mildly upbraided those around him, for giving way to immoderate grief at the departure of a prince who soon would be united with heaven.

He then turned to the philosophers, Priscus and Maximus, with whom he conversed upon the immortality of the soul till towards midnight, when he gave up the ghost. Thus an eye-witness described the death of Julian.

Bishop Peter, however, who, some hours after his liberation, had made his appearance in the pulpit of the cathedral, to thank God for taking away the enemy of Christianity from the earth—Peter had already another account of the same event on hand. In the beginning he narrated to the faithful that Julian's death had been revealed to him, Peter, the night before it occurred, and by the same angel whose fiery dart had hurled the apostate in the dust. When struck down, Julian put his hand to the wound and throwing his blood towards heaven, cried with sad anger: "Galilean! thou hast conquered!" Peter further declared that the apostate died amid the most horrible pangs of conscience, cursing the hour in which he renounced the

pure Homoiousian doctrine, and yet unable, with his faithless soul, to receive salvation through Jesus Christ. His death, Peter asserted, was a new and overwhelming proof of the irrefutable truth, that no one can die happy except in the arms of the Christian church. In conclusion, he edified his congregation with the assurance, that the sentries posted outside the emperor's tent had, with their own eyes, seen the devil fly away with Julian's soul in his hideous claws.

The Bishop had another astonishing miracle to relate, accounts of which had been brought by imperial agents from Asia. An earthquake, followed by a whirlwind, with mighty lightnings, had thrown down the foundation of the new temple at Jerusalem, and balls of fire, rising again and again out of the earth, had driven away the Jews, wherever they stubbornly renewed their attempt to build.

This, Peter solemnly asserted, and after him, Chrysostomus, Ambrosius, and other Christian writers, have asserted the same thing.

The populace was by no means inclined to doubt Peter's word. It was only the Jews of Athens, who dared to make a faint objection to the probability of his story, on the ground of other travellers' testimony, who had no knowledge of any earthquake, but only that, on the news of Julian's death, the Christians had arisen and prevented the Jews from continuing their work.

The preparations for Charmides' funeral were disturbed the same evening by Peter, who sent word to Chrysanteus, that, as his son-in-law was a member of the Christian church, he must be buried according to the Christian custom. By the testimony of two priests, and by an extract from the list of those baptized, Peter had already confirmed the correctness of his statement in the presence of the pro-consul of Achaia. The bishop and his priests then marched to the house of the dead man, took possession of

the corpse, and followed by the multitude, carried it by torch light to the Christian grave yard, where it was committed to the earth, during an address upon the Christian promise of the resurrection, and other ceremonies.

The unexpected discovery that Charmides had been secretly baptized, and was a Christian, created the greatest amazement at Athens, and evil tongues hastened to place this circumstance in connection with his mysterious death on his wedding day. However improbable, it was yet whispered about, and generally believed among the Christians, that Chrysanteus had instigated the murder of his son-in-law—that after it had been made known to him on the wedding day, that Charmides was a Christian, he, in order to dissolve the connection and punish treachery, had hired an assassin, admitted him into the house, and told him the right moment for committing the murder, without its being discovered by the wedding guests.

The same evening masses of people streamed to the proconsular palace, and demanded with loud cries that Chrysanteus should be arrested, as the murderer of Charmides, and Simon the pillar-saint.

Poor Clemens, who had left his home during the day, was seen, with a crowd of priests, at the head of the mob which demanded his father's death, and with a wild zeal taking part in their cries.

While the Christian populace were thus manifesting their wishes, bishop Peter presented himself before the proconsul of Achaia, and demanded that Chrysanteus should immediately be imprisoned, since he himself confessed the murder of the pious pillar-saint.

Annæus Domitius found this request very reasonable, since he dared not withhold his consent.

He determined, however, to defer the arrest until next day, that he might warn Chrysanteus and give him time to flee. A few of the archon's remaining friends, who saw

in what imminent danger he was placed, sought also to caution him. But Theodorus, whose own life was threatened by the Homoiousian priesthood, arrived first at the house of mourning, and persuaded Chrysanteus to think of his safety. Theodorus intended that very night, to betake himself to his friends, the Donatists and Novatians, who, by Chrysanteus' care, had been colonized in the mountainous district of Sunium. Theodorus exhorted Chrysanteus to follow him, with Hermione. They would then be in the neighborhood of Athens, and could return whenever a favorable opportunity offered, or flee over the sea to other climes, if the cliffs of Sunium were no longer able to afford them shelter.

The flight was decided on, and Theodorus assisted actively in the preparations. The same night, Chrysanteus and Hermione, accompanied by Theodorus, and two trusty servants, left Athens.

CHAPTER XXX.

AT SUNIUM.

CHRYSANTEUS and Hermione passed the autumn and winter of the year of Julian's death, in the mountain settlements of Sunium, among the Novatians and Donatists.

They recognized Chrysanteus as their benefactor, to whose care they were indebted for their present earthly fortune, received him and his daughter with joy, and offered them a free city among their cliffs.

Here they now lived, Chrysanteus and Hermione, in a cot which the colonists built for them, at the foot of a wooded hill by the sea, near a little harbor, where the fishing boats were moored.

In case of danger this was the most favorable spot for quickly avoiding it. Danger could, however, hardly approach this unfrequented mountain tract, without being observed in time by the watchful shepherds, wandering with their flocks among the hills. These quondam robbers maintained, in their present undisturbed quiet and peaceful calling, that distrustful wariness against the world outside their mountain, which their former mode of life had rendered necessary, and which they still had reason for observing, uncertain as they were, whether the peace granted them were lasting, or only an armistice.

Soon after the news of Julian's accession arrived, an appeasing edict of the new Christian emperor, giving an undiminished freedom of conscience and profession, had been proclaimed, reaching even the ears of the Novatians.

This edict, however, afforded Chrysanteus no protection from the accusations brought against him, in Athens, for the murder of Charmides and Simon the saint. His only protection was the secrecy resting over his asylum, and faithfully observed by all around him. Neither had it occurred to Peter to seek him in a district so near Athens.

The only strange faces which showed themselves during this time among the hamlets of Sunium, were the imperial tax-gatherers, and these disappeared as soon as they had accomplished their official errand, that is to say, had extorted all the coin that, in exchange for the colonists' cattle and grain, had found its way into this remote quarter.

Had not communication with Athens and through Athens with the rest of the world, been kept up by Theodorus, who, after the proclamation of religious freedom, divided his time between his congregation at Athens and his friends in Sunium, these latter would scarcely have been reached, in their unnoticed asylum, by even a rumor of the events that surged over the world around them, and set in motion the chisel of History.

Chrysanteus thus learned, through Theodorus, that Jovian suddenly died while on his retreat from Persia, and before reaching the capital, and that Valentinianus had been hailed emperor by the armies of the East, and recognized by the senate.

Valentinianus, soon after his accession, had raised his brother, Valens, to equal authority with himself, and divided with him the Roman empire, so the latter became ruler over the Orient and Greece.

A short time after Theodorus brought this news to Sunium, he transferred his labors entirely to his Novatian brethren, and pitched his tent among them, as Athens had again become a dangerous place for him. Bishop Peter and the Homoiousian priesthood, began to conduct themselves with their old despotism and intolerance, and rumors were afloat that persecutions, favored by the remorseless Valens, himself a zealous Homoiousian, had broken out in many parts of the east, against dissenting Christian congregations.

Would persecution also reach these peaceful vales? Their dwellers had reason to fear it. Of many different beliefs themselves, they had been compelled, in days of common necessity, to exercise mutual toleration, under the influence of which they at last found that the only thing essential was common to them all, that the end and aim of all was the realization of Christianity, in heart and deed, and that the first, and in truth the least result of the life of Christian love, is that we do not murder each other for difference of opinion in worthless metaphysics.

In the midst of these rigid and earnest Christians, the champion of the old religion and culture, led, with his daughter, a life whose mild tranquility, unbroken by storm or suffering, worked like balm upon their souls.

At that moment Chrysanteus' only wish was to enjoy this blessed repose undisturbed, until the ocean, with whose

overwhelming power he had in vain contended, rolled its billows over his forgotten grave. He wished to forget, that the world, outside his mountain, was the scene of continued triumphs for the powers he loathed, and sought new objects for his untiring activity, in the narrow circle now open to him—in the occupations of the farmers, and in care for the well-being of the people who had given him a refuge.

This quiet became still dearer to him on account of the influence he saw it exerted upon Hermione. Deeply stricken and almost crushed by her own and her father's misfortunes, her soul had regained strength in nature's bosom, in work for the necessities of life, and in intercourse with people, whose raw exterior could not conceal the ennobled humanity their earnest strivings to live in God had fashioned within them.

That this ennobling was not the fruit of the views and doctrines her father cherished, and she herself continued, though doubtingly, to embrace, caused her a sigh, perhaps, and prevented her from expressing to him her joy at the phenomenon; but it made her happy, nevertheless, for she was compelled to place the good attained, above the means of attaining it.

Through Hermione's industry and love of beauty, their little farm-house soon wore the appearance of a home, where nothing bore witness of wealth, but all of taste and thrift. The cottage was shaded from the mid-day sun by spreading oaks, and separated from the cove by a garden, where the most beautiful flowers of the region displayed their charms, by the side of vegetables useful for the table. The walls of Chrysanteus' house were covered with tapestry, woven by Hermione, and to the simple furniture, made by the colonists, were added books and the cithara which had been safely removed from Athens, by Theodorus, and brought to mind their former home.

Theodorus had chosen his dwelling near Chrysanteus, in a

defile, from which there was a view over a pleasant flowering dale, where the houses of the colonists showed here and there among the foliage, and on whose slopes their many herds were grazing.

It was a lovely spring evening. While a portion of the colonists were assembled to confer with Chrysanteus, Hermione set out upon a walk, and on the way met Theodorus.

Their conversation turned, as usual, upon religion. Theodorus continued untiringly his work of conversion, and the more zealously, because it was making evident progress with the philosopher's daughter. Hermione's thoughts were more than ever directed towards the spiritual, since her earthly hopes had sunk in the grave. She felt the need of potent consolation, that would penetrate her innermost soul, but found it not in philosophy. She could not reflect upon the last year she passed in her native city, with its horrible occurrences, which tore her bridegroom from her bosom, restored her loved brother bereft of reason, cut down a hero, from whose might she expected the salvation of the world, and her father's honor, and heaped upon that father's head so many sorrows, blighted hopes and dangers,—she could not recall these events, without gloomy doubts arising as to the nature of that Power which rules the world and the fate of men; and she felt, if the dark problems of life were to receive a solution which would satisfy the heart instead of crushing it, there was need of a firm faith in an all-loving Father in Heaven.

With this conviction, the New Testament became to her a book, in comparison to which Plato and Porphyry stood as night to day; and the reading of this Book made all the deeper impression upon her, as there were in her case no conceptions of Christ previously beaten in to disturb or diminish its force. What she needed,—an example in suffering,—she here found; but she would not have found it, had Christ been to her God himself, who, conscious of

the infallibility of his mission, had accomplished the work of redemption with a little time of voluntarily assumed suffering. For her the great, overpowering and irresistibly touching portion of the Evangelists was to see this mortal, in being neither greater nor less than herself, for whom the book of the future was shut, for whom doubt might therefore arise as to the fruits of his labors, for whom tests were real tests, and temptations, such as work upon a weak and restricted nature, real temptations,—to see this mere mortal come out conqueror from the strife between the highest requirements of the good and the instigations of the world, and reveal, in his purity, the image of God, thereby becoming the Example and Redeemer of the human race; armed for this mission not with supernatural powers, not with superhuman knowledge in Divine things, not with power over the hosts of Heaven, but with an unfaltering faith in a moral government of the world, and a good Father in Heaven, which every child, born of woman, should and can possess.

Christ, the man, suffers everything that society can heap upon us,—poverty with its contempt and care. He has not where to lay his head. Misunderstood, he goes through the world. His own mother and brethren comprehended him not. His disciples misinterpret him continually; lack of success must give him disquiet and sadness; hate persecutes him with railing; the authorities and the educated of his people seek his life; he is deceived even by the few who follow him. He beseeches in vain the friend, who rested on his bosom, to watch with him in Gethsemane; the strongest character among his disciples denies him, and another sells his life for thirty pieces of silver;—the people he would lead to God and freedom, cry out for his crucifixion and for the release of a malefactor; he is scourged, scoffed at, nailed to the cross, and dies in anguish. He suffers all this because, fighting against every temptation to live for his own

happiness, and at peace with an immoral world, he follows the same soul-exhortation, which speaks in our own hearts, but which we oftenest silence. And during these trials, he renounces neither his courage and power, nor his faith, his gentleness and love towards those who persecuted him.

By contemplating the life of Jesus, Hermione learned how love may exist without a heart to answer or understand it, and how one can suffer in order that, through suffering, he may become strengthened and perfected.

She acknowledged to herself and to Theodorus, that it was the study of the New Testament which, more than anything else, had sustained her under the severe tests of later times. But to call herself by the Galilean's name, or enter, as a member, the institution which named itself for Him, the very thought was loathsome to her! The conversation she now carried on with Theodorus, as they walked through the valley embellished by the beauty of Spring and the industry of man, again turned to this point. In many things Theodorus did not agree with her; he conceived Christ to be the Word incarnated in a mysterious, and to man, not fully comprehensible sense; he believed in the gift of grace, connected with the sacrament; but he admitted willingly that salvation was not confined to the acceptance of certain dogmas, that Jesus was not come to be the object of speculative musings, that his own words, from the sermon on the mount to his discourse to the disciples the night he was betrayed, bore no trace of metaphysical problems proposed or solved, but on the contrary, he rebuked the Pharisees and Sadducees, whenever they came to him with such queries.

"Be, then, a follower of Christ, apart from all dogmas," was Theodorus' council.

On the other hand, he reproached her because, while the most natural forms of Christian worship repelled her, she still took part in the customs and ceremonies of the old

religion, though there was manifestly in these, something hostile to the worship of God in spirit and in truth. Hermione was compelled to admit that he was right; but she excused herself on the ground of forbearance towards her father, to whom these were holy observances, wedded with those universal views that recognize reason, freedom, and human worth. But when she perceived that Christianity not only recognizes these truths, but places them in clearer light, those reasons which were valid for Chrysanteus, were of no avail to her. To conquer the feelings which induced such a forbearance, would be but a slight proof of that self-denial the founder of the Christian religion enjoins upon his disciples. If Hermione would acknowledge the Galilean as her master, not only with her mouth, but with heart and deed, she ought to acquire strength to burst the last bond which held her to the old religion.

This demand of Theodorus caused her tears. She thought of the pain her compliance would cause her father.

But from that moment she gained a clearer conception of her position, and felt sure that she no more belonged to the religion of Julian and Chrysanteus, that the myths she had loved to interpret, and whose beauty she had admired, were only veiled—and when they were unveiled—only pale images of the same, eternal truth, which Jesus so clearly and simply disclosed for the whole human race, and not for some few initiated ones; she found that, in reality, she was a Christian, and she ought not, with her mouth, deny Him, whom in thought and act, she wished to follow, as far as she was able.

While this confession was upon her lips, the conversation was interrupted by a third person, who suddenly appeared close by. Hermione and Theodorus had seated themselves upon a bench at the foot of a hill, shaded by the fresh leaf-work of Spring. This prevented their seeing the man who

had accidentally overheard their conversation, and now deemed it best to appear.

He was clad in a coarse cloak, travelling belt and spike-studded sandals, and carried a stout staff in his hand.

It was Euphemius. His appearance caused Theodorus an unpleasant surprise, whereas he himself seemed very agreeably affected by the meeting.

"Brother, what brings you here?" Theodorus asked, hastily rising and going towards the presbyter to draw his attention from Hermione.

Euphemius, however, did not appear to have either noticed or recognized her. He answered:

"I greet you, Theodorus! You must wonder at finding me here, and I myself wonder no less, that in this labyrinth of mountain and valley I have been able at last to find the right way to my brother Theodorus."

"And yet it is no miracle. The friendly shepherds I met on the hills, and the people I found in the cots have, with their advice and information, directed my steps, and through them I knew I was near your dwelling, when I lit upon you here."

"Well, follow me to my house, and let me there wash your feet and prepare a meal for you," said Theodorus. "It is, without doubt, an important errand that placed your travelling staff in your hand. We will talk about it after you have refreshed yourself under my roof."

Euphemius accepted Theodorus' invitation, and followed him to his cottage.

After the black-haired presbyter had partaken of the food set before him, with the keen appetite which wandering among the hills can give, and had asked a tiresome number of questions concerning Theodorus and his congregation, he at last came out with his errand.

He had girded himself and taken his staff in his hand, to deliver to brother Theodorus a message, in the form of a letter from his father Peter.

Peter exhorted Theodorus, in paternal phrase, to return to Athens, because his stay among acknowledged heretics must cast a further shadow upon his already doubtful orthodoxy. Were it true, as Peter had heard, that Theodorus not only availed himself of the hospitality of the Novatian and Donatist apostates for his maintenance, but had also assumed the office of priest in the congregation, then the worst reports about him were confirmed, and he could with difficulty be saved from his self-imposed temporal and eternal destruction. Yet even in this case, the bishop would leave a way of escape open, with which intent he had now sent his son Euphemius to accompany Theodorus from Sunium's mountain to Athens. The bishop assured him that he should be received with fatherly tenderness, and that the past should be forgotten, if he would repent of his apostacy and show himself willing to abjure his errors.

The letter contained, moreover, a bitter complaint against the Colony in Sunium. Its vicinity to Athens threatened the security of the city and neighborhood, since the Colonists were not only heretics, but acknowledged malefactors, robbers and rebels, well known ever since they had their haunt in Parnassus. The crimes against persons and property, which were on the increase in Attica, were attributed, by the inhabitants, certainly not without reason, to these strangers; it was further to be deplored that they gave a free city to escaped criminals and slaves. This could not be endured much longer, and Peter prophesied that the worldly power would unite itself with the spiritual, to punish the criminal, and bring back the erring.

The bishop concluded with a renewed and affecting exhortation to Theodorus, to return to Athens in company with brother Euphemius.

"Well," said Euphemius, as Theodorus laid the letter aside, "what is your decision?"

"My brother, to-morrow you will return alone to Athens. I have no business there."

“O, my brother, reflect before you thus decide,” groaned Euphemius. “I assure you the bishop wishes your happiness. As deep as was his affliction at having lost you, so great will be his joy at seeing you, like the prodigal son, return to his arms. Be assured, that the fatted calf shall not be wanting. Peter always says that you were destined for something great, Theodorus; that the rare gifts the Lord has lent you, rightly used, would make you a pillar in his congregation. If you follow me, Theodorus, your path will lead towards a noble future. What have I against you? Euphemius, who has long been the eldest presbyter in the Athenian congregation, has no aspirations, neither has he any claim or desire to be anything else. He, who possesses talents such as yours, is bound and entitled to seek a field of labor worthy of them—where they may be fully employed. Brother, you are destined to be bishop, and, if you wish, will shortly be clad with that dignity. I say this not to puff up your pride; I say it rather to humble you, for you have hitherto done everything to abuse your gifts and squander your fortune.”

“Let us leave this bootless subject,” said Theodorus. “Here, in Sunium, I have a blessed field of labor, fully equal to my powers. But although I cannot personally follow you to Athens, my brother, you will nevertheless bear a letter from me to Peter. I must repel the charge that the colonists make the country hereabout insecure. More peaceful and law-abiding people than they, you can nowhere find; and before you leave us, you ought to convince yourself with your own eyes, that their dwellings are not robber dens, but homes for industrious, contented and virtuous families. That we receive fugitive slaves is true, and we do not intend to return them to their masters, as Paul did Onesimus. The slave, like the prisoner of war, may escape wherever he can; with no rights against his master, he has no duties towards him; but he has duties towards

himself and his kind, and the first of these is to escape from slavery. 'But if thou mayest be made free, use it rather,' says the same Paul."

"O, my God, what a doctrine you preach, brother Theodorus," sighed Euphemius. "Have you not reflected that even our holy church thankfully receives slaves bequeathed by the pious, and that she blessedly employs their labor to the increase of her earthly goods?"

"To me," said Theodorus, "this is the worst possible proof of the righteousness of slavery. You forget, my brother, that I deny the church."

"Alas, that is true," said Euphemius, with a mournful look towards heaven.

"You seem," continued Theodorus, "not to know how these Donatists receive the glad tidings. They have, through suffering and persecution, been driven to conclusions in regard to the Christian religion, to which, perhaps, they would not otherwise have arrived. They declare both monarchy and slavery to be Godless institutions."

"And you, Theodorus, you approve of these awful errors; you share them, since you are this people's teacher."

"They have disputed with me and convinced me. I could wish that Peter, also, were here, that he also might be convinced."

"I know," said Euphemius, "that the African Donatists inscribed upon their banners the words, '*equality and fraternity*.' If such ideas should be scattered over the world, it would be turned upside down, and the church would lose her slaves. No, no, it is a devilish idea, that, and directly opposed to the Holy Writ, for Paul, as you observed, returned Onesimus to his master, Philemon. But how are such views compatible with that obedience to the laws you enjoin upon your sheep?"

"My sheep? The sheep are not mine, I know only one shepherd, who is Christ, and I can make no pretensions to

that name. We shall diffuse our opinions upon equality and fraternity by the same mild means which the apostles used for the diffusion of the other truths of the New Testament;—with the power of our convictions, which works upon the convictions of others. My brothers in Sunium have laid down the weapons of violence, since violence no longer compels them to defend themselves. But now, Euphemius, the evening is far spent, and you have need of rest. We will continue our conversation to-morrow, while you accompany me on a stroll among the hills, to see our thrift and prosperity. God grant that no enemy may come and rob us of them.”

“You are right, I am very tired of the toilsome way. Who was the woman, my brother, with whom I found you?”

“The daughter of one of my neighbors.”

“I did not see her face, but I heard a few words from her lips, and noticed that she spoke beautiful Hellenic. So there are educated Helens among these strangers from Africa and Asia?”

“There are people of every class and language, here,” answered Theodorus, as he showed his guest to a chamber.

Theodorus passed a portion of the night in writing a letter to Peter.

Early the next morning, while Euphemius still slept, his host repaired to Chrysanteus, to warn him and Hermione not to expose themselves unnecessarily to the eyes of the presbyter.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WAR IN SUNIUM.

“JULIAN was indeed a great general,” said Annæus Domitius to his friend Olympiodorus, as they lay at table in a magnificent tent, pitched upon one of Sunium’s hills, in the middle of an extensive encampment, “he was, without doubt, a general inferior neither to Alexander nor to Cæsar, but for all that, there is one chapter in the art of war, he did not understand.”

“That is, to get whipped, keep a good countenance, and have a good appetite,” exclaimed Olympiodorus.

“You take the words out of my mouth,” said the pro-consul. “I am compelled to silence your tongue with a cup of the best Falernian.—Your health, my trusty friend, my warriors’ Tyrtæus, and my own Homer! It was not that chapter, however, of which I would speak, although even that has its weight and should be learned to a dot by a true general. I meant that portion of the art of war which treats of enlivening the hardships of a campaign by a good table. My friend, how do you like the sturgeon? is it not excellent?”

“Divine, by Zeus! and the sauce, considered as a work of art, more glorious than the temple of the Ephesian Artemis.”

“That is an old Egyptian custom, Olympiodorus, to call a sturgeon divine. Such customs you should have conquered, since the Egyptians, themselves, have conquered them, and become the most pious Christians in the world. I do not like, either, your habit of swearing by the old ‘Zeus.’ Let the old fellow rest in peace—he must, at all events have deserted us, and moved to the Hyperboreans. Your heathenish oaths wound my ear, Olympiodorus.

You forget that I am not only a catechumen, but baptized and initiated into all the mysteries of my religion. My pious, noble Eusebia, who conquered my last doubt, and led me unreservedly into the arms of truth! I cannot sufficiently praise the Fates and Hymen—that is to say, not sufficiently curse the Fates and Hymen, but praise Providence and all good saints, who sent me such a wife. Now my friend,” continued he, as a slave entered with a roast fowl upon a silver dish; “now a bit of fowl, and one more cup of Falernian, and then a most simple dessert—my best pastry cook has sickened under the toils of the campaign—after this, you will accompany me, as I inspect the outposts. My historian should never leave my side. Olympiodorus, I hope that you have taken with you enough papyrus to describe my exploits fully.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Olympiodorus, “praise the gods—or, if you prefer, your ragged Apostles and Saints,—that you have obtained such an incomparable historian as the Athenian Olympiodorus. Look,” continued the quondam epigramist, now historian, taking from his belt some leaves of papyrus rolled together, “while you are eating your fowl—which, between us, is rather tough,—and awaiting dessert, I will read you the last chapter,—that describing the warlike events of the last two days. It is a dish, my friend, which can only be compared with the ambrosia of the gods. Enjoy it now to your uttermost.”

“No, no! not now, my friend. What you have written is, of course, only an outline. *Sæpe vertere stylum*, is the maxim among us Romans. I mean that you have not yet been able to polish and adorn your opus.”

“Bah! to such a menial occupation Olympiodorus never descends. His works are perfect from birth, and do not need the wash-tub. The colors of Curtius, when he describes Alexander’s campaign against the Persians, are pale to those with which I describe the campaign of Annæus

against Sunium. The historians of antiquity preferred the chisel to the pencil. It is only we who understand how to give history the brilliancy of all the colors of heaven and earth. You should hear how I describe the march of your columns, how they climb the mountains, their weapons reflecting the rays of the sun, how they dive into the shades of the valley, dividing, to burst through the mountain passes, and then uniting in an awful line of battle. You must also hear and admire my description of the last night—that was a glorious night, my friend.”

“Yes, a very pretty sight,” said Annæus.

“Ah, when one has not Nero’s luck—to burn up a Rome, to see the flames of the eternal city against the night heaven, then villages and plantations are by no means to be despised,” remarked Olympiodorus. “It was an edifying spectacle,—the funeral piles flaming on the hill-tops, and in the depths of the valleys. I have described this in my most brilliant style, in the history of your achievements.”

“Write also, as a faithful historian, that the honor of these flames does not belong to me, but to bishop Peter,” said Annæus. “It was my wish to leave the villages and plantations of this uproarious pack in peace, for a desert yields no tax to the emperor. But I bow to the divine justice to which all human calculations should give way. The rebels are heretics, and Peter knows that the rights of the Lord are before those of Cæsar.”

“I promise to write this,” said Olympiodorus, as he thrust the roll of papyrus in his girdle, and began to investigate the dessert.

“But a much prettier spectacle it was on the following morning, when the first rays of the sun showed us the rebel line of battle stretched along the declivity of the mountain, and upon the heights behind the dark columns of the men, their women and children in terrified groups.

I have estimated the rebels under arms at five centuries—five hundred men—”

“What do you say?” exclaimed the proconsul. “Five hundred men? What kind of a historian are you? Write fifty thousand men, you fool! There were, at least, fifty thousand. Remember that Alexander never conquered less than a hundred thousand of the enemy, in any battle. I am modest and content myself with fifty thousand.”

“I will write ten thousand,” said Olympiodorus. “Remember that the goddess of history exacts the most rigid truth. You certainly do not wish me to spin out a boundless tissue of lies.”

“No, no, strict truth, my friend! Write ten thousand! That will be enough, for my own force does not number more than four thousand men.”

“The strife which now commenced,” continued Olympiodorus, “is described as only an eye witness can describe it—”

“Not forgetting the stubborn resistance of the enemy—”

“Of course not.”

“Still less, his wild flight after complete defeat, the battle ground strewn with corpses and weapons and so forth,” said Annæus Domitius smiling, as he filled up Olympiodorus’ cup.

“My friend,” answered the quondam epigramist seriously, “one must not use up, in a single chapter, all the resources a campaign offers of horrible and picturesque events. I intend to leave this wild flight for another chapter, after it has actually taken place. I allow the rebels to retreat this time in good order. My love of truth will not permit more, for in reality, it was your troops which—Enough, you understand me.”

“That accursed priest,” muttered Annæus Domitius. “It was Peter, who, by mixing himself up in the plan of battle, caused the defeat. I should otherwise have annihil-

ated the rebels in spite of Chrysanteus' ability, and their almost impregnable position."

"But I paint another scene, in the most enchanting manner," continued Olympiodorus, self-complacently. "And glorious it was, in truth, to see the magnificent, iron-mailed cavalry, ride down into the morass and perish there, beneath the clubs, pikes, and stones of the rebels. The amphitheatre of Rome in its most brilliant days, never offered a more entertaining spectacle, you must admit, my proconsul."

"It is true," said Annæus, his eye glistening at the recollection of the bloody contest; "I myself came very near clapping my hands and shouting *bene, optime!* I would have done it, perhaps, had I been, like you, an uninterested spectator. But alas! I am the Emperor's general, and it was the Emperor's soldiers who fell. There, again, it was Peter who ordered this unfortunate movement. I thank heaven, nevertheless, that it took place; for when the bishop saw the mournful result, he begged my pardon, and confessed himself hit by a line I smilingly quoted from Homer:

'Ill fares the state

When many masters rule; let one be Lord.'*

I hope that henceforward I shall be permitted to have the sole command."

"That was a most surprising discovery, my Annæus, that the leader of the rebels was no more nor less than our old friend Chrysanteus. Chrysanteus, at the head of a mob of Christian fanatics! By Zeus! Fate plays queer pranks with men."

"Don't forget, Olympiodorus, to note down in your work that Chrysanteus was Julian's teacher in both philosophy and fighting. You can add that Julian acknowledged him as his master in the latter, as well as the former, science.

* Derby's translation.

Posterity should not undervalue my victories when they are won over such a man, who, moreover, commands a superior force of fanatical and warlike men, and who defend themselves in a mountain tract more difficult to take than a fortress. But now for something else. I expect this evening my bath slaves with a bathing tent——”

“Capital, my friend.”

“After we have returned from the outposts everything ought to be in readiness for a renewed acquaintance with a tolerable bath. O, Corinth, how I miss you and your luxurious *thermæ*. Pity it is, that they cannot be taken upon a campaign.—One toast more! The memory of Charmides!”

“Charmides! He grew steady and tiresome in his last days. But no matter—death reconciles everything, especially such a death.—May his thin shade live in all time!”

“Let us also drink to his beautiful widow!”

“I will take it upon myself to comfort her,” said Olympiodorus, “as soon as she falls into our hands. All depends upon your victory, my noble general. So then, one and the same toast, for Charmides’ shade, his widow, and your victory, which will be the prelude of my own!”

“Alas, my friend, it will be of little avail to comfort the dejected widow. Her golden graces are destined to be won by another——”

“What do you say!”

“Her coined graces, as well as the uncoined, which lie in houses and lands, have found a more potent lover, worthier to enjoy them than you——”

“Proconsul, don’t speak in riddles, I am Davus and not Œdipus to day. What do you mean? Who is this lover?”

“The Church.”

“I don’t understand your accursed Christian gibberish. Who is the church? Curse him, whoever he is!”

“Unhappy heathen, you have then no idea of the highest and most remarkable thing upon earth!”

“You mean, then, Olympus or Atlas——”

“No, no, I mean the church. But to make clear to you what is meant by the church, it is necessary that I should engage in a theological dissertation, touching the mysteries of our religion. I am not permitted to do this, my friend. You cannot therefore know who the church is. It is enough for you, that it, and not Hermione, will be the heir of Chrysanteus.”

The conversation was interrupted by a centurion, who appeared at the door of the tent, received an order from his commander and departed.

Annæus Domitius then continued in a half whisper.

“I see, my Olympiodorus, your fruitless attempts to guess my riddle. I will interpret it. Chrysanteus has a son——”

“I know—the crazy saint——”

“Silence, no blasphemy! Saints are never crazy. It is enough to say *the saint*, if you wish, as a good rhetorician, to avoid a pleonasm. Well, it is the son and not the daughter, who will inherit——”

“That depends upon Chrysanteus’ testamentary dispositions,” exclaimed the legal Olympiodorus. If he wishes to grant his daughter a considerable portion of his property, he is free to do so. Moreover Hermione, if she marries, will be heir to her brother, the saint, who will probably remain single, and with equal probability, soon exchange the earthly for the christian Elysium.”

“Correct,” remarked the pro-consul, “but on the other hand you forget that Chrysanteus has another heir, whose right is superior to all others——”

“And this heir is ?——”

“The State, my friend, which has the right to confiscate the property of traitors, and would already have seized upon that of Chrysanteus had not——”

“Ah! you are right. I forgot the State and high treason—”

“Had not,” continued the proconsul, “an heir with still holier claims induced the State to let hers rest—”

“And who is this heir? The case is now swarming with heirs.”

“The church, Olympiodorus.”

“Here we have the accursed church again!”

“Be calm. We leave the church aside, and speak instead, of her guardian and director in this affair, who is Peter—”

“The bishop?”

“Bishop and general. The same—”

“Ah! then I bid farewell to every hope.”

“Peter has exhibited to the patriarch Eudoxus, the successor of Macedonius, a little transaction by which Clemens renounces to the holy church the property he inherits from his father, intrusting to Peter the charge of administering the same. Eudoxus, who, without doubt, has been promised a share of the spoil, has given the emperor, our most gracious master, a wink to shut up the eye which looks out for the State, and see the matter solely with the other, which looks out for the church. Enough, the church—or more correctly, Peter—will be the heir of Chrysanteus.”

“Ah, the canny scoundrel!” muttered Olympiodorus. “It is indeed a mournful thought that a noble Athenian’s inherited estate—and such an estate—should pass into the hands of an unphilosophical and plebeian lubber of a bishop. We live in the most desperate times. Deucalion’s flood is again rising. Let it come, but not till Olympiodorus has become dust and ashes!”

The two friends left the table. The hour Annæus Domitius devoted to his rest and recreation, had flown. He donned his helmet and harness, fitted his sword about him and quitted the tent.

Soon afterward he was seen surrounded by tribunes and centurions, and accompanied by his faithful historian, riding to inspect the outposts and reconnoitre the enemy's position.

Bishop Peter also followed him.

That evening considerable reinforcements arrived. Although the proconsul's force was many times greater than that of the heretics, these fresh troops were very welcome and necessary, for the confidence of the army seemed to have been seriously diminished by the recent battle, in which they suffered a complete defeat, from the wild bravery of the heretics and their leader's sagacity.

The proconsul did not return till towards evening. He then hurried to the bath-tent, which, in the mean time, had arrived with all its slaves and equipments; then enjoyed an hour's sleep, and at dawn was again on horseback, giving instructions to his subordinates.

At the proconsul's side was bishop Peter, riding upon a mule, and armed, even he, with a sword.

Behind the bishop, and seated upon a courser of the same breed, rode the black-haired Euphemius, well enveloped in his cloak, for the morning was chilly and a cold mist lay on the hills.

The troops were under arms. Their different divisions marched one after the other, by various routes, towards the heart of the mountains.

Annæus Domitius had determined that very day to renew the attack upon the rebels.

The campaign against the Novatians and Donatists in Sunium, had not taken them by surprise. Putting little trust in the peace they enjoyed, they had preserved, as the last pledge of their freedom, those weapons which former persecutions had compelled them to take up, and in whose

use they had gained a frightful proficiency by a life of battles. The Homoiousian priest's unexpected visit to Sunium seemed to the colonists the forerunner of a hard time; the exterior of this messenger was certainly ill calculated to inspire brilliant hopes of his errand. Their vague suspicions, very natural in their condition, were speedily confirmed by Theodorus, who, in certain expressions of brother Euphemius, as well as in the tone of Peter's letter, detected the first rumblings of the approaching storm. Fear advanced to certainty, when, with every day, numbers of fugitives, not only from Attica, but from Peloponnesus across the Saronic gulf, began to arrive at their mountain, begging an asylum, and recounting the horrid religious persecutions again blazing up over the land.

During these days, the peaceful vales trembled with an unrest which caused the plow and the pruning-hook to lie idle, and directed the eyes of the watchful shepherds to the north, where, behind the mountain chain of Hymettus, lay Athens. The dwellers in the cots took down and burnished their arms, the elders often assembled to hear the tales of the fugitives and take council with each other. To submit to the dominant church—the only price at which they could avert the danger—they regarded as a sin against the Holy Spirit. No one advanced such a proposition; it would only have embittered the most zealous and pained all others. There was indeed no one who thought of such submission. They had only to choose between giving themselves up without resistance to the enemy, and with bound hands suffering martyrdom, or meeting the foe sword in hand, when, with a stubborn resistance, aided by the nature of the country, they might possibly wrest from their persecutors the right of being let alone, or fall fighting for a cause they deemed God's, and not their own.

The latter view prevailed. The colonists prepared for a desperate resistance. Warlike passions awoke in many a

tried breast, where they had long slumbered, and made the expected contest welcome. There were among the colonists hundreds of men, whose nature bore the stamp of a compulsory field-life—men, who had grown up among homeless hordes, armed against society,—had been nursed in contempt of the oppressing church, and whose recollections of childhood were of burnt villages and murdered kindred.

Such men soon accustomed themselves to the thought, that their peaceful occupations must be abandoned, that the fruit of their industry would be lost, that the hope of a blessed future for themselves and their children was a mockery. And after they had given up this hope, the fray was their passion, and the sword a holy friend, that never should leave their side.

The colonists were thus well prepared, when one morning the shepherds, who watched their flocks upon the hills, came running in from different directions to the inhabited valleys and announced that imperial legions, foot and horse, had appeared in the distance, and were approaching the mountains of Sunium.

Chrysanteus had already been informed of the threatening danger; and Theodorus, in behalf of an assembly of the people, had asked him whether he would share the fate of his friends, though their cause was not his, or leave their mountain, which no longer afforded a secure asylum.—In the latter case, two active fishermen had offered to take him and his daughter, in one of their small crafts, to the island of Ægina, or the nearest point of the Peloponnesian coast.

In answer to this question, Chrysanteus, accompanied by Hermione, had appeared before the assembly, and declared that he would remain, since their cause was holy to him also, and in reality his own.

The manner in which he then took part in the councils, confirmed his influence, and it became the unanimous wish

of the colonists that he should be their leader, and assume a command which otherwise might occasion division in their own ranks.

Behind the first columns of the imperial army was seen a crowd of priests, in their robes of office, riding upon mules, and surrounding a carriage, loaded with an immense baptismal font, and other implements for church ceremonies.

The army halted and pitched their tents before reaching the wild mountain district in whose defiles they sought their foe, and bishop Peter dispatched two of his priests with a letter to the colonists, promising them peace and pardon on two conditions,—that they should deliver up all criminals, run-away slaves, and other fugitives that did not belong to the colony at its settlement; also, that they should publicly renounce their religious errors, and return into the arms of the orthodox church.

The two priests, who bore this message, on reaching the first settled valley, found its inhabitants already on the march to the more inaccessible country beyond, carrying with them their effects. It was a long procession of armed men, women and children, herds and beasts of burden loaded with the simple treasures of deserted homes, and crops prematurely cut.

Toward evening, the priests returned with the answer that the colonists rejected both conditions.

It was their former brother, Theodorus, who, in behalf of the rebels, had given this answer.

The messenger had seen no trace of Chrysanteus or his daughter, neither could they ascertain whether these persons were really among the rebels. Presbyter Euphemius, however, clung to his declaration, that he had seen Hermione in his visit to the hills.

That he had seen aright, was afterwards confirmed, in the first battle between the troops led by the proconsul, and the little heretic army. A knight, who on the rebel side issued

the commands, led the movements, and now and then took part in a hand to hand fray, was recognized as Chrysanteus.

The result of this first battle we already know. The attack upon the position of the Novatians was repulsed with great loss, and Annæus Domitius deemed it best to retreat and entrench himself until some expected reinforcements should arrive.

Meanwhile he discovered, by his reconnoissance, that the victors had also left the battle-field the night after the fight, and taken up another position, further to the south, in the neighborhood of Sunium's long-deserted mines.

Here they occupied only a small territory, but the spot was protected in the rear by cliffs falling perpendicularly to the sea, and afforded pasturage for the cattle, and copious springs, from which the colonists might otherwise have been cut off.

It was this last circumstance, chiefly, which induced Chrysanteus to select the position. His movement, however, resembled a retreat, and gave to Annæus' friend and chronicler an opportunity to say in his *History of the Campaign in Sunium* :

“The rebels, who, in spite of their superior numbers, had lost the day, availed themselves of the darkness of night, to effect a hasty retreat.”

The mists of night lay over the colonists' camp. Here and there among the crags, watch-fires were lighted, around which men and women were gathered. Most of the women and tender children had been given a better shelter against the cold of night, in the ruins of a temple, sacred to Pallas Athene, and well known to sailors doubling Sunium's cape, over whose precipitous cliffs its colonnades had glistened for centuries. Here Hermione passed the night.

Most of the warriors around the watch fires were sleeping, after the toils of the day ; others sat together in whispering groups, and others cleaned their weapons, or were at work crushing grain between stones, for their morning's bread.

The silence was broken only by a psalm, sung with suppressed voice, by one of the men around the fire. Now and then an armed patrol marched by. Pickets were pushed forward to all accessible points, and the greatest vigilance was observed, that no surprise might take place.

The military force of the colonists—young boys and grey-headed men included—did not amount to five hundred men. Not an inconsiderable number had purchased victory in the previous conflict, with their lives. It could not have been won more cheaply; Chrysanteus' arrangements gave evidence of a wise calculation to spare the lives of his own.

Chrysanteus and Theodorus, together with those composing the little army's council of war, were assembled at head-quarters,—a log hut, built against the cliff. Near by was a flat rock, which formed a natural table, and was lighted by two torches.

They had already prepared themselves for an attack the following day, and made all the dispositions necessary to meet it.

The conversation now turned to another theme—their future.

They could once more conquer the beseigers,—no one doubted that—but was not the result of the war already certain? Was it possible for a handful of people to defend themselves long against an antagonist, who, if need be, could command all the resources of the Roman world?

The old Donatist priest, with whom Chrysanteus had once negotiated upon Parnassus, sat now before him at the table of rock, and the torch-light fell upon his harness. A heavy, spike-studded club rested against the table beside him—and that his arm was still mighty to wield it, the last battle had borne frightful witness.

“Where is our talk running to?” said he. “The future? It is the Lord's, not ours. To-morrow we shall fight against the Amalekites, and if we conquer them, we

shall fight again the day after against the uncircumcised—and fight on as long as there is a hand left to wield the sword. What more do we wish?”

“You are right—what more do we wish?” said a man clad in full palatine armor, captured in the late strife, and whose eye gleamed with the fire of religious transport. “No more is needed. If our time is come, we will die nobly, and not let our honor be brought to shame.”

“Remember, that after the men are slain, the women and children are helpless. The priests of Baal will baptize our women with force, and teach our children to sacrifice upon the hills. Our children and theirs will become like them, and gather about the altars of the devil. Our seed will not bear fruit unto the Lord, but become like the weeds sown by the enemy. David,” continued the Novatian who spoke, turning to the old Donatist, “what shall we do with our women and children? Let us take counsel upon this!”

“I know a way,” said the latter, with deep voice. “For old men who still have strength to use a knife, and for boys who are old enough to bite, there is a place in our ranks, and they will fall among us, after we have gloriously fought before the eyes of the Lord. But the women will not be baptized, nor the tender babes offer upon the hills—no, no, at a wave of my hand and a word of my voice, they will cast themselves from the cliffs into the sea. I know my own.”

“God’s will be done,” said the Novatian.

“My friends,” said Theodorus, “let us hear what Chrysanteus, who is our leader, and has linked his fate with ours, has to say.”

“Let us hear you, Athenian,” said old David. “You, who yet tarry in the courts of the heathen, but bear the sign of the Lord upon your forehead, that you shall sometime enter into the sanctuary of the temple; you are bold as Judas Maccabeus, and wise as he. For this we would hear

you gladly, were you not our freely chosen chief. What think you ? ”

Chrysanteus, who had listened in silence to the foregoing conversation, now said :

“The object of every war is to save the warrior. However small our chance of deliverance may be, we ought to form a plan different from that of being finally annihilated by the sword of the enemy.”

“You are right,” said the Novatian. “But I see no other result.”

“We shall yet win victories, and crush many of the enemy, as one crushes vessels of clay ; but our fate is sealed, if the Lord does not save us by a miracle,” said the man in palatine armor.

“The position we have chosen,” continued Chrysanteus, “is not the strongest the country affords ; I selected it because it gives assurance that we shall not perish for want of water, and because it offers for some time sufficient pasturage for our cattle, by which we live. But resolute men, who do not value life too dearly, ought to be able to repel the attack of a less resolute, though far stronger enemy. If we are attacked to-morrow, and succeed in disastrously repulsing our opponent, I believe he will grant himself and us a few days of peace. It is not impossible for us to defend ourselves for two weeks, in the position we now hold.”

“And then,” said old David.

“During this time we can slaughter our cattle and get ready to leave this land.”

“What say you ? How can this be possible ? ” asked all around.

“The valleys and sheltered hill-sides are covered with trees. We have axes to fell them, and lumbermen, who ought to understand how to make rafts out of their trunks. These rafts can be provided with high sides, masts and

sails. In a word, they should be built for sailing across a stormy sea. The sails we can make of blankets and hides. There is nothing which invention, driven by necessity, cannot supply, and everything may be got ready within a fortnight, when we work with the hope of rescuing our women and children, and in our own salvation see the salvation of the cause for which we fight."

"You are right. It is by no means impossible," said the Novatian. "In a fortnight we can have enough of these craft ready to accommodate us all. We have ship-builders among us, who can direct the work. The fishing boats we have, were built by them. Your proposition is good. We ought to accept it."

"It will at least serve to quiet the women," said the old Donatist priest. "Let us try. Whether it is successful or not, that is in the hand of the Lord. I accept what he gives. Glorious it would be to return to Africa. If we should ever make these rafts and get on board of them, I vote for Africa. It is my father-land; its deserts are more impregnable than these hills; let us hasten there, and find thousands of brothers, who fight and suffer for the true church. We will unite with them. Let us agree to this."

The council gave their assent to old David's words.

Chrysanteus continued:

"The nearest land to our coast is the island Ægina. The east wind, prevailing at this time of year, will waft us there, or to some point of the Peloponnesian coast. This also, enters into my plan. We ought to be able to gain possession of vessels there, more suitable than rafts for quickly sailing over the sea to Africa."

After further conversation, the council dissolved. Some went to rest, others to their appointed posts.

Theodorus remained for a while with Chrysanteus.

"If the Lord permit us to accomplish the plan you have

laid before us," said the young priest, "it will then be time for you to leave us and go your own way. You have important matters of your own to attend to. If we ever reach the African coast, you ought to journey to Italy, seek out the emperor Valentinianus and place your fate in his hands. Valens' brother is a noble and just man. He will listen to you and give you justice, I am convinced. Through him it will be possible for you to obtain a fair and unprejudiced trial upon the accusations resting on your head ; you will be declared innocent, reinstated in your possessions, and receive freedom to return to Athens."

"Your advice seems good to me, and if I live, I will, for Hermione's sake, follow it. But if I should fall, there is a letter in this log-hut for the commander of the imperial troops, Annæus Domitius, in which I remind him of the good-will he always showed towards me, entrust my unprotected daughter to his care, and beg him to carry out the decision I have arrived at concerning her future. She will go to Alexandria, the rival of Athens in scientific culture. There is there a society of celebrated men and educated women, among whom I have many friends. I am convinced that they will receive her with sympathy, and if the world has any solace for sorrow such as hers, the most elevated consolation will be offered her in this estimable circle. The sum of money which was at my disposal when I left Athens, and which at this moment comprises my whole fortune, is sufficient to insure Hermione an independency in accordance with her tastes and manner of life. I commit her to the keeping of Almighty Providence, for the plans of men are brittle as a dry reed, Theodorus, and it is the customary sport of fate to break them. I have learned much among you," continued Chrysanteus, after a few moments' silence. "It is not unknown to me, that your doctrines, Theodorus, have made a deep impression upon Hermione."

“Do not fear that this has aroused my anger. I have lost my unhappy Philip. Pericles placed, with his own hand, the garland of death upon the last of his sons, when one after the other had been torn away by the plague. Like him, I have seen my last hope cut down, without murmuring at the will of Heaven. It behoves a man to bear his lot. And as for my daughter, she may follow you in the way you have marked out for her. I shall behold this without pain, for in this company I have found, that the difference between what is sacred to you and what is sacred to me extends only to the form and not to the spirit. Christianity, like philosophy, bears the eternal truth in its bosom; and I have here seen the former accomplish what the latter cannot. I have seen criminals and wicked men changed, in a wonderful way, to moral beings. I have seen gloomy faces glow with joy, and the hardest with mildness, as they listened to the teachings of your Master. People, whom wretchedness and persecution had made robbers, to whom bloodshed was a pleasure, and tender feelings a disgrace, have I beheld in these huts playing like children with their babes, and treating them with that reverent affection that only the consciousness of an immortal being’s infinite worth can inspire. I have found that there is a philosophy for the whole race of men; and that the highest truths, the warmest love for the true and the good, can be implanted in the most ignorant breast. But if this be Christianity, which I doubt not, she stands in the ranks of the oppressed by the side of those who fight for reason, freedom, and human worth. Therefore, I said to your assembly that your cause was my own. Let us fight and die together! I will not conceal from you, my Theodorus, that I am weary of life. Our cause will find other and stronger champions, if not in these times, then when ages have rolled over our graves.”

Chrysanteus bade Theodorus good night, and went to snatch a few hours’ sleep.

He was aroused before dawn by a message from the outposts, that the imperial troops were in motion, and approaching the camp from different quarters.

Chrysanteus mounted his horse. In a few moments there sounded, through the mists of morning, the signals which summoned every man to take up arms, every century to its post.

Towards morning, when the mists were scattered by the sea breeze, both armies stood within sight.

The colonists' front extended across a slope of considerable strength, which here and there offered solitary groups of impregnable cliffs.

Their left wing rested on the sea; on the right, the ground sloped easily towards the narrow valley beyond which the imperial troops were deployed.

On the right wing, the weakest point in the Novatian-Donatist position, the flower of their army was planted.

Their line, formed by small columns with spaces between, ended on this side with their troop of horsemen, at most not more than forty strong.

To lessen the weakness of their right flank, they had dragged hither a mass of felled trees, and in this barricade, which reached to the cliffs in the rear, had left only two masked openings, through which their little cavalry might sally.

The weapons of the colonists were various. Some bore clubs, others lances, others bows, others short Roman daggers, others again the long broad-swords, used by the Alemanni and Goths. The cavalry was most uniformly armed. More than half were provided with helmet and harness.

On the mountain behind the heretic line of battle, were seen their women and children in numerous groups.

The imperial troops were drawn up in deep, close lines on a nearly level plateau, which stretched away on the other side of the valley.

When the fog was lifted by the east wind, and like yellow smoke rolled away over the Saronic gulf, the rays of the morning sun glittered upon a forest of lances, above which gilded eagles and fluttering flags were raised.

The imperial cavalry, just arrived from a hard night march, were posted in deep masses behind the gaps in the infantry. The imperialist commander had now reconnoitered the insurgent position, and the trumpets sounded along the line, the cavalry began to move; division after division vanished in the valley-approaches and appeared again upon the other side, till all the defiles were occupied, which, opposite the insurgents' right wing, led to the valley.

While the imperial troops were executing this movement, the insurgents sang their loved old war-psalms, with whose tones the elder amongst them, and especially the strife-loving Donatists, had so often in their stormy life consecrated themselves to battle and death for their faith.

The men in line of battle shouted, and their women joined in the song.

'Twas Zion's King that stopped the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might slept fast in death,
And never found their hands.

At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terror of thy rod!
Thy vengeance, who can tell?

The thunder of his sharp rebuke,
Our haughty foe shall feel:
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.

As the last tones of the psalm rang out, a horseman in priestly attire but wearing a sword, and followed by a centurion, descended into the valley. The centurion cried out that they wished to speak with the officer commanding the colonists. But instead of him there descended from the insurgents' side another, well-armed and of warlike mien.

It was the same Novatian we saw participating in the colonists' council of war.

"What do you wish?" cried the Novatian, halting at some distance.

"To negotiate," answered the priest, who was no other than bishop Peter.

"Well then, we have rightly divined your intention. I am sent by our leader to hear what you have to say."

"We will speak with your leader himself, and not with a subaltern."

"He will come when your cavalry have received orders to halt, and your own first officer presents himself, to meet him."

"This is a lofty tone for a rebel chief, who, before sundown, will be in my power. I will then speak to the people themselves, and they will hear my voice," said Peter, starting up his steed.

The Novatian seized the bridle, and compelled him to stop.

"What do you wish with us?" he asked. "Ride no nearer; it might be your death."

"You would, then, dare to kill a mediator? That would be worthy of you, you contemptible rioters. But your threat does not frighten me. I come in the name of the Lord and his sacred majesty, the emperor, to promise forgiveness and forgetfulness to all of you, who in this last hour will lay down your arms and return to your homes, there to live in peace and obedience to the authorities and shepherds that the emperor is pleased to set over you. From this grace and pardon are excluded only such as you, the instigators and leaders of the mob. Loose the reins, man, or you will deprive yourself of your rights as a negotiator and forfeit your life. We are two to one here."

The Novatian loosed the reins and said:

"The conference is at an end, then. We reject your proposition. Return and tell this to your commander."

“It is not with you, we confer, neither is it you, who decides upon the answer. It is the infatuated people themselves, who shall choose between death and the mercy which is open to them alone, and not to you.”

During this conversation, the old Donatist had walked down the hill-side. As Peter spoke with a voice that was heard far and wide, David had perfectly understood the question in dispute, and while the Novatian was returning from the meeting, the old man raised his voice, and cried out:

“You false prophet! If you strive to speak to the people and not to their chiefs, you are no negotiator, but an intriguer who should be cut down with the sword. But if you think you have to do with faint hearts, come on, and the people, themselves, will answer you that this day will be a day of wrath, a day of storm and tempest, a day of cloud and darkness, a day of the sackbut and the trumpet, upon which the Lord, with a handful of his remaining people, shall work great wonders against the Philistines. Come up on the mountain, and if you find a single one who says, let us yield this once,—or if you find a single one who takes the harlot’s cup, you call pardon, from your hands, may the Lord God punish me. Woe to the harlot and her servants, who call the vile, hideous tyrant, Valens, a holy majesty. We spit upon this majesty, a filthy beast, whose judges are wolves at night, who let nothing remain until morning. Look there, at the homes you invite our people to return to,” continued the old white-beard, pointing, with his mighty club, to the curling cloud of smoke from the burning dwellings and plantations, which arose behind the mountain to the north. “Ye have compelled the peaceful Israel to give up the tents in which they were happy. Come up now, and see how the peaceful prepare to fight in the sight of God. I will lead you through lines of terrible warriors, and I tell you once again, if you find a single

man who falls down and worships the new Nebuchadnezzar, or the detestable Jezebel you call the church, may all his shame fall upon my head."

The old Donatist's invitation, which was given in all seriousness, convinced Peter that negotiations, on the conditions he proposed, would amount to nothing. He returned with the centurion to the imperial host, which the next moment set itself in motion along the whole line.

"Praised be the gods," said Olympiodorus, who was in the proconsul's retinue, "that accursed priest has not succeeded in stealing from me the enjoyment of a magnificent spectacle, and from you, my Annæus, the honor of a victory. The negotiations have ended with an exchange of Christian abuse; and in this contest, Peter seems to have succumbed to that wordy old fellow with the Hercules club."

Annæus Domitius, clad in a light and glittering armor, issued orders from his horse to tribunes and centurions, who hurried away with them to the different divisions of the army.

The place he had chosen, permitted him to overlook his antagonist's front and also his right wing, against which he proposed to hurl his iron-clad horsemen.

Peter had returned to the side of Annæus Domitius. The bishop's eye gleamed with thirst for strife, and his whole being manifested an impatience and an imperiousness, which he restrained with great difficulty. But it was the proconsul's decision to command to-day alone. Peter knew this, and determined to hold his peace and be a soldier, since he could not be general.

When the first line of the imperial infantry set itself in motion, to descend into the valley and attack the colonists' front, which cavalry could not approach, a knight in a white mantle was seen on the insurgent's side, coming from their right wing. The proconsul and bishop recognized him as Chrysanteus. He had, from an elevation by

the side of the barricade, gained a view of the position of the enemy's cavalry.

The next moment the little columns of the colonists advanced with the battle cry, "*The sword of the Lord and of Gideon*," to the edge of the steep hill-side, to meet the attack of the imperial foot soldiery.

The legionaries encouraged each other with loud cries, as, with shield on back, and sword in hand, they climbed the hill. But before reaching the top, they were attacked with wild fury by the colonists, shouting again, "*The sword of the Lord and of Gideon*," and were driven back with great loss into the valley, before they could form their lines.

They were ordered to renew the attack. They did so, but distrustfully, and were for the second time, driven back and followed partly down the hill, leaving behind a considerable number of killed and wounded, whose weapons were instantly seized by the victorious colonists.

In the mean time, century after century, marching down from the plateau on which the imperial army was stationed, at last filled the valley with a closely packed mass of armed men, which by the very weight of its columns, was pressed up the corpse-strewn hill-side to a more determined and more formidable attack.

Chrysanteus rode along the threatened line, and saw that the little defensive force was properly distributed over the strong and weak points. He did not need to incite his warriors' courage. They were burning with warlike ardor. A number of the women had run forward to support their fighting husbands. The imposing column, which now approached, and whose last ranks had not descended into the valley, when the first reached the brow of the hill, was greeted, ere it came hand to hand, by a rain of arrows, darts and stones, which made sad havoc in the densely packed mass. The air resounded with the battle cries of the besiegers and besieged—the cry of "*God and the emperor*," with

which the legionaries stormed on, and that of "*The sword of the Lord and of Gideon*," with which the colonists fired themselves for the hand-to-hand fray.

It came soon along the whole line. The nature of the country did not allow the imperial soldiers to form in close column. The first who reached the brow of the hill, fell beneath the blows of sword and club, but the fallen were replaced every moment by others, who, whether they would or no, were pressed forward by the following multitude. The shock, thus delivered, was terrific, and would have seemed irresistible to one beholding the paltry numbers of the besieged. But the result of the strife was settled, if the stormers succeeded in getting the least foothold upon the level ground above the hill; and the colonists, who saw this, fought for every inch as for their lives. No one gave ground, and the fight, which rocked upon the narrow hill crest, after the greatest exertions of the legionaries, showed only a single point where the line of the colonists was broken.

The instant this break was made, a throng of the imperialists pressed through. The moment seemed to be decisive. The rebel general, too, was absent, for the battle was now raging on the right wing, also, about the barricade, and Ohrysanteus had hurried to that important point. But he had foreseen an event such as this, and stationed a little reserve column of about half a century, whose duty it was to reinforce the front wherever it seemed weakest or in danger of being broken through.

This reserve, composed of real Donatists, men who had fought in the deserts of Africa and the defiles of Parnassus, was led by old David.

The Donatist priest and his troop had awaited, with burning impatience, the moment when they might take part in the fray.

"Brothers," David now cried, "there they are, the

Amorites and Jebusites. Forward, forward, ye soldiers of the Lord! We will slay them and pursue them to the great Zidon and the great plain, Mizpah, to the east, and destroy them so that not one shall remain. Follow me! Ye chosen of Israel! The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

The little Donatist band rushed against the advancing enemy with wild passion and the unchecked vehemence of fanaticism. Lances were torn from the legionaries' hands, helmets cleft by the stroke of the broadsword, shields broken beneath the heavy spiked club. A few moments strife, and that portion of the regular force which had obtained a footing upon the plateau, lay slain beneath the feet of the Donatists, or had cast themselves in wild flight down the hill, leaving in the hands of the victors a standard, upon which the young Christian cross shone between the letters of the old, venerated inscription, "The Roman Senate and People."

From this victory, David and his men hastened to every point of the front needing a support. The old man's terrible, blood-dripping club was seen swinging in the hottest of the fight, and his voice heard, as he unceasingly exhorted his men, and incited his and their warlike lust with words like these:

"Slay them, slay them! Cut them down with the edge of the sword, destroy them, as Moses has commanded the servants of the Lord! Kill all who have breath, and spare not! It is the day of the wrath of God, the day of tempest and storm, the day of the sackbut and trumpet. Slay them! Kill them! The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

While the fight was thus raging on the front, Annæus Domitius rode to his left wing and gave orders to attack the rebel flank.

Trumpets sounded along the defiles leading to the valley, and a large detachment of horse galloped in regular lines up the slope towards the rebel barricade.

The women and children upon the inaccessible heights in the rear, uttered a cry of terror and amazement, as this unexpected foe, which had been concealed in the defiles, suddenly appeared in the appalling form of a fierce cavalry attack, against which all opposition seemed powerless.

This detachment had nothing except their field insignia—the gilded eagles—which recalled the Roman cavalry of the past. The bare-legged riders, armed with light harness, handsome helmets and short swords, were changed to figures enveloped from top to toe in a wonderful suit of mail. It was these “iron pillars”—so they were called—from which Rome, in the decline and barbarizing of warlike arts, expected her victories against the Persians, Goths, Alemanni and her own subjects. It was only during the short career of Julian, that the infantry regained its importance, to lose it in other hands again and forever.

With these iron pillars fought the middle ages.

The storming waves of iron were broken, however, against the abatis, over which but few succeeded in spurring their horses, while others endeavored to press through the narrow winding openings. The lines fell into disorder. Confusion arose. The solitary horsemen, who had come over the barricade, or were caught amid the tangled branches of its trees, were left without succor. Some of them succeeded in retreating to their comrades; others perished after a desperate struggle, in which their armor was a vain protection against their half-naked, but resolute enemies, by whom they were surrounded.

Annæus Domitius saw, with anger, the result of a movement from which he had expected a certain and important advantage. He had been persuaded to order this attack by the commander of cavalry, a boastful and arrogant Goth, who assured the proconsul that he, the Gothic tribune, at the head of such warriors, had taken fortifications much stronger than this. After the proconsul had given vent to

his anger in a stream of heathen oaths—and this by the side of the orthodox Christain bishop—he ordered the signal to be blown for a retreat, which was effected in tolerably good order. The cavalry descended slowly into the defiles whence they had come, and immediately after, the order was given to the exhausted infantry in the front to retreat and take up their former position. The strife paused for a moment along the whole line. The retreating legionaries heard behind them the triumphant shouts of the Novatians and Donatists. After half an hour's blood-bath they had not yielded a hand's breadth of ground to their superior enemy, and while their own loss was inconsiderable, the hill-side beneath them was covered with slain legionaries.

The strife soon flamed up anew. The proconsul's reserves, two centuries of palatines gathered from the scattered garrisons of the Achaian cities, were ordered to destroy the barricade, and open a breach for the cavalry. A portion of the remaining infantry was detached from their position in front of the enemy's centre, to support the attack of the palatines.

The remaining centuries were ordered to remain quiet, unless the rebels should uncover their front to assist their threatened flank. In this case the legions were to take advantage of the movement, and renew their attack upon the front with greater prospect of success.

Chrysanteus had strictly commanded his men not to leave their posts without his express order, however necessary their help might seem to be at other points.

David, however, found it hard to remain in the inactivity in which he was placed by the enemy's retreat. What was in preparation upon the right wing, he knew not. He saw, however, that the tired legionaries in front, on the other side of the valley, had been weakened, and that, evidently, they did not expect any attack—for their lines were disordered, and many of the soldiers had thrown themselves upon the ground to rest.

David determined to take advantage of this. At the head of his reserve troop, he descended among the precipitous cliffs, which, upon the colonists' left flank, shut in the valley from the sea, and succeeded in crossing the valley unnoticed.

He was followed by about fifty men, all determined and eager, as their leader.

Taking advantage of the inequality of the ground to approach unobserved, the troops soon reached the legionaries' right flank, and violently attacked the unsuspecting foe.

Squads of legionaries put to the wildest flight, soon announced that the colonists had made an attack upon that side.

Tribunes and centurions hastened to draw up their men and receive the enemy. Annæus, himself, hastened to the spot, leaving his left wing where the fighting had now commenced at the barricade, as the palatines made the prepared attempt to destroy it.

He was both surprised and relieved when he perceived how few the assailants were. They had, in the meantime, marked their track with streams of blood. The proconsul commanded seven or eight centuries to surround them. Before this could be done, the battle-swords and clubs of the Donatists had piled up heaps of slain. They went forward in blind madness, breaking down all opposition which the unorganized masses they were driving before them sought to throw in their way. The battle cry "*The sword of the Lord and of Gideon,*" rung out with a force which, above the universal din, reached the Novatians' front upon the other side of the valley, and gave them the first idea of what David and his little troop had undertaken.

When the imperial infantry had executed the movement the proconsul had commanded, and advanced from every side in deep angular lines, to close in and crush the little

force, the latter first perceived its dangerous position. On all sides a forest of lances, a wall of harness, was approaching. They must now break down one of those walls and cut their way back across the valley, or perish to the last man.

"We are surrounded," rang in David's ear. "We must cut our way through."

The old hero rested a moment on his club. His eye glanced over the hostile squadrons.

"There, my brothers, to that point, ye chosen champions," he cried, and pointed to the troops who barred their retreat. "Forward against the Amalekites! The Lord has given them into our hands. We will slay and follow them unto Asekah and Makkedah. Forward, soldiers of the Lord!"

The Donatist band, still terrible in spite of their inferior numbers, followed their undaunted leader, to throw themselves against the lances of the enemy, and if possible break their way through his columns. Their attempt was seconded by an attack in the imperialist rear, which their comrades, leaving their strong position on the other side of the valley, made to help them. A dreadful hand-to-hand fight ensued. In the thickest of it was David. A tall centurion, clad in mail from head to foot, advanced to match himself in a duel with this terrible champion. The centurion, like many leaders of the imperial soldiery, was a Gothic mercenary, and when he challenged David to combat, he followed the custom of his people.

"Old white beard," cried he, "whither are you raging? Lay down your club and surrender. You, who have no teeth to bite a soldier's hard bread, can you have hands to wield a weapon?"

"Son of Magog," answered David. "You are like your brethren, as tall as Goliath, and as boastful and conceited as he. What have you and yours to brag about? Your fathers came in a multitude, like the grasshoppers upon

Egypt, to storm our land, and behold, they were slain and scattered like chaff by a handful of Romans. But that does not stop your accursed tongue from bragging. I will silence it. Death claims you to-day and forever."

David caught, on the handle of his club, the heavy blow the barbarian aimed at his head. The sword slid along across David's left hand, cutting off the fingers. But the next instant the bloody club struck the Goth's shoulder and crushed in the protecting armor.

The centurion's arm was lamed by the blow. David also, after his wound, felt himself unable longer to wield the club. Both therefore cast away their weapons, and the next instant rushed forward foaming with rage for each other's life. In spite of his age, David still possessed great bodily strength. After a few blows with their fists, each clutched the other in his arms, and they fell struggling to the ground. The fall burst the fastenings of the centurion's helmet, and it fell off, uncovering his head. Instantly, one of David's men, who had just conquered in a duel close by, darted forward to rescue his chief, and cleft with his sword, the Gothic barbarian's head, but fell, the next moment, in his victim's blood, cut down by a legionary. The old Donatist priest, freed from his enemy, raised himself upon his Herculean legs, and felt again for his club. Around him, his few remaining men were fighting for their lives, or had already fallen in the midst of the legionaries' lines. There was no one to defend the leader as he rose up grasping his club—pierced by many lances, he fell to the earth, and the enemy's advancing columns trampled over his corpse.

The fight between this little band of colonists and the imperial soldiers, was soon ended. Scarce a dozen of the former succeeded in escaping by flight, and rejoining their friends on the other side of the valley.

But the rebel position could not long be defended against

the greatly superior numbers of the enemy. The men, to whom Chrysanteus had entrusted the defence of the centre, were nearly all killed. David's independent movement, and the forgetfulness of orders on the part of the colonists who hastened to his assistance, decided the fate of the day, and of the entire little army. Annæus Domitius ordered his troops to storm the heights. He saw that they could not meet with any serious resistance. The legionaries advanced with the cry, "*God and the Emperor.*"

During all this time, the battle had raged incessantly around the barricade. The palatines and troops supporting them, had again and again advanced only to be driven back. The fight was still progressing between the imperialists, who continually brought up fresh troops, and the untired Novatians. Chrysanteus had alighted from his horse and fought wherever danger was greatest, by the side of his men. All around the barricade, lay heaps of corpses.

A decisive moment had arrived for the flank also. The palatines, spurred on by bishop Peter, who now hastened to take part, personally, in the fray, had at last succeeded in gaining possession of a single point in the barricade, and drawn themselves up inside, while their comrades behind them tore away the abattis, to open a breach for the terrible cavalry, which impatiently awaited the opportunity of taking part in the strife.

The moment had come. The signal was given for the cavalry to advance.

Chrysanteus, seeing the immediate danger which threatened, but still ignorant of what had taken place upon the front, had left the hand-to-hand combat, to collect all the force possible to prevent or meet the cavalry attack. Before this was made, a desperate onset of the colonists' concentrated force had hurled the palatines over the barricade. The next moment, the "iron pillars" entered through the gap, but were met in the narrow way by the little body of

insurgent horse which protected the entrance to the position. The breach was soon closed by a barricade of fallen men and horses.

Such was the aspect of the conflict, when Theodorus,—whom Chrysanteus had ordered to hasten to the front, and acquaint himself with the condition of things there,—returned and informed him that the line was almost without defence, and that the legionaries had just descended into the valley to take it. The intelligence was scarcely spoken, before the battle-cry of the stormers was heard.

“The day is lost,” said Chrysanteus. “Theodorus, hasten away, and bear to Hermione my greeting and blessing.”

He again mounted his horse, and returned to the hopeless strife. Its fate was soon sealed. The few remnants of the colonists were assaulted on both sides by Annæus Domitius’ whole force. Amid cries of anguish and despair from the women and children, the mountain plateau was overflowed on the one side by deep masses of infantry, on the other by squadrons of the “iron pillars.” The resistance of the colonists dissolved into single contests one against many. In the midst of the strife, there still was seen a knight in a white mantle. Annæus Domitius and Peter both recognized him, and spurred their horses to the point where he fought. But before they reached it, he had disappeared beneath the iron billows, and his bloody horse galloped riderless over the field.

Chrysanteus’ corse was found after the close of the battle. He lay stretched upon the sod, with sword clenched in his hand, and mantle dyed with blood from his pierced breast. As Annæus Domitius reverentially approached the slain, Peter stood regarding him, and Euphemius, his adjutant, placed his flat foot upon the breast of the beautiful heroic form, and said :

“Thus does the church trample the hydra of heathendom under her feet.”

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE END.

ONE evening, about a month after the campaign in Sunium, presbyter Euphemius was sitting, with his spiritual father, in the episcopal palace, in the very same narrow room, with port-hole windows, where the reader has already overheard a conversation between them.

As then, Peter measured the floor with earnest step, and Euphemius had taken his humble place in a chair by the door.

Euphemius' low forehead formed no longer a sallow, but a brown strip, between his black hair and black eyebrows, for the campaign had tanned him. His head, as usual, was bent forward, and his small black eyes looked up, half veiled by their lashes.

Peter's face bore a prouder stamp than ever. It shone with certainty of victory. Some of his great hopes were, probably, about to be accomplished. The warlike honor he had gained in the battles with the heretic colony, was certainly not sufficient to effect this, though it lived upon the lips of all the Homoiousian Athenians.

When that portion of the imperial troops belonging to the garrison at Athens, entered the city after the victorious campaign, Peter was seen girded with a sword, riding upon a prancing war-horse, at the head of the procession, which made a splendid appearance, and resembled a triumph. First, as we have named, came Peter, and by his side the tribune of the Jovian guard. Then a detachment of legionaries. After these, a little band of men, women and children, the melancholy relics of the Novatian and Donatist colony in Sunium. The men, only nine or ten in number, taken prisoners on the battle field, were covered with wounds,

and dragged heavy chains; the women were many, and yet few in comparison with those who, after the battle, had been butchered by the wild "iron pillars;" the children, some of them borne in their mothers' arms, formed the greatest portion of the throng. Behind the prisoners, was a sumptuously decorated chariot. On this were placed the holy vessels of the church, and in their midst the baptismal font, in which, after the defeat of the heretics, their children had received the rite of baptism. Beside the chariot, the black-haired Euphemius was seen, riding upon an ass, and bearing the holy cross. The procession ended with a few centuries of infantry.

Hermione did not appear among the prisoners. Chrysanteus' letter had fallen safely into the hands of Annæus Domitius; and Hermione, the only prisoner he retained for himself,—the others being turned over to Peter,—was taken under his special protection, and conveyed to Corinth.

It was rumored in the mean time at Athens, that Chrysanteus' daughter had returned to her paternal city, in company with the wife of the proconsul, the pious Eusebia; and that the sorrowing girl resided at the proconsular palace, with the noble Roman lady, who manifested towards her the warm sympathy of a sister.

Much was spoken about Hermione, during this time, at Athens. It was whispered among Christians, and even among the professors of the old faith, that the philosopher's daughter had been converted, by Peter, to Christianity. The extraordinary bishop thus gained for his holy religion, one triumph after another. He had converted the arch-heathen's sons and daughter,—the latter a woman who not only had been educated from childhood to hate and despise Christianity, but was also clad in an armor which proved itself more impregnable than hate and contempt against the arrows of revealed truth,—philosophy.

A rumor was also afloat, hastily spread and generally be-

lieved, that Hermione wished to connect herself inseparably with the Christian church, by baptism.

When this should take place, Athens' cathedral would be filled to overflowing with devout beholders.

Theodorus had escaped by flight, after bearing Chrysanteus' greeting and blessing to Hermione, and delivering the letter, concealed in the log-hut, to one of the trusty servants who had followed Chrysanteus from Athens, and remained with Hermione throughout the battle.

From this servant Annæus Domitius had received the letter.

How Theodorus escaped, is hard to say. Perhaps he made use of one of the fishing boats, which lay upon the beach below the cliffs. With one of these, he could easily enough, when the sea was smooth, have rowed past the hostile camp, gained the shore again, and hastened by land to Athens.

At any rate, his friends there, and Myro among them, had seen and spoken with him. That he concealed himself from the gaze of all others, is very natural. It was by no means his intention to be caught by the Homoiousian priests or the imperial officers. He had much to live for.

After passing two days at Athens, in the congenial circle of brothers and sisters in the faith, to their mutual consolation, he repaired to Corinth, to gain information about Hermione.

After waiting vainly several days for an opportunity to speak with Hermione, he departed from Corinth upon an adventurous foot journey to Italy.

He had boldly decided to present himself before the emperor of the West, claim his protection for Hermione, and by entreaties compel him to reinstate Chrysanteus' daughter in the possessions her father had bequeathed her.

His hopes of success rested upon God and the praises for humanity, generosity and justice, bestowed upon the brother or cruel, bigoted Valens.

Let us return to the apartment where we left Peter and Euphemius in conversation.

"The matter has, in reality, a critical side," declared the former, as he stopped and cast a glance at the map of Ptolemy.

"It is impossible for me to see it, my father," said Euphemius, humbly. "When not even Clemens has any claim to the inheritance, Hermione has still less. The emperor or the state, which is the same thing here, has confiscated the possessions of the rebels and presented them to the church."

"It is in reality as you say, but the form is different. You know that there already exists a godless party, especially in the senate, army and office-holding class, who raise their voices against the custom the church has, of receiving gifts and testaments. This cry is supported here in the East by the Homoousians and all other heretics, because it is not their own, but our orthodox Homoiousian congregation, which receives these gifts and testaments. In the West, on the other hand, where the Homoousians are still the stronger, they are silent, and it is our own orthodox brethren who join in the cry. Well, the emperor Valens, who is the steadfast and zealous friend of our church, fancies nevertheless, that there is some truth in the outcry. His conscience is hooked fast to such misunderstood texts as, 'The kingdom of God is not of this world,' and others of the same sort. When, therefore, my pious friend and revered superior, patriarch Eudoxus, laid our weighty errand before him, we did not request that the emperor should give up his right directly to the church, but that he would graciously deign to make the innocent son of Chrysanteus the possessor of his family fortune; and only as an inducement for granting this our prayer, we produced the will, in which Clemens resigns the same fortune to the church. Clemens is thus a go-between. But the relatives of Charmides now threaten to avail themselves of this matter of form. They see,

that the right of the sister is secured as well as that of the brother, and will, in case of need, apply to the emperor himself to carry their point, that Hermione shall receive her share of the inheritance."

"We understand their calculations," said Euphemius. "Perhaps they hope that Clemens will shortly die and Hermione thus take the whole, since her rights will, in the end, pass over to the relatives of Charmides, with whom she was united, though only for a few hours."

"This, beyond a doubt, is their calculation."

"It is a godlessness without example," remarked Euphemius.

"The only thing that makes the matter at all doubtful," continued the bishop, "is the circumstance that Clemens is a Christian, and Hermione still stands without the communion of the Christian congregation."

"But why does this make the matter doubtful, my father?" asked Euphemius.

"The emperor Valens is an enemy to Christian heretics, but shows great condescension towards the confessors of the old religion. He flatters himself, alas! with the false pride of being able to say that he administers justice equally to heathen and orthodox Christians. On this account I fear that, in order to avoid the appearance of partiality, he will more willingly give ear to Charmides' relatives, when they plead Hermione's right."

"Ah, it is for this, then, that you send me to Hermione, to induce her publicly to unite herself with the Christian church."

"Yes. I myself have no hope of success with Chrysanteus' daughter, for she hates the very sight of me. You are eloquent, Euphemius, and have a talent of insinuating yourself into the good graces of women. I hope that your attempt will be crowned with success, all the more as the noble Eusebia assures us, that Hermione is ripe for the reception of truth."

“Everybody in Athens says she is Christian—”

“I know it.”

“And that very soon she will receive baptism.”

“I know that, too. We must not let the people’s faith in the converting power of our religion be put to shame. The rumor *must* be confirmed. The reputation of our holy faith, the interest of the church and—I say it openly,—my own vanity demands it.”

“You are right, my father.”

“You will find allies, Euphemius, in our pious Eusebia, who has succeeded in winning Hermione’s full confidence; in Clemens, my unhappy foster son, who daily besieges her with prayers to be baptized; and, above all, in her own heart, crushed with sorrow. There is another circumstance, which will assist in moving her. The physician in charge of Clemens will be sent to her, and tell her that the youth may be restored to his right mind, by the joy Hermione will afford him in allowing herself to be baptized. All this ought to make your victory easy.”

“My father,” said Euphemius thoughtfully, “the allies you enumerate are powerful, still my task will be a difficult one. Hope not for speedy success! I know from Eusebia that Hermione despises the church. Theodorus has poured the poison into her soul. O, that Theodorus has injured us more than you suppose. She will not believe that the working of the Spirit upon our hearts is connected with certain outward forms. She regards the communion as simply a festival of memory and love, and baptism as the mere sign of that purification which the heart should undergo. She confesses, indeed, the name of Christ, but is still the same proud, defiant, reason-trusting philosopher as before.”

“This pride must be conquered,” said the bishop, “and the reason I have entrusted the affair to you, my Euphemius, is that our success must be speedy. We may otherwise lose much. I expect that your work will be accomplished within a week—”

"My father—"

"This is a critical time. The matter cannot be postponed longer."

"But if I should not succeed in—"

"The rite of baptism must be administered nevertheless."

"Ah!"

"We must not give way to any difficulty, when the weal of the church is at stake."

"You are right."

"And the church will not forget the faithful services her son Euphemius has shown her," continued Peter. "It is probable, Euphemius, that you will be my successor in the bishop's chair at Athens."

"Your successor," exclaimed Euphemius, in mournful astonishment. "Is it true, then, the depressing rumor that you are about to leave your flock?"

"I feel within my soul a strong desire to renounce the world and repair to the pious monks in Nisibis, to beg a place among them."

"You must not do this," exclaimed Euphemius, earnestly. "You would leave your blessed occupation, while in the prime of life, and when you can work best in the vineyard! Father, this would be a sin!"

Peter made no answer, but walked the floor in silence.

"It would be otherwise," continued Euphemius, lowering his voice, "if it be true, what the rumor also reports, that you are called to a much larger field, more suited to your powers, to the deeply venerated bishopric in the ancient capital of the world, which your namesake, the apostle Peter, himself filled."

"Rumor is like a garrulous old woman," said Peter. "How improbable that the Romans should prefer an oriental to their own distinguished men! Homoiouision also, which, we confess, is at Rome, alas, the belief of the

minority. How then can you think, that an oriental and Homoiousian—I do not speak of my unworthy self, but of the best and worthiest among us—can, in our day, be the recipient of such an honor? My son, our conversation is now closed. Go and attend to your duties.”

Euphemius arose, bowed low and withdrew.

A few hours after this interview, Euphemius had another with two men, just arrived from Rome.

The bishopric of Rome had now been vacant about three months. Many aspirants were found for the post. The different parties hastened to gather about their leaders, and each held out his own as the only one worthy to keep the keys of Heaven and hell.

Among these aspirants, there appeared a Grecian bishop, Peter of Athens, whose name was well known throughout Christendom, and not least at Rome. Who did not know the famous pillar-saint, the ornament of the city of Minerva? With Simon's name was closely connected that of Peter of Athens. It belonged to the man who, by the power of his prayer, had aroused Simon from the dead. This miracle had been borne on the wings of rumor over the whole world.

The two men from Rome we just named, had appointed an interview with Euphemius, in a garden without the city gates, and the conversation took place after sunset.

At first the strangers told Euphemius that his father, the bishop, had a good prospect of being the successor of saint Peter, in the Roman episcopate.

Euphemius expressed his heart-felt joy at this, and congratulated not only his father bishop, who thus received a fitting place in the ranks of the Christian church, but also the Roman congregation, who could not possibly make a more excellent choice.

Euphemius added that it must be the work of the Spirit, having all the indications of a Divine miracle, that the

opinion at Rome should be so favorable towards a man who, otherwise, would have been the object of the Roman congregation's prejudiced disdain.

"You mean," said one of the strangers, "that his Homoiousian tenets would, according to all human experience, render his name inadmissible at the election of bishop in a congregation which, more rigidly than all others, clings to the principles of the Nicene council?"

"Certainly," answered Euphemius.

"The ways of Providence," resumed the stranger, "are wonderful, and this difficulty, which, to the natural eye seems insurmountable, is in reality removed."

"What do you mean? How could this happen?"

"It is rumored among the Roman Homoiousians that Peter of Athens is by no means so strict a Homoiousian as has been supposed. This rumor has become a fixed article of faith, especially among the numerous class of poor citizens. 'He unites,' they say, 'the wisdom of the serpent and the gentleness of the dove. He wears a mask, which he will cast aside, as soon as he finds the right time has come, and the interests of the church demand it. Were he not at heart orthodox, how could his prayers have possessed power to awake Simon stylites from the dead?' Thus the pious question one another in the eternal city. 'It is our duty to choose him,' they also say, 'that he may cast off this disguise, and before the world humble Homoiousion as much as he elevates the orthodox confession of Nice.' I speak as the people at Rome."

"But where can this false rumor have arisen?" asked Euphemius.

"Call it not false," said the stranger: "it is perhaps a means of the Spirit for accomplishing some great end. There are shrewd persons who believe this rumor. But enough, Peter is sure of victory. Numerous votes will fall to him from both the great parties."

"But he must have powerful opponents," Euphemius remarked.

"Certainly——"

"And to these opponents may be reckoned, without doubt emperor Valentinianus himself, and his court, together with all the nobility at Rome who follow the imperial nod."

"You are mistaken," said the stranger. "If he reckoned these among his opponents, his success would be by no means secure."

"The emperor and court also favorable to him! But this is astonishing!"

"It can be explained, however. Providence has decreed that your father Peter, at this very time, should gain possession of a means, which will infallibly win for him the hearts of even the imperial favorites."

"And this means?" inquired Euphemius, turning pale.

"Is money."

"Ah!" thought Euphemius. "I guessed it."

He added aloud:

"Stranger, you slander my father bishop. He could never demean himself by using this low and contemptible means of gaining supporters and votes——"

"Hold," exclaimed the man from Rome. "You are pleased to judge too hastily, as well as unjustly. It is not the first time the bishopric at Rome has been bought. The means is sanctified by the example of holy men. Let us not therefore condemn it."

"Can you prove what you have said?" asked Euphemius.

"That the Roman bishopric has been bought more than once?"

"No, the past concerns me not—I wish to know if it be true that Peter has bought it."

"The bargain is not yet concluded, but negotiations are at this moment going on," said the stranger. "To prove my

words, please read this letter. Let us go to the nearest torch. Its light will confirm all I have said."

The three men left the garden, and repaired to a torch, burning near the city gate.

Euphemius read a few letters, exchanged between Peter whose hand-writing he knew, and one of the most influential courtiers of Valentinianus. The letters were short and enigmatical, but one of the strangers was able to explain the darker points, and it became clear to Euphemius that the letters were about a considerable sum of money.

"This," remarked the stranger, "is only one among many votes your father bishop deems it necessary to secure with gold. He lavishes a princely fortune to gain his object, but he does this without scruple, for he knows that the object once gained, will repay him with interest."

"One question more," said the other stranger, who spoke Greek fluently, though hailing from Rome. "Where will Peter obtain all these sums. His enemies mistrust that he is making use of Chrysanteus' colossal fortune, which was turned over to the church. But this is, of course, a base calumny."

"Of course," muttered Euphemius, very pale. "Of course, for this property does not belong to him, but to the church. and the right of administering upon it was expressly given to him, only in his capacity as bishop of Athens, and will thus fall upon his successor—"

"Who is no other than yourself," interrupted the same stranger.

"How do you know this?" inquired Euphemius, with a searching and very expressive look at the man.

"Speak out freely," one stranger whispered to the other; "it is not dangerous. They were not mistaken about him."

"I know it from patriarch Eudoxus in New Rome," he answered.

"You?"

"I have just come from him. He confirms in advance your election, though you may receive only a few votes among the Athenian congregation. Eudoxus is far-sighted. He knows, that the fold at Athens will soon be without a shepherd. Peter goes to Rome. You will be his successor. Your confirmation is in my pocket. Look here! Read!"

The stranger took out a roll of parchment, which Euphemius seized with trembling hand, and perused with greedy, searching looks. A slight blush which appeared on his cheeks, gave evidence of the emotion within.

As he read this document, the other stranger withdrew, leaving Euphemius alone with the messenger from patriarch Eudoxus.

After he had finished reading, he made a movement as if to return the roll, but the stranger said:

"It is the patriarch's will that you retain it, in order that thereby you may be continually reminded of the duties which, from this moment, rest upon you. And now I give you Eudoxus' greeting, with the peace of God and our Lord Jesus Christ."

Euphemius bowed low, carefully rolled up the important document, and thrust it into his girdle.

"Let us speak without circumlocution," continued the stranger. "Eudoxus expects you to do your duty."

"I have learnt to obey."

"I know it—and he will not be deceived in the opinion he entertains of your zeal for the church, your obedience and wisdom."

"What does my father Eudoxus require of his obedient son?" asked Euphemius, in humble tone.

"That you perceive what, at this moment, is the common interest of the church and the Athenian congregation."

Euphemius was silent, and cast a searching glance at the speaker, who continued,

"And when you have perceived this, that you act accordingly."

"This is my duty."

"Answer me—how far does your duty extend?"

"As far as my power."

"And how far your power?"

"So far that I sacrifice my conviction, my feelings, my relations of family, all private duties, and my own life, upon the holy altar of obedience," answered Euphemius, repeating the words he had sworn as priest.

"Good, you will prove this by your actions. What do you think of the rumor, which supports Peter's claim at Rome? Give heed, now, how you answer!"

"That he himself started it."

"Do you doubt its probability?"

"I know not what to say."

"Do you deem it possible, that Peter can go over to the Nicene faith?"

"Man," answered Euphemius, "will do many things. My father's holy namesake, the rock on which our church is built, not only denied Homoiousion, but Christ himself."

"Our superior, patriarch Eudoxus, holds the same opinion concerning the bishop of Athens. To Peter, power is first, and Homoiousion second. He will sacrifice the latter for the former. He will be compelled to do this, even against his will, if he wishes to remain a single month in the episcopal chair at Rome. The populace of the Tiber city will rise and drive him out if they find he has deceived them. You know that even Constantius wished to have two bishops at Rome, one for the Nicenes, the other for the Homoiousians. The people answered him with the cry *one God and one bishop!*

"True," said Euphemius with a sigh. "The power of circumstance will compel Peter to apostatize. It is an affecting, horrible thought."

"And by this the orthodox church will suffer an indelible disgrace," continued the messenger.

"Yes," added Euphemius, "and our enemies will raise their jubilee to the skies."

"This would be an incalculable misfortune."

"Alas, you are right."

"We must, therefore, prevent it."

"Yes. But how?"

"There is only one means. Eudoxus places it in your hands, with full confidence in your zeal and obedience."

Euphemius sighed, and lowered his eyes to the ground.

"The orthodox church awaits its salvation from Euphemius," said the messenger. "Woe to him if he betrays her and his oath!"

"O, what shall I do? I totter under the burden the church lays upon my weak shoulders. I love my father Peter—he has shown me innumerable benefactions."

"A further reason for your acting with decision. Love should not be weak and foolish. You promote his eternal welfare, and prevent the glory of his illustrious labors from being tarnished, when you prevent this otherwise inevitable apostacy."

Euphemius sighed again.

"Posterity," continued the messenger, "will possess—when what should be done, is done,—a spotless, pure and radiant memory of one of the world's greatest men. The saintly glory will be decreed publicly to him."

"What do you say?" interrupted Euphemius—with animation. "Praised be Eudoxus, who has so determined! But it is nevertheless only an act of just recognition. Peter will be greeted with honor in the circle of saints."

"It depends upon you, whether his memory shall be branded with the ignoble stamp of apostacy, or shine through all coming time with the radiance of his saintly glory."

"It does not depend upon me. I have only one thing to do; I must obey."

"You speak truly. You comprehend your duty aright. But it should be less difficult for you to obey, when you reflect that you spare the church a defeat, save your father bishop's soul, and glorify his name."

"It should be less difficult for me to obey," repeated Euphemius.

"It is agreed, then, and the church can rely upon you?"

"God's will be done!"

"What is necessary must be done quickly."

"I perceive this."

"We meet here at this time to-morrow. I have more to tell you concerning young Clemens' testament. It will be your duty to see that all this respectable fortune is not squandered in the hands of its first guardian, for the promotion of his private interests."

Euphemius was silent.

"Good night, my brother! We shall see each other again to-morrow."

"Yes."

The two men separated, and Euphemius repaired to his room in the Episcopal palace.

That same evening, Peter had a long conversation with two other men from Rome. Athens was visited at this time by many travellers from the eternal city, and intrigues in regard to the approaching important choice of a Roman bishop were carried on as diligently here, as at Constantinople or Rome.

One gloomy, rainy evening about three weeks after the events narrated above, the wife of Annæus Domitius, the pious Eusebia, was seen to leave the Cathedral with countenance pale and agitated, seat herself in the carriage waiting outside the entrance, and drive away.

It was already dusk, and the streets were almost empty, as it rained violently.

About a quarter of an hour after Eusebia had left the Cathedral, its doors were shut, and a flock of priests stole thence will enveloped in their cloaks.

One of these priests separated from the others, and took his way, with hasty steps, to the Episcopal palace. Under his cowl could have been discerned the face of the black-haired Euphemius, but paler than usual, and stamped with deep anxiety.

When he reached the palace and the porter opened for him, he asked the latter with a voice he sought to render calm, if the physician had visited the bishop during his absence.

The porter answering in the affirmative, Euphemius hurried on to the bishop's study.

At dinner, Peter, after making a light repast and drinking a cup of wine and water, had felt a sudden illness, which increased with such violence that he was compelled to absent himself from the secretly prepared ceremony to take place that evening in the cathedral—the baptism of Hermione.

When Euphemius entered the study, his father bishop sat upon a cushioned sofa, his limbs enveloped in a woollen blanket.

Peter gave a sign to the servant brethren present, to withdraw.

Euphemius had taken off his dripping cloak in the vestibule, and appeared now in the priestly robes he had worn during the solemn ceremony at the cathedral. His bearing was more humble, his head more bowed, and his look more unsteady than usual, as he gazed towards the bishop. The sickness had made evident progress during Euphemius' absence. Peter's complexion was ashy gray, and deep blue rings had appeared under his eyes; but the power of will still stamped the relaxing features with an expression of strength, and the eyes, though they had lost their brilliancy, retained their firm, piercing and commanding glance.

"Revered father and superior, how do you find yourself?" asked Euphemius, in an uneasy tone, standing by the door and folding his arms over his white linen tunic, ornamented with a golden cross.

"Sick enough," answered the bishop. "The physician has confirmed my opinion, that it is a violent cold. I walked yesterday, with bare feet, upon the cold stone floor of the church. That is the cause. But a severe master's sway is short. I hope to be well to-morrow. How is it with yourself?" continued the bishop, as he observed how pale Euphemius was. "Are you also unwell?"

And without waiting for an answer to his question, he added in a loud voice,

"The baptism! how did it pass off?"

"Reverend father," said Euphemius, "I bear tidings, which—I hesitate to reveal to you—"

"What has happened? No preambles!" exclaimed Peter. "Did she mistrust and refuse to be present?"

"No, my father, she mistrusted nothing. She arrived at the church in company with the noble Eusebia—"

"Well, were unbidden spectators present at the ceremony? I told you, that the matter should be enveloped in secrecy, and the church doors shut, since it appeared she would not voluntarily submit to baptism."

"Father, we obeyed your orders. With the exception of the noble Eusebia and two witnesses, no others were present but the priests; and Hermione had scarcely entered the church, before the door was locked behind her—"

"Well then, what has happened!" exclaimed Peter, impatiently. "Slow mortal, give wings to your words. Relate everything clearly and in its order!"

"You know, that my endeavors to convince her of the true nature of baptism bore no fruit—"

"Yes. I know."

"We sought then to allow her to think whatever she

pleased about it, and restricted our efforts to persuading her to receive the holy baptism in the presence of the assembled congregation, leaving her at liberty to consider it only as a ceremony."

"I know this."

"She rejected this proposition as well. I noticed especially, that she had lost all confidence in me, and all respect for my teaching, after we had a conversation upon the true meaning of Christ's mission. I endeavored to make her comprehend that God, by sending Christ, had made it possible for man to break away from the power of the devil. She repelled this doctrine with philosophic arrogance, declared it to be contemptible, and blasphemous both to God and reason. During those days, there was in her temper a remarkable mingling of stubbornness and self-confidence, with humility and sorrow. Her eyes gleamed and her lips smiled, as if in transport, when she spoke of the Savior; she blessed his name and kissed his cross, but nevertheless would not receive the doctrines which the church-fathers, inspired by the Holy Spirit, have erected upon the groundwork of his apostles and evangelists. You know I have faithfully followed your counsel, and that of the holy Paul, to guard myself against philosophy. I was therefore unable to bandy words with her. What was I to do, then, but to take myself out of the way, and leave the deluded woman to the sisterly affection of the noble Eusebia?"

"I know all this," exclaimed Peter, with renewed impatience, "now for the event itself."

"Father," said Euphemius, "I remind you of these things, not to try your patience, but to cast from my shoulders the sorrowful, I may say horrible, and entirely unexpected result of our endeavors—"

"What then has happened," interrupted Peter, with anxiety plainly depicted upon his ashy countenance.

"Your indisposition, which, with God's help, will soon be

removed, has prevented you from taking part in this deplorable business. At the appointed time we were assembled in the Cathedral, and it was not long before Eusebia's carriage stopped outside the door. Hermione accompanied her. It had cost Eusebia much trouble to persuade Hermione to take this airing, and the servant drove, as if by chance, to the church. The rain just then commenced, and this circumstance supported Eusebia in her proposal to Hermione, that they should seek shelter in the open, but empty church, where they could also say their prayers."

"Go on, go on!" exclaimed the bishop, seizing the cup in which his physician had prepared a spiced healing drink. But he loosened his hold of the cup, saying,

"My fingers are numbed. I begin to feel the same icy chill in my hands and feet. What does it mean?—Euphemius, place the cup to my lips!"

The presbyter hastened to assist Peter, but his hand trembled greatly.

"Father, how do you feel?" he asked, with anguish in his voice.

"Ill—but continue, and in heaven's name let me hear the end of your story!"

"Well then, I will briefly tell you, my father, that after Eusebia and Hermione had entered, the church doors were closed, according to your order. We priests then reverentially approached Hermione. I said to her it was a dispensation of Providence that she came to the church now, just as we arose from a prayer, in which we called upon God to open the heart of Hermione, who already acknowledged Christ as her master, so that she might desire the closer union with him and his church, gained by baptism. She was evidently confused,—all the more as Clemens was present, and with his melancholy looks reproached her for hesitating. Eusebia embraced her and conjured her to listen to our words. And nevertheless, my father, she persisted in rejecting—"

“Well; well!”

We were then compelled to employ the most extreme measures. We led her, with gentle force, to the baptismal font, and the ceremony commenced. She prayed and lamented in her blindness, but we were proof against this, and when at last she began to cry aloud for help, we were forced to silence her by means of a cloth, which we stuffed into her mouth. The holy rite would then have progressed without hindrance, if the unhappy Clemens had not disturbed it. In the troubled condition of his soul, he suddenly became the prey to a feeling of pity for the refractory girl. He sought to set her free, fancying, without doubt, that some evil was intended her. We were obliged to remove him from the church. After this, my father, the ceremony was completed, and Hermione was baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Who could have supposed, that the evil spirit, which was exorcised by baptism, would so soon have regained possession of her soul, and enticed her to a horrible suicide!”

“Suicide! What say you?” ejaculated Peter, and strove to rise up from the sofa, but fell back again.

“Alas yes, my father! The holy formula was scarcely uttered, before she tore herself loose, with unexpected violence, from those who held her, caught the stylus from her girdle, and plunged it into her bosom.”

“Ah!”

She sank to the floor, blood streamed from her wound: all stood amazed and irresolute around her, and when at last we came to our senses, and hastened to stay the flickering spark of life, it had already gone out. Father, Hermione is no more numbered among the living.” *

* An event similar to the one which ended Hermione's life, happened, a few decades later, to Photius, a learned Roman and New-Platonic philosopher, who, when dragged with force to be baptized, thrust a dagger into his breast.

For those of our readers who have not studied the history of

A few moments' silence ensued. The bishop was evidently absorbed in anxious thoughts.

"A deplorable occurrence," he said at length, "which will cause a very undesirable sensation, and will, without doubt, be used by my enemies to my injury. They will carry the matter to the ears of both emperors, and place it in connection with the question about the will. It is not possible to conceal the event. Euphemius, return to your chamber, and compose immediately, with all the shrewdness you are master of, an account of this matter, to be sent to the patriarch Eudoxus, and by him imparted to the emperor. In explaining the occurrence, you will take for a key note, that both children, Clemens and Hermione, inherited from their mother a predisposition to insanity; that this sickness long since manifested itself in the brother, but in the sister it appeared only in isolated actions, of which suicide was the last, and alas! entirely unexpected. Explain also, that Hermione went voluntarily to the baptism, contrary to what an evil-disposed rumor had circulated. This account must be ready early to-morrow morning, and be immediately sent off to Constantinople. Go now to your occupation!"

Euphemius cast one more shy, but searching look at Peter's pallid countenance, upon which the excitement had not succeeded in spreading the slightest color, bowed low and withdrew.

A few moments after this conversation, the bishop's condition became so critical, that the physician was again summoned. The chill which Peter felt in his hands and feet, extended rapidly through his limbs, which, as they became pervaded by it, refused to obey his will. The physician in vain administered warm drinks and powerful friction. The priests, living in the palace, gathered about their superior,

the church, it will not be out of place perhaps to remark that the episodes from it described in this work are by no means painted in darker colors than reality possesses.

and rendered him every possible attention. Most zealous among them all, was Euphemius. The physician, however, was certain there was no danger. The sick man thought the same, and would have thought so, if the whole world had assured him of the contrary, for he *would* live, and deemed it impossible he should die *now*, when he stood at the end of his successful career, and ready to grasp the Roman crook, which, in his hands, would be changed to a sceptre, ruling the world.

He little thought that the hostile elements gradually mingling with the blood in his veins, were nothing else than a few drops of the same fluid with which he once put his own father Simon, called the pillar-saint, into a death-like trance, from which he had afterwards assisted him back to life by means of a red-hot iron.

Euphemius had shown himself to be an obedient son of the church. The obedience would have been imperfect, and of no avail, had it been his intention to awake Peter from the dead, as the latter awoke Simon.

In the midst of the attentions shown to the bishop, it was announced that a deputation had arrived from Rome, and desired admission. This information produced a wonderful effect upon Peter; his face grew animated, he felt the blood flowing with renewed warmth in his veins. He commanded that he should be moved from his study to the reception room, and indicated which of his priests should be about his person, and how his guests should be received on their arrival at the Episcopal palace.

One hour after, the palace doors were opened for the embassy, which consisted of priests and distinguished laymen, among them a senator,—all in glittering official robes.

After a long interchange of greetings and congratulations, the leader of the deputation delivered to Peter the letters of invitation from his congregation, whose bishop he had been chosen at their episcopal election.

Peter answered this speech in a few words, whose utterance caused him a great effort. His condition rendered it necessary to shorten the ceremony. The visitors withdrew, after being invited to the bishop's table the following day. When they had departed, the bishop suffered himself to be moved back to his study, where Euphemius remained with him, by his command.

The lamp was lit in the gloomy chamber, and the rain dashed against its only window.

Euphemius threw himself upon his knees before Peter, and congratulated him upon having won the high position to which his great talents entitled him, and whose possessor was deemed, with reason, to be the successor and vicar of Christ. He deplored, however, his own fate, and that of his brethren in office in the Athenian congregation, who were now irrevocably doomed to lose their loved father.

It almost seemed as if there were tears in Euphemius' eyes. He seized Peter's hand and kissed it, but shuddered involuntarily and turned pale, at the death chill which met his lips.

Peter made no answer. Each word would have cost him an effort, and his soul was now engrossed in thinking of the power placed in his hands, and of whose indwelling, world-compelling greatness, no one had a better idea than himself.

He, indeed, had more than an idea about it. He knew it. He saw the means and the end clearly before his eyes.

He reviewed, in thought, the career his own force had hewn out, from the time he was called Simmias, and was a despised, ignorant slave in a heathen house, till now, when he, in all his glory, would not change places with the sovereign of the Roman world.

These reminiscences of a life, which had received its direction from a single ruling thought, and undauntingly made its way over all impediments towards the object first

determined upon, were certainly calculated to fill him with pride ; but what was this feeling, which quickly vanished, to the intoxicating thought of the power he would develop, the system he would shape, of elements as yet unarranged—a power and a system which would survive himself, and built upon the eternal foundations of the dependence of the human race, would extend its sceptre over all time.

Peter felt a demoniac enchantment in this contemplation, which, for a while, sufficed to turn his attention from the threatening signs manifested in his earthly tenement. But these progressed at last with a clearness and force which pressed themselves upon his consciousness, tore it from the transporting contemplation of the future, and fixed it upon the realities of the present. Peter felt the dread death-chill spreading more and more over his body. His limbs were completely benumbed. He turned to Euphemius, and commanded him, with words to which his greatest exertion could only give the force of a whisper, to bring him a mirror. The black-haired presbyter hastened to obey.

By the light of the lamp, Peter looked at his image, and shuddered back, as if he had seen a ghost. His complexion was livid, and his features were so relaxed, so changed, that he did not recognize himself. A sudden thought of death arose in his soul, and caused the nerves, not yet benumbed, to tremble with terror. He endeavored to stifle this thought. To die *now*, just as his life ought really to commence, this would be, indeed, impossible,—a grim mockery of Fate, an unreasonable sport of the divine Reason, hence an impossibility.

Peter had the physician called again. As he commenced a new investigation of his patient's case, in accordance with the directions of Hippocrates and Galenus, Peter's eye rested with anguish upon his face, to divine his real thoughts of the nature and result of the illness.

Esculapius was silent, but looked surprised and confused.

He had never read in his books of any case like this; but he no longer doubted for a moment that the sick man was approaching a hasty dissolution.

Peter read all this in his face, and the death anguish returned to contend with the doubt upon the possibility of dying at such a moment, and the *will* to live.

At this moment Clemens entered the study. He stopped and seemed to recognize Peter with difficulty. But when he became convinced that this Death was his foster-father, he threw himself at his feet, embraced his knees, and burst out in loud lamentations.

The doctor and Euphemius hastened to remove the unfortunate youth, whose conduct evidently increased Peter's distress. The sick man was then undressed and laid in bed. He endeavored to make known that he did not desire this, but his tongue was palsied and his jaws leaden and immovable. One hour after, the priests living in the palace were informed, by Euphemius, of the bishop's very critical condition. They assembled around his couch, and, after the doctor had told them that the patient's death was near at hand, commenced making the arrangements customary about a dying bed. Wax candles were lit, all kneeled, and Euphemius, with devout voice, began reading the usual prayers for the dying. Peter still saw and heard what was passing around him, but could only with his look, express the anger he felt at these arrangements. When his arms were placed crosswise over his breast, he endeavored, though in vain, to draw them back. But when at last he felt how the icy chill was entering his breast and drawing near his heart, his consciousness, what yet remained, was concentrated upon the inevitable approach of death, and the will's inability to check it. The sport of Fate, whether reasonable or not, was a reality. It had paralyzed his feet, after they had carried him to the throne of Peter; it had paralyzed his hand, after it had gathered in it the reins of the world.

A few moments more of self-conscious life, in which fancy suddenly conjured up the figure of Simon, the pillar-man, and the flask, by means of which he was sunk in the death-like trance,—one thought more, bitter and awful, conjured up by the same play of fancy, a thought of the plots of rivals, of poison and sleeping draughts—and the last sign of life had vanished. Peter lay, like a corpse, with stony limbs and glazed eye. The physician placed his hand upon his heart, and pronounced him dead.

It was Euphemius, who now bent over the dead man, and closed his eyes.

Two days after, a solemn procession marched to the cathedral, into whose vault the Homoiousian bishop was lowered. If any one, the following night, had opened the lead coffin in which he was laid, and plunged a red-hot iron into his flesh, the world would, perhaps, have witnessed a new resurrection from the dead.

The patriarch Eudoxus, and the rival for the Roman episcopate, who gained possession of it through Peter's death, were unanimous in pronouncing him a saint. An object for the worship of pious believers, and an intercessor for their prayers, he is enrolled in the canonized throng under the name of "*Saint Peter of Athens.*"

Euphemius became his successor in the Athenian episcopal chair, and ought to receive an honorable mention as one of those church-fathers who, at the great church councils, most zealously and actively assisted in spreading the holy dogmas, which are still received as the only true ones, and without faith in which no man can be saved.

Euphemius lived to see the time, when Homoiousion, on account of an imperial rescript, was abased to the position of an heretical and godless doctrine. Euphemius could not save Homoiousion, but saved himself, by going over to Homooousion, after which—this should also be named—he united in the exertions of his new religious brethren to

root out with fire and sword, the believers in his former error.

he unhappy son of Chrysanteus was one of the victims of Euphemius' pious zeal.

Poor Clemens was mad, and Homoiousion had become to him a fixed idea. He could not be converted; he must, therefore, die.

From Italy, Theodorus betook himself to Africa. By casting aside his priestly dress, and assuming another name, he succeeded in escaping persecution, but rendered himself full worthy of falling a victim to the adherents of the "unity of church and confession," for he lived and labored with blessings in Christ till his old age, and formed one of the links in that chain of Protestants, which runs through the time previous to the event called the Reformation—the pickets of the congregation of Christ, in its great impending strife with the priest-church.

A few years after the death of Chrysanteus, the waves of migration rolled over the Roman empire, and barbaric armies stood before the gates of Athens and of Rome. The thousand-year night of the middle ages fell over the world. A new day has now come. Antiquity and Christianity pervade each other. Their truths are wedded into a harmonious whole, and the cause, for which the last Athenian fought the fight of despair—the cause of political, religious and scientific freedom—still fights on, no longer in despair, but with the certainty of victory.

THE END.

Chrysanteus Charmides
Clemens Peter
Homoiousion Euphemius

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